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Cover Design for this Issue Painted by W. T. Benda

Published Monthly by the INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, at 119 W. 40th Street, New York, U. S. A., William Randolph Hearst, President; C. H. Hathaway, Vice-President; Ray Long, Vice-President; Joseph A. Moore, Treasurer; C. E. Fosdick, Secretary. Copyright, 1923, by International Magazine Co. Trade-Mark registered. Single copies 35 cents; subscription price, United States \$3.00 a year; Canada \$3.50; Foreign \$4.00. When changing an address, give the old address as well as the new and allow five weeks for the first copy to reach you. Entered as second class matter May 23, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879; entered on July 1, 1918, at the Post Office at Atlanta, Ga., Boston, Mass., Los Angeles, Cal., San Francisco, Cal.; entered April 15, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. Permission to reprint material which has appeared in HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL may usually be obtained.

How YOU Can Make Money Writing Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Philosophy
of Love," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world, translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised photoplays featuring such famous stars as Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

YOUR Life May Be a Gold Mine of Ideas

MANY people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for *everyone* is familiar with *some* kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—far more than is paid in salaries.

Why Shouldn't YOU Succeed If OTHERS Can?

I HAVE shown hundreds of people how to turn their ideas into cash—men and women in all walks of life—the modest worker, the clerk, the stenographer, bookkeepers, salesmen, reporters, doctors, lawyers, salesgirls, nurses, housewives—people of all trades and temperaments.

One busy housewife, who didn't *dream* she could write, sold her first photoplay for \$500.00.

Janett Burrows, a Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer, followed my suggestions and earned over \$4,500.00 in six months.

Peggy Reidell, a clerk in Chicago, sold her first story for \$250.00.

One young man quickly sold three stories to Canadian magazines.

The wife of an Ohio farmer sold an article to Woman's Home Companion and a story to The Farmer's Wife.

A Massachusetts housewife sold forty manuscripts in two years! Just imagine how much she earned!

I believe there are thousands of other people, like yourself, who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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Elinor Glyn

spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthrall, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

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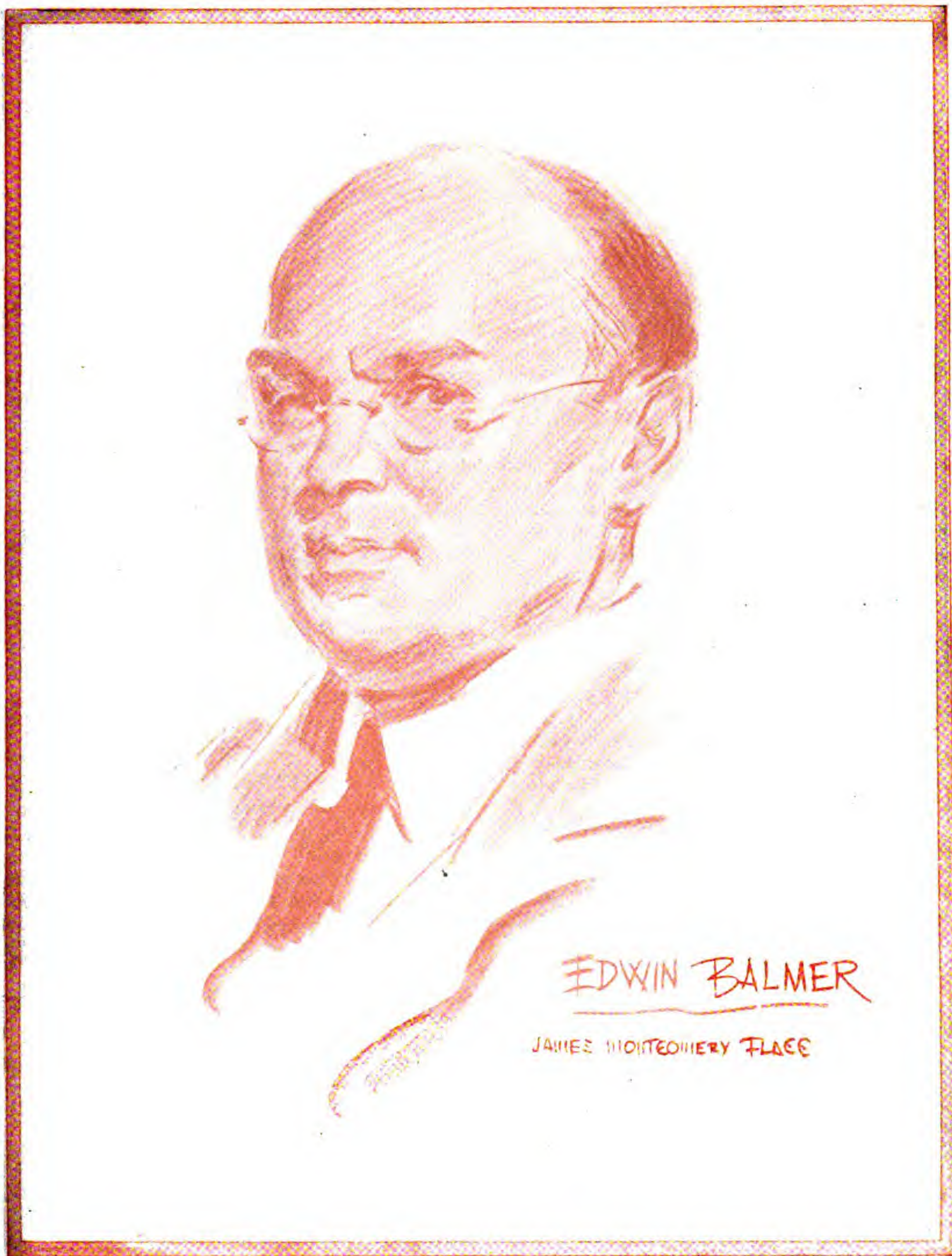
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HEARST'S—JUNE 1923

HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL

JUNE, 1923



Q This is a real portrait of Edwin Balmer. It is an extraordinary likeness, the more wonderful if you know Edwin. Flagg has caught the restless expression of his eyes and the driving quality that marks his whole personality. Balmer is a self-starter and a go-getter and on top of that as romantically sensitive to life as any highbrow novelist that ever lived. What a combination to produce results!

Q His new novel, "Because of Fidelia" is the best work of his life.

HAPGOOD On *Harding and*

Fear **H**OW ignominious is fear! The excuse for most of the worst things we do is alarm. "The foundation of happiness," said Pericles, "is liberty, and the foundation of liberty is courage." And in Julius Caesar Shakespeare puts it:

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
It seems to me most strange that men should fear."

Emerson comes along with this: "Fear is always cruel and mean."

It is not only such things as the French policy that we have in mind, though that policy may upset Europe for perhaps a century. That policy is based on fear, but so is the mess around Constantinople and the Straits. England and France cannot agree on a sensible policy because each is afraid of the other and afraid of a theoretical future Russia.

Why does this country suffer the disgrace of labor spies, possibly the lowest of all our social crimes? Cowardice by the employers is the answer. Why do we keep innocent men in prison for their opinions? Fear of ideas, the most terror-inspiring of all things being ideas. The railroads fight the waterways, which ought to be their best friends. Capital fights against industrial democracy, which alone can make it stable.

Fear in limits is a precaution. Small children must fear to cross highways alone. But fear in excess, vague fear of remote evil, is responsible for the world's plight. It kills kindness, tolerance and generosity. It is the unseemly parent of oppression, from the Dreyfus case to the West Virginia coal mines. Sad it is that man's progress should be threatened by a trait so contrary to that courage of which we have been justly proud.

The election of next year may throw light on whether fear in a President is an asset. Mr. Harding's theory is that the head of the nation need not lead. The man at the plow knows all about it. He will decide. On not one of the big subjects, our relation to the world, enforcement of prohibition, railroads, or coal, has the President taken the stand of a leader.

Changing Issues **T**HOSE Americans who defeated Mr. Wilson's foreign policy had a victory that was complete. The question then arose, what would they do with their victory? They have naturally divided into two general groups. The group in which Senator Borah has been leading says: "We are glad we kept America out of political participation in Europe. But we did it partly because we believed our strength and freedom would in that way be to the world's advantage." The other group says: "We take no responsibility for any influence outside of our own country."

Here lies the question of Democratic policy for 1924. If that party brings the issue up in the form it took in 1920 it will be beaten. If, on the other hand, it so handles itself that it does not make the Borah group hostile, its chance should be excellent. Borah has advised more initiative than Harding has dared. He remains against entrance to the League. Wise Democratic leadership will fight the Harding timorousness, and proclaim its own

belief in bold, clear influence and generosity. It will not, however, insist that this boldness and generosity must necessarily mean entrance to the League. For better or worse that issue was settled in 1918, 1919, and 1920. What may happen in ten years no one knows: but it is easy to see what cannot happen in 1924.

Mystery **W**HAT of Mr. Hughes? When at first he went into his present office he made a noise that sounded like decision. Time passed and, instead of telling what this country was going to do, the Secretary of State went into the alibi business. We could do nothing. Somebody might bite us. If we told France something she might sass us on our sensitiveness about our share of the money cost of the war. The dollar was the answer. He also acquired the habit of explaining the need of secret diplomacy. In other words, Mr. Hughes fell into the same normalcy as Mr. Harding.

Everybody who voted for Newberry was beaten except Lodge, and he came back by the skin of his teeth, because his opponent was just like him. Yet Charles Evans Hughes deemed it part of his business as Secretary of State to defend Newberry.

And did anybody ever make a worse record than he has made on Russia? No imagination, only technicalities.

Excuses are not interesting. We want to know what brought about the transformation. Is it merely that Mr. Hughes is more a lawyer than a statesman?

Our Bourbons **S**TIRRING up our safe and sane American plutocrats is our pastime. Lord Milner is the latest Briton to attract our notice by contrast. He has remarked that "no extraordinary power of imagination is required to picture a future in which we could get on" without our present corporate forms of business. As to the movement toward control of industry by those engaged in it (the Guild movement) Milner says "there is nothing anarchic or subversive of social order" in it. Further he regrets that the British missed a chance to experiment on government industry in coal. We ourselves heard the heir to a marquis argue against the principle of inheritance. Why are our plutocrats so much more timid?

Tax-Exempt **M**R. MELLON, Secretary of the Treasury, was against excess profits taxes, because he thought they would lessen the growth of private business. He is also against tax-exempt securities. But those securities are to encourage business by states and cities. Perhaps Mr. Mellon does not care as much for business by states and cities.

The true principle is this: tax-exempt securities are all right. They are a natural way of helping public enterprises as against private. You say the rich take advantage of them. All right. Go after the rich sensibly. Go after them when they die. Take away nearly all their tax-exempt securities by inheritance

Next Year's Election

taxes, sharply graded according to amount held. This will not prevent the rich from furnishing this money, because people are but little influenced by what happens after death. And it will keep them from beating the tax collector in the end.

Tax as Weapon

THE POWER to tax is the power to destroy. Size is the worst enemy to liberty. Then why not tax size? If Thomas Jefferson were alive he would agree with us. Ordinary people can assert themselves against only a limited amount of power. Against great powers they are helpless. So why let these huge things come into being? Taxing size would have prevented us from ever knowing such vast corporations as rule us now. The skill of a single man, such as Ford, may sometimes cause vastness, but in such a case he is so efficient that he can afford to pay the size tax. Most bulky concerns could not pay it, for they grow large not by efficiency but by combination, followed by strangulation.

Life

THE SUCCESS of the Moscow Art Theater, as one of its consequences, has helped to cause the founding of a national theater, managed by Morris Gest and backed by Otto Kahn.

"In Zanadu did Otto Kahn
A stately pleasure-dome decree."

So far F. P. A. We might go further in Coleridge and quote "caverns measureless to man." It was its vastness that killed at birth the New Theater project of some years ago. That promising enterprise never had a chance because it was built as an architectural monument instead of as a place in which human beings could see and hear. Also it suffered from snobbishness—from a tier of boxes like those in the Metropolitan Opera House, thus making it dependent on fashion. Fashion can kill drama much more surely than it can kill music.

Fresh

THE FRENCH Socialist organ, *l'Humanité*, in regard to French policy in the Ruhr, suggests that the United States should occupy certain districts in France until the French debt to us is paid. The Marxian doctrine, that all life should be conducted for us by a bureaucracy, has never appealed to us, but we can say for the socialists that on international affairs they are refreshing. Being freed from the incubus of patriotism, they are allowed to think. The patriots in every country have to say the same good things of themselves and the same bad things of the rest.

Immigration

ARGUMENTS are plenty, both ways, about immigration. There are idiotic evils in our system, particularly in regard to refusal to accept people at this end, instead of prevention at the other. But these things, however important, are details. The big fight will be by those who want immigration for the

purpose of holding down the standard of living, against those who want American capital and American labor to work out a just system by themselves, without interference by importation. Labor, to be sure, is often oppressive and inefficient, as in the building trades, and some way in the future must be found to enable a good workman to get more than a poor one. The solution of the problem of laziness will come when labor coöperates in management and is recompensed according to production. When that time comes labor itself will shake the lazy and inefficient down to their proper level.

Words

ONE ARGUMENT haunts the minds of the French rulers. It is that England and the United States ought to accept Germany's "debt" to France in place of France's debt to this country and Great Britain. The position is built on the misuse of a word to mean two different things. France owes to this country and to Great Britain money which France borrowed. Germany's so-called "debt" to France is a charge placed on her by duress, in disregard of the armistice terms, for the purpose of being unpayable and giving France an excuse to destroy the chances of recovery for Germany. If France wants such a shifting of securities there is a way to go about it. Let her accept a decision by the financial experts either of neutrals or of the Great Powers, about the right figure of reparations and the right mode of securing payment. Then let her go home where she belongs. If she takes these steps Great Britain will almost certainly accept the rearrangement, and opinion not improbably will swing that way in this country.

How Steady Are We

NEARLY all the fighting countries released their political prisoners as soon as the war was won. Canada was the latest, in 1919. Latest, that is, except the United States, which may not see the last prisoner for opinion carried out of jail until he is carried out in a coffin. Were not those defendants in Sacramento wise who refused to say a single word in defense, because they believed that a certain kind of thought was bound to be imprisoned, whether it had done anything or not?

All the German Agents trying to wreck industries, all the spies in our midst, have long since been freed; for we are not afraid of those adventures. We are only afraid of strange ideas.


Precursors


A LITTLE more than a century before Jesus was born, the following was written by another Jew: "Love ye one another from the heart, and if a man sin against thee, speak peaceably to him. . . . Leave to God the avenging."

This also from a Jew preceding Jesus: "Forgive thine enemy," and then "thy sins will be forgiven."

Jesus is the greatest of spiritual teachers, not because the virtues for which he pleaded had not been seen before, but because never before or since were they molded into so beautiful a whole.



 *Fidelia*
The new girl who comes to Northwestern.

 *A Novel*
of a Man in Love.
Broad-minded
women will
enjoy it because
Mr. Balmer
gives the
MAN'S side

BECAUSE of *By Edwin*

FIDELIA NETLEY, at the age of twenty-three, was going again to college as another girl, who was lonely and who had been badly treated, would go home; for as long as Fidelia could remember, a school of one sort or another had been her home.

Up to the year she was fifteen, there had been a house in White Falls, Iowa, which had been her place of residence, in a legal sense; at least, its street number always was recorded as her address on the register of the schools in which she had lived since she was seven. But Fidelia feared that house more than any other spot on earth; for it was the home of Aunt Minna.

She was the sister of Fidelia's father and a widow with children of her own, older than Fidelia, and she frankly hated Fidelia for at least two outspoken reasons; one was because her brother had left his money, every penny of it, to his daughter in trust at the Drovers' Bank; the other was Fidelia's mother.

In a vague, emotional way, Fidelia retained some recollections

of her father. Of course she had a picture of him and so she maintained an image of his appearance; but she also had memory of having been clasped in strong arms which held her in a particularly firm and gentle and agreeable way. She had no recollection at all of her mother, who had run off when Fidelia was an infant; and Fidelia never was told more of her mother than that fact; nor was she ever shown a picture of her mother.

"I destroyed them all long ago," Aunt Minna announced, as of a good act well performed; but she added, "You are exactly like your mother. Your nose is precisely hers and your skin; and your hair is the identical color."

When she was a child, Fidelia used to look at herself in a glass from every angle in endeavor to learn what was so especially wrong with her nose; but after a time, she came to understand that her trouble was that she was pretty and her nose was particularly tantalizing to some women; and her clear, soft, white and pink skin annoyed them and, more and more as she

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg



☛ *Dave*
The preacher's son
who is making good.

☛ *Alice*
Who is going
to marry Dave.

FIDELIA

Balmer

grew older, they seemed to resent the color and luxuriance of her hair which was of deep, rich auburn hue.

Since Mr. Jessop, of the Drovers' Bank, allowed no attractive profit for boarding Fidelia, Aunt Minna sent her away to school at the earliest age at which Miss Sumpter, in Des Moines, would take a girl. Fidelia found that school a pleasant, friendly place where she got into very little trouble; and she came to love the school so that she intentionally failed in her work, in her last year, for fear of having to return *home*. But Aunt Minna had no idea of keeping her about merely from affection; so Fidelia went next to Mrs. Drummond's school in St. Paul and was there when Aunt Minna started the law suit to obtain control of Fidelia's money. Aunt Minna lost the suit and with it her guardianship of Fidelia's person; consequently, Mr. Jessop was her guardian from that time and Fidelia began giving his house number as her home address. But Mrs. Jessop was one of those women whom Fidelia's nose and skin and hair offended and she

saw to it that, when Fidelia was not in school, she was safely away in a girls' summer camp.

AFTER SHE became eighteen and had completed the course at Mrs. Drummond's, Mrs. Jessop entered her at the University of Minnesota. She was a glorious flame of a girl brought for the first time into frequent and close association with men; she liked the University immensely and stayed there two years, at the end of which she asked to be transferred to Leland Stanford University.

As that was in California and farther away, Mrs. Jessop agreed and supposed she had Fidelia settled there for two years; but at the end of one Fidelia had become of age and no longer needed to ask permission to go where she pleased and to draw her own money; and so without explanation—at least without explanation which reached White Falls—she gave up college until this day of the second of February, in her twenty-third

year, when she was passenger on a suburban train from Chicago bound for Evanston, Illinois, to enter Northwestern University. As credentials, she carried certificates for her two years' work at Minnesota and for one at Stanford; and she liked her feeling that she was again to resume the gaining of *credits*. There was something particularly satisfying in *marks*, anyway; they furnished one with such definite evidence of one's success or failure.

Fidelia had lived by marks almost all her life and, by her conduct at school, she had been given or denied privileges. As she sat alone in her seat on the train, with her face toward the partly frosted window, she realized that she was returning to discipline; but it was of her own will and she was honestly impatient to return. She was seeking not discipline alone, of course, but also the ready, friendly familiarities and tolerances of college, the pleasant customs and routines; she was eager to join again the rivalries and enthusiasms, to thrill to the ambitions and to share the companionships of the sort which had been hers.

ONCE SHE had visited Chicago before this journey but she had never been to Evanston, though when she was at Minnesota she had heard a good deal of the college and town. She knew that the university was at the north end with the campus running along the shore of the lake; the students, men and women, lived in dormitories and fraternity and boarding houses about the campus, south, west and north. The suburban express from Chicago made several stops in Evanston and the third, Davis Street, was the station for the university.

The conductor had told her this, upon her inquiry when he took up her ticket; and when the train neared Davis Street, he returned to her and reminded her that this was her stop, and he gallantly carried her suitcase to the platform.

"Thank you so much!" she said, when she took her suitcase on the station platform. No red-cap or porter for hand-baggage met the train at Evanston; and none of the men leaving the cars were of the disposition to press their services upon a strange girl so evidently competent to carry a small suitcase. She thought they were mostly business men, commuters from their offices in Chicago; but she recognized, in a few of the younger ones, the familiar casualness and clannishness of university students. They were of her own age and, seeing her, they eyed her as young men usually did and with the added interest of speculation on the probability of soon meeting her.

"Co-ed?" said one to another.

Fidelia did not hear him but she saw his lips move and she guessed, from her experience in co-educational universities, the term he would use. The boy who was questioned seemed doubtful about her; they all seemed doubtful but decidedly interested and three hung back in a group at the top of the stairs to let her precede them down to the street.

She descended slowly, employing her free hand at gathering closer her coat, which was of soft mink furs; she had on brown gloves and a brown fur toque, which matched her coat and was of a hue most effective with her hair. She was conscious that she was being rated and that the moment was of great importance to her; and she made no error.

Coming out upon the street where fine flakes of snow were blowing in the wind from the east, she glanced about at the opposite shop and restaurant windows already alight in the early dusk of this gray February afternoon and almost at once she nodded toward the first in a row of cars-for-hire waiting beside the station. When the negro driver brought his car up, she said in a clear, agreeable voice: "Take me, please, to Mrs. Fansler's. Do you know where it is?"

"No'm; but git right in, ma'am. I find out quick. Up by duh un'iversity, you mean, or down in duh town?"

"Up by the university, I think," Fidelia said, but did not enter the cab, pending the driver's gaining information which he sought by yelling at the colored boy on the next car: "Zeb, you know whereall Mis' Fansler's?"

"Pete, you know the Delta A house," a curt Caucasian voice put in from behind. "Mrs. Fansler's is on the same side of the street two doors beyond."

"Oh, thank you," said Fidelia, turning to the student, who had cleared up her difficulty. "Thank you so much!"

She found herself speaking to the shortest of the three young men who were in a row on the walk, evidently having waited to see her away before they proceeded. He was rather a homely boy with a square, honest look and with a self-confidence of bearing which made Fidelia know that he was leader of this particular three. "What he starts thinking about me, they'll



start thinking and they'll start the other men," Fidelia reckoned.

The cab took her quickly through a narrow fringe of the one and two-story shops and business buildings which flank the railroad on the university side, crossed a streetcar line and hurried her by a couple of blocks of residences and vacant lots toward a large, tall brick structure with many lighted windows which loomed far back from the streets in the center of a wide, level lawn. Fidelia recognized immediately the familiar marks of a dormitory and of that particularly famous, old-fashioned, high-windowed, austere *hall* which was one of the first in the country to invite women to college with men.

"Hello, old Willard!" she hailed it to herself and turned to the newer, less obtrusive building opposite "I suppose that's Pearson Hall and Chapin is over there." She knew the names of the main dormitories for girls.

HER CAR passed them and hastened north and now, off to the right and beyond the intervening block of houses, lay the campus, she guessed; she did not think much about it. Here she was penetrating the most immediately significant section of the university; some of the houses on both sides of this street were, possibly, the homes of families without intimate connection with the college; but most were surely the dwellings of professors and instructors or were fraternity houses and rooming houses for students.

There were many large residences alight below and, more characteristically, aglow from the lights in ten or a dozen windows on the second and third floors of each. Here was the place where the students lived, Fidelia recognized—ten or twenty girls together in one house and as many men rooming in the next.

Her glimpse of their many second and third-floor windows alight stirred Fidelia to a warm and excited impatience; it was more like coming home than she had supposed it could be. Here



U At Northwestern the men voted Fidelia "just about the greatest looker they ever saw feeling the need of a college education."

she was once more on familiar ground, though she had never seen this street before; here she was reëntering the company of lively, above-average men and girls who would hold certain difficult expectations of her, but of whom she could expect more than of others. She knew the name of not one girl or man here but she felt that she knew them; certainly she knew how they would act in regard to her, if she acted as she had before. She did not mean to do that.

She passed a house with a transom above the front door displaying the triangle and capital A of the Delta Alpha fraternity; and the cab slowed and stopped at the second door beyond, which by information was Mrs. Fansler's.

Fidelia stepped out and paid her driver; she picked up her suitcase and went up the snowy steps to a dark porch where she felt for the bell. While she pressed it, she whispered a chant:

"Fend a friend and kiss a foe,
The first can strike the fouler blow;
Never look the road you go;
Travel on it; you will know."

She was giving no thought to the meaning of the words; she never really thought about them except as composing a sort of charm for good luck which she had picked up from a fortune teller years ago when she was a child in school at Des Moines. She had been told to repeat it whenever making a change and especially when starting out with new people in a strange place, and, having formed the habit, she kept it up.

When she heard the door opening, she drew herself more erect and gave a tug to her coat collar. She got a glimpse of a long, brown, rather bare hall; then she saw a middle-aged, slender, spectacled woman in a plain blue dress.

"This is Mrs. Fansler's?" Fidelia asked in her pleasant way.

"I am Mrs. Fansler," the woman said, in much more neutral tone but giving the impression that she meant to be more neutral than she succeeded in being.

"How do you do? I'm Fidelia Netley from White Falls. Do you remember I wrote you for a room and asked you to telegraph if you could give me one and you were so nice as to do it?"

"Come in, child," invited Mrs. Fansler.

It was the quickest melting of Mrs. Fansler on record, as was unanimously agreed by all four girls in the upper hall who were looking and listening to learn who had arrived in that cab.

Some girls abode under Mrs. Fansler's roof throughout their college course and never achieved *child* at all.

Of course Fidelia did not know this but simply discerned

that of the two sorts of women in the world—those whom her nose and skin and hair at once and unforgivably antagonized, and those who, upon sight, arrayed themselves as her defenders and friends—Mrs. Fansler was of the second. Mrs. Fansler talked to her for a few minutes in the parlor and then showed her to a room on the second floor.

Two of the girls in the upper hall had the delicacy to retreat when the stranger ascended; but the other pair took a full, frank scrutiny of Fidelia Netley from White Falls. Fidelia looked at them, and with the same open, pleasant gaze, but she made not the same effect upon both; and she knew it. One was to be a girl for her to fend and the other a girl to kiss, if Fidelia put into practice the advice of her charm; for one girl, like Mrs. Fansler, showed without cause a sudden warm impulse to be her friend, while the other, at the same instant and from the same sight of her, betrayed as plain a sensation of hostility.

So it was all to start again, the hot, violent liking and hating of her, the reckless and unreasonable deeds to be done for her, without her wish, and the amazing, reasonless abuse of her. Why, at sight of her and when she did nothing at all but exist, did some persons want to hate when others liked her?

She stood in the center of her room, slowly turning while Mrs. Fansler bustled about unnecessarily displaying wholly obvious closets, the dresser and the chest of drawers.

"It's a lovely room," Fidelia said. "And that window is east, isn't it? Really, isn't it east?"

It was not a lovely room but was merely a plainly papered, almost square bedchamber with ordinary oak bedroom set of substantial design; and it was at the rear of the house. Every other girl who had taken it had commented upon this inescapable fact; no one had ever so enthusiastically approved it because its window was east.

"Yes, child," said Mrs. Fansler. "It's east. What beautiful hair you have!"

Fidelia was taking off her toque without thinking either of what Mrs. Fansler or of what she, herself, was saying. What she was thinking about was the method of her first move in this new set of men and girls who were bound to take opposite sides over her—who, in fact, already had begun to divide in regard to her.

She laid down her toque and slipped off her fur coat and stood in her brown tailored suit which disclosed the rounded and well-proportioned fulness of her youthful figure. This presented a test of friendship which some women, who approved of her nose and skin and hair, failed to pass; but Mrs. Fansler passed it and Fidelia felt on her blouse for a little jeweled pin which was fastened there and she started to remove it.

"Oh, you're a Tau Gamma!" Mrs. Fansler exclaimed, recognizing the pin as the emblem of a college sorority.

"Yes," admitted Fidelia. "I was; at Minnesota."

"Oh, you've come from the University of Minnesota."

Fidelia hesitated an instant and then said: "No. I've come from Leland Stanford." Again she corrected, frankly, "I mean I went to Leland Stanford last. I've not been at college at all for a year and a half. I'm just starting again."

"Oh!" Mrs. Fansler considered. "You began at Minnesota and then went to Stanford." She did not add, aloud, "and now you're coming here." But she might as well have said it. Yet neither her thought nor her quick glance over Fidelia was unfriendly. For Mrs. Fansler instinctively liked this girl; and, having been in charge of a student boarding house for girls throughout more than a generation, Mrs. Fansler rather prided herself upon the veracity of her instinct. She thought: "This girl hasn't got along." Then she thought, more definitely: "She's got into trouble."

Mrs. Fansler said aloud: "Surely you know Tau Gamma has a chapter here."

"Oh, yes; that's why I'm taking this off before I see anyone in college. I don't think it right for a girl who was initiated by one chapter to force herself on the girls of another college, who mightn't want to take her in. Do you?"

"Why, they'll want you!" Mrs. Fansler exclaimed, while she realized that she spoke the truth only in a limited way. For she knew that Tau Gamma—or any other group of girls in college—

would want to own this girl in the sense that each sorority would prefer to possess her rather than give her to another. But Mrs. Fansler could not imagine Tau Gamma, or any other group, unanimously welcoming this vivid, unusual girl. "You'll like your chapter here," Mrs. Fansler went on. "They're the finest girls in college, Alice Sothron and Myra Taine. . . . Myra lived with me her first year; and I know nearly all of them. I'll send word to Myra right away."

"Please don't!" Fidelia begged. She dropped her little sparkling sorority pin into

the drawer of the dresser and she clasped Mrs. Fansler's thin wrist in her warm, caressing grasp.

Mrs. Fansler liked it and a flush of color spread under her pale skin. "Why not, child?" she protested. "When you went from Minnesota to Stanford, you went to the Tau Gamma girls there, didn't you?"

"Yes," Fidelia admitted.

"Then why don't you want to go to your girls here now?"

Fidelia did not immediately answer but Mrs. Fansler felt the grasp on her wrist tighten suddenly before Fidelia became conscious of it and took her hand away; and Mrs. Fansler's instinct much more definitely said: "She's got into some trouble at Minnesota but nothing serious. What really happened was after she shifted to Stanford, or later." Mrs. Fansler hungered to know.

"THIS is different," Fidelia replied, vaguely.

"How different, child?" Mrs. Fansler urged and she reviewed in her mind the note which had arrived for her the other day and which was the first herald of the coming of this girl to her house. She had thought of it, at the time, as a sudden, impulsive note, but put no significance to it. The postmark had been Portland, Oregon.

"I've been out of college for a while," Fidelia said; and not immediately, but after a few moments, explained. "I thought I'd travel a little so I went up to—Idaho and Oregon and Washington, our northwest. Then I thought I'd finish college and get my degree."

"I see," Mrs. Fansler nodded; for she had become satisfied in her mind for the present. At least, she realized that she had learned a good deal and, if she was to learn more later, she must not press matters now. She thought: "She considered whether to say Idaho and then did it. She tells a part of anything freely. Her trouble was after she left Stanford."

Mrs. Fansler took one of Fidelia's hands and pressed it. "You couldn't have chosen a better place than here; and you couldn't have come to a finer chapter. Of course I'll tell your girls that you're here." She dropped Fidelia's hand almost shyly and started out. "Supper at six-thirty," she said, practically.

Fidelia removed the coat of her suit and she lay on her bed with her hands clasped behind her head and with her legs bent over the side of the bed. She was not tired; on the contrary, she was exhilarated, jerking her legs up straight in a series of short kicks and jerking them straight again in the stimulation of the contest over her which was sure to continue.

"Two out of three!" she reckoned her friends against the one already antagonistic to her. Of course she was counting only Mrs. Fansler and the other girls from whom she had seen and who had





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Q Two of the girls in the upper hall took a full frank scrutiny of the beautiful Fidelia. One showed a sudden warm impulse to be her friend while the other betrayed as plain a sensation of hostility.

seen her here. The men, or at least a safe majority of them, would begin in favor of her; she could depend upon them; and as she considered the three who had watched her at the station, she thought of them reaching their fraternity houses and telling other men about her.

There was no especial conceit in her thinking this, but only a recognition of fact; she knew that men kept her in mind and talked about her. Now she lay, not thinking, but listening for someone who was speaking in the hall and she heard the words positively enunciated: "Take her your fraternity pictures; that's what she'll care to see!" A door closed hastily and there was silence during which Fidelia became aware of a low, persistent sound much more steady and unvarying than the blowing of the wind. She arose curiously and went to the window, which she opened and she heard the sound much louder.

"The ocean," she said to herself and immediately recollected where she was. "It's the lake, of course," and she stood with the cold east wind blowing upon her, listening to the roar of the surf.

THE VIOLENCE of it and the cold and storminess of the night appealed to her in her present mood of exhilaration. Already it was too dark for her to get a glimpse of the water. She had an impulse to go out and feel the full sweep of the wind and to stride along with all other sounds drowned in the roaring fury of the waves. When she felt like this, she exulted in the sensation of physical struggle and the trying of her strength; she liked the ecstasy of physical exhaustion. But she knew that this was no time for her to go out; for when she closed her

window and again heard the house sounds, she discerned Mrs. Fansler's voice evidently speaking into the telephone: "Yes, Myra; one of your chapter from Minnesota—a remarkably fine appearing girl. . . . No, she did not come direct from Minnesota; she's been to Stanford and recently has been out of college for a while. . . ."

Fidelia listened more tensely; and what she strained to hear was whether Mrs. Fansler repeated that Fidelia Netley had gone to Idaho. Mrs. Fansler did not and Fidelia felt a certain relief. She wondered if she had made a mistake in saying so much to Mrs. Fansler; but she had to say something about that year and a half. She unpacked her suitcase slowly and looked about while she considered.

Upon a bookshelf near the bed were a few volumes and pamphlets of the sort which accumulate in college rooms and which pass from occupant to occupant—an odd, battered copy of *Cymbeline*, the second volume of Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, a Clark's *Rhetoric* without covers, an old college catalogue and a small, new paper-bound directory of Northwestern University.

Fidelia picked this up and observing that it printed both the Evanston and the home addresses of students in course, she scanned the pages, stopping with a sharp jerk when her eyes fell on the word Idaho.

Boise was the word before it and Boise, she knew, was far in the south of the state. She expelled the breath which she had been holding and she turned the next pages. Here was Idaho again; Jane Howe from Pocatello; well, that was far away in the south, too. Now Idaho once more and—Mondora! "Roy T. When, Junior, college of Liberal Arts; Evanston address, Hatfield House. Home, Mondora, Idaho."

Fidelia dropped the book; there it was on the last page, when the census of students had run down into the W's. A boy was here from Mondora. "Well," she thought, "what if he is?"

Not everyone from Mondora would know her. If he were from Lakoon, that would be a more risky matter; but Mondora, after all, had been really out of it. She decided to take the chance with Roy T. When.

Behind one of these windows down this street or at some other lighted window which she had not yet seen, was some man yet unknown to her whose fate was bound to become entwined with hers in some new and unforeseeable way; she could count upon that, if she stayed here; and she decided to stay. So she closed the directory and tossed it away and lay on her bed, kicking her legs and wondering what was to come to her from behind those lighted windows and what sort was he who would ride with her about the next turn of the wheel of her destiny.

WITH THE arrival of the three men who had seen her at the station, report of her had reached the Delta Alpha fraternity house; and, as she reckoned whenever men first spoke of her, this report was favorable.

"Any of you loafers get a squint at the queen who came in a cab to Fansler's a couple of minutes ago?" Bill Fraser enthusiastically challenged the group lounging before the fire in the living-room.

"No; who was she?" somebody answered for the bunch; and as Bill's tone suggested that it was worth while—or would have been worth while a couple of minutes ago—some of the fellows got up and looked out the window toward Mrs. Fansler's.

"She's just about the greatest looker that I ever saw feeling the need of a college education," Fraser enthused, his vehemence increasing as he warmed himself before the fire.

"Where'd you meet her?"

"Haven't had the luck; just saw her step off the train and call a cab. She's up for the new semester, I suppose."

"Where's her home town?"

"Don't know."

"What do you know about her, then? Whence the huge thrill?"

"I've seen her, boy! Wait, just wait a little! Time will take care of you; after a while you'll see her," Fraser taunted in reply.

Landon Blake, who was the short one of the three who had got the thrill at the station, did not go into the living-room with

the others. Something more important was on his mind now. "Dave back in town?" he asked.

"'Bout half an hour ago. He's upstairs," somebody informed and Blake ran up to the front room on the third floor and burst in on his roommate who was working under the light at the flat desk beside the window.

"Dave!" hailed Landon, breathlessly. "How about it? Did you get it?"

Dave, who was a tall, spare young man, turned quickly and looked at Landon; but he nodded in reply only after a moment or two and spoke slowly. "Yes; I got it, Lan," he said, entirely without Landon's excitement; indeed, he replied so soberly that it was almost as if he were giving bad news.

"All of it?" Lan asked. "Or all you needed, anyway?"

"All of it," Dave confirmed.

"The whole ten thousand?"

"The whole ten thousand, Lan. I got it in a check from Mr. Fuller and paid it over downtown this afternoon. Snelgrove put up his money. It's a deal, Lan; it's closed; it's all over."

"Good!" Lan congratulated, putting out his short, broad hand. "Great! Dave put it there!"

Dave grasped Lan with his longer, strong hand. "Thanks," he said. "How was business here?" he asked, deliberately switching the subject from his concerns during the two days between semesters in which he had been home. "How'd it go with you, Lan?"

"Business was a complete washout," Lan confessed promptly and emphatically. "Or rather, I was. Dave, how in the devil do you put it over all the time?"

"I don't," Dave denied, seriously.

Lan laughed and dug in his pocket for cards concerned with this business to which Dave had transferred attention. "Oh, no; it's too darned bad about you. You don't know anything about the auto game at all! You'll simply step in tomorrow to see those guys that have been giving me the gate and have them eating out of your hand; or maybe you won't bother to call; just 'phone 'em. Here're your cards."

Lan tossed them on the desk and Dave turned and picked them up, thoughtfully, and bending slightly he opened a long, narrow box half full of such index cards; he put the returned ones in place and glanced over some others.

"No," said Lan, seeing this and stopping him. "No use to give me a crack at any more prospects, old top; I'm absolutely helpless and screaming for mercy when I try your game. If Myra has to wait for me to learn that before we're married, I've a wonderful chance, haven't I?"

Dave closed his box without argument. "Plenty of money made in your game, Lan," he reminded.

"Maybe," admitted Lan. "Four years from now, if I'm lucky, we'll be married; that'll be about four years after you."

DAVE jerked his head quickly in a manner which made Lan reach directly into Dave's affairs from which Dave had turned him. "How'd you find things at home?" he asked.

"Oh, all right; going about as usual."

"See your father?"

"Of course."

"Have much trouble with him, Dave?"

"Yes," said Dave, going rather pale.

"Of course. I've sold my soul, you understand that!" he articulated slowly and distinctly and clenching his strong hands.

"I've sold my soul to Mr. Fuller for ten thousand dollars. That's the only way father can see it. I was bound to have a fight with him anyway before going into last term here. He's always held to the

idea, no matter what I said, that after college I was going on into Garrett Bib the way he did and be a minister. But he'll never get me into the fix he's in."

Dave suddenly stopped and swallowed with his emotion. "Lan, you know I'm not—undervaluing father. He's the sincerest Christian I know, according to his own convictions. I'm not undervaluing the men who go into Garrett Biblical to become preachers. They've got more guts than me, maybe; yes, I think they have. Father had more, anyway; but things were different in his day. He was here in the eighties of last century





How lovely Alice was, how slender and gentle and what feeling for him she put in her soft, almost shy touches.

and this college, and the seminary, were in the hands of the Methodists who brought God into this part of the country and who built up this place by faith and prayer.

"There were religious fanatics running things then and they made fanatics; nearly half of father's class went into the ministry or foreign missions or some kind of religious work. But our class isn't doing it; we're going into business. I never wanted to be a preacher and I never came to college with that idea."

HE WAS rehearsing, in his outburst of feeling, some of his fight with his father; and Lan realized this and kept still.

"Father keeps on saying that Alice is the reason I'm going into business, that I've given up my ideals for the sake of making

money to marry her and that now I've gone into debt, borrowing money, so I can marry her sooner. But that's not true. I meant to go into business long before I ever dreamed there was a girl like Alice."

After a few moments he admitted: "Of course I do want to get married."

"You've nothing on me there," Lan said and this time spoke without thinking.

"But you're going on through medical school, Lan!" Dave said, red color flushing over his pale face. "Father threw that up to me. You've the nerve and character to do it and Myra's the character to want you to and wait for you. You know what I think of you both for it."

"But it's different with Alice and me. [Continued on page 138]

I CAN SEND OUT

The Greatest in the World is By Luther



L. Luther Burbank who sends telepathic messages to his sister.

WE LIVE in a world of wonders and the greatest of these is the human brain.

The more we know of it, the more we stand in awe of it, yet we know so little of what there is to know that we are like children in a great library reading primers.

My mother's brain was both a transmitting and a receiving radio-telephone instrument. I cannot recall a time so far back in my childhood that I did not know this. I thought nothing about it then because all of us were familiar with mother's ability to receive information in this way.

I was but a little boy when my father and mother one day drove from our home in Lancaster, Massachusetts, to the neighboring village of Peperill to attend the wedding of one of my sisters. They intended to remain all night, but during the course of the day, my mother suddenly began to cry. Asked what was the matter, she replied: "Luther has broken his arm."

Those about her tried to comfort her, but she could not be comforted. She insisted that I had broken my arm, and that she and my father must go home. They reached home a little past midnight, and as soon as they arrived, mother ran up to my room where I was lying in bed. My arm was broken. I had broken it about the time she began to cry over in Peperill.

One day my mother suddenly declared that her father, who lived several miles distant across the country, had been taken ill and would die. During the remainder of the day she was melancholy and troubled. At eleven o'clock that night she told father that grandfather was dead.

The next morning mother was in the frame of mind that a daughter would naturally be if she knew her father had died. She stood at the window and looked wistfully up the road that led toward grandfather's home, six miles distant. The road passed over a hill that cut off her view, but she stood at the window and looked as far as she could and returned to it from time to time during the morning.

After mother had been standing at the window, for several hours, she turned to the rest of us and said: "Uncle Hiram is coming to tell us that grandfather is dead. He will be here before long."

We watched the hill to see him come. In a little while we saw a slight cloud of dust ascending from the other side. Next

A few years after my arrival in the west, I suddenly became aware that, at that instant, I had received a message from someone whom I knew in Massachusetts. The message contained information and asked a question. I answered the question instantaneously and, as soon as a letter could travel from Massachusetts to California, the entire telepathic correspondence was confirmed in writing.

horses' heads and then a carriage appeared upon the dusty hilltop. It was indeed Uncle Hiram. He drove up to our house and told mother that grandfather was dead.

Grandfather was eighty-seven years old. The day before, while working in the fields, paralysis had seized him. He lingered until eleven o'clock at night and died just at the time when mother had told father that grandfather was dead.

I INHERITED my mother's ability to send and receive communications. So did one of my sisters. In tests before representatives of the University of California she was able, seven times out of ten, to receive messages sent to her telepathically. My mother, who lived to be more than ninety-six years of age, was in poor health the last years of her life. During these years I often wished to summon my sister. On such occasions I never had to write, telephone or telegraph to her. Instead, I sent her messages telepathically, and each time, she arrived in Santa Rosa, California, where I live, on the next train.

I removed from Massachusetts to California when I was a young man. A few years after my arrival in the west, I suddenly became aware that, at that instant, I had received a message from someone whom I knew in Massachusetts. The message contained information and asked a question. I answered the question instantaneously and, as soon as a letter could travel from Massachusetts to California, the entire telepathic correspondence was confirmed in writing. The information and the question that had come to me through the ether were placed before me in black and white. The person who sent the message is still living.

A few years ago, such incidents would have been attributed to mendacity, insanity or the supernatural. I relate them now, not because I believe my mother was and my sister and I are supernatural, but because I am convinced we are not. I believe we have all been broadcasting and receiving from the beginning of human thought. Those who can send messages to particular persons differ from the others only in that they can direct their thought-waves where they wish them to go. The greater part of humanity simply broadcasts.

Thoughts are things. We have long been told so, but until

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THOUGHT WAVES

RADIO Set MAN Himself Burbank

¶ *My mother, who lived to be more than ninety-six years of age, was in poor health the last years of her life. During these years I often wished to summon my sister. On such occasions I never had to write, telephone or telegraph to her. Instead, I sent her messages telepathically, and each time, she arrived in Santa Rosa, California, where I live, on the next train.*



¶ *Luther Burbank's sister, Mrs. E. Beeson, who receives his telepathic messages.*

the coming of the radio this seemed more like a bit of rhetoric than a fragment of truth. Thoughts are unquestionably produced by discharges of electrical energy. Radio messages are sent by discharges of electrical energy. The two things are the same except that the human machine is infinitely more wonderful and capable of incomparably greater achievements.

Those who are familiar with the radio know what *jamming* means—the crowding into a narrow wave-belt of a great many sending stations, all operating at once. Since we are all transmitting every time we think, it is obvious that the jamming in wave-length belts used by radio transmitters is as nothing compared with the din made by a billion and a half of human brains. *Din* may seem to be a strange word to use in connection with the state of the ether over a quiet meadow, for instance, but those who know how to operate radio receiving sets will understand. No matter how much jamming is going on, a radio receiving set is as quiet as the grave until it is adjusted and made resonant by establishing harmony within it. Then the silence may change into what may seem to be almost screaming.

WITH EVERYBODY broadcasting at once it follows that the ether must be the sounding chamber into which is crowded every kind of human thought. As we do not broadcast with the same intensity, it follows that the weaker vibrations must be drowned out by the stronger ones. Weak thoughts must soon fall flat, while strong ones may go to the ends of the earth for aught anyone knows. But it seems logical to believe that thoughts, held in common by millions may, because of their identical nature, swell into a tremendous chorus, even though the human transmitters may not individually be very strong senders.

I am therefore of the opinion that the present sick state of mind of the world is largely due to the thoughts that the human race is generating—and transmitting. For nine years, millions in Europe have been sending out vibrations of fear, hatred and despair, while in America we have been sending out vibrations of greed. I do not mean that every American is greedy. I know that most Americans would be satisfied if they could work and live comfortably without fear of the future.

But the great fortunes that were made in America as a result

of the war pitched a note that has resounded in a great many beings. This note reacts upon different persons differently. One man hears it and becomes a profiteer, while a different type gets two pistols, a fast car and holds up a Broadway business place in broad daylight.

Things were not so in the old days before the broadcasting that was caused by the war. We need have no illusions about those days. People were not perfect. But if not perfect, they were not so imperfect. There was more consideration for the other fellow—more of the spirit of live and let live. Those days will come again. But they will not come until the world gets a new set of thoughts. Hatred, greed and fear will first have to die down, somewhat, and thus broadcast less violently.

Fear is perhaps our worst enemy, since it leads both to hatred and greed. Is it strange that fear afflicts the race? Is it not because we are all broadcasting fear? Everybody is afraid that he will lose his employment or be helpless and poor in his old age, or something. As a matter of fact, few of the things that we worry about ever happen, but we nevertheless worry—we fear. The truth is that, in the beginning, the human race had great reason to fear and formed the habit. Our remote ancestors—and some that were not so remote—had reason to fear wild animals, savages and starvation.

Fear persists because it is the dominant note in human broadcasting. Most persons are afraid of one or more things and these little vibrations of fear combine to make the mighty chorus. The thought that differs from most others, and is felt feebly, is soon *jammed* into silence, but even a weak fear that is reinforced by a billion other fears is not lost, any more than a rivulet that flows into the Mississippi is lost.

Everybody who thinks fear makes it more difficult for everybody else to live unafraid. We should perhaps be a world of lunatics if it were not for the strengthening vibrations sent out by those who, wiser than the rest of us, have forcibly taken hold of their minds and eliminated fear.

There are those, too, who were fortunate enough, early in life, to form the habit of living unafraid. Perhaps as children they were not frightened. It is an awful thing to frighten a child. Every frightened child is not only an affliction to itself, but it grows up to become a broadcaster of more fear.

We are just beginning to realize what a wonderful machine is the human brain. We are at the threshold of knowledge, but until yesterday we were outside. The human race has been broadcasting and receiving, perhaps millions of years, without knowing, but suffering all the while from bad thoughts received and inflicting suffering by bad thoughts sent. The radio, while but a very simple instrument as compared with the brain, is helping us to understand what the brain is capable of doing—and is doing.

But the brain can do more than broadcast. It has tremendous power to help or hurt, not only our own bodies but the bodies of others. I am not a Christian Scientist, but I believe that Christian Scientists, in so far as they preach the danger of fear and the value of cheerfulness and kindness, have a firm hold of great truths. But the reasoning of M. Coué more appeals to me. He knows what autosuggestion can do. I know, too, because I have long practiced it.

I shall now relate some incidents that I would not have dared to relate twenty years ago, because then I would have been misunderstood and perhaps reviled.

In what I may call my prime—that is to say from the time I was thirty until I was fifty years of age—I was able to and did help a great many persons who were ill. It was accidentally discovered that I had this power. When my mother and I lived alone, before I was married, we had a woman to keep house for us. She was a very cheerful young woman who always sang at her work. But there came a time when she no longer sang. She never felt well. As we afterwards learned, she had a serious kidney disease.

One day the young man to whom she was engaged came to the house and asked her to go with him to a circus that afternoon. I happened to pass through the room and heard him ask her. She said she could not go—that she did not feel well enough. Wholly without premeditation, as I was passing her, I brushed my hand across her shoulders and said: "Oh, you can go to the circus. You will be all right this afternoon." I said this simply in an effort to be cheerful and pleasant and without a thought of what might be the result.

The result, however, amazed me. In a little while, I heard the girl singing. She went to the circus. She was never ill after that. Her doctor was as much surprised as I was. She is married now, has a family, lives in Santa Rosa, is well and has been well since the day of the circus.

A NEIGHBOR once asked his wife to come to my home and request me to visit him. He was about eighty years old and suffering from heart-failure. His physician had abandoned hope and the man's death seemed near. I went to his home and found him lying on a couch, gasping for breath. Between gasps, he told me that he expected to be dead the next day. He had sent for me, however, in the hope that possibly I might be able to help him. He had heard that I had helped others, but he apparently did not attach much importance to it, as he did not send for me until he believed he was about to die.

I listened to his story, passed my hand over his forehead and told him that he would be all right in the morning.

"Eat a good beefsteak," I said "and you will be out sawing wood before five o'clock tomorrow morning."

I heard him sawing wood before five o'clock the next morning. His house was but a little way from mine. He never complained of any more heart trouble and lived eight or ten years.

A Santa Rosa man came to me one day and asked me if I could help him. He said he expected to be committed to an asylum the next morning. I told him I was busy at the moment, but that I would do what I could if he and his wife would come to my home that evening.

They came. I had never spoken to the man before, though I had seen him around town. He was rather forbidding in appearance, as he always turned up his coat collar, walked with a slouch and carried a big stick. His wife called me aside in the evening and told me that he was undoubtedly insane, that he carried a big knife and had threatened to kill her.

I talked to him a little, passed my hand over his shoulders, told him that he would be all right, and that he would not be taken to an asylum. I also told him to eat plenty of good food—he seemed to be undernourished—and to rest assured that he would have no more trouble. The result was that the man went home in a calm state of mind, was not sent to any asylum, never again threatened his wife, and always thereafter appeared to be sane.

A man who had once swindled me out of some money came to me and said:

"Burbank, I am the meanest man in the world. I have been mean to you and mean to everybody. You are the last man on earth to whom I should come for help now, but I have been sick for a long time, am getting sicker every day, and shall not last long unless I can get some help. I have heard that you can help those who are sick, and I want to ask if, notwithstanding the way I have treated you, you will not help me?"

I knew the man very well and knew that he had not exaggerated his own meanness. As a matter of fact, he had accumulated a small fortune by sharp practices, only to lose it all later. I believe it was the loss of his fortune, as much as anything else, that made him sick. And he was sick. I had noticed for a long time that his health was failing.

I TOLD HIM I knew he was a mean man, that he had been mean to me, and expressed the opinion that if he were to regain his health he would be as mean as ever.

"No, I will not," he replied. "Make me well and I will give you \$1,000 and be a decent man the rest of my days."

I told him that if I could help him I would do so for nothing and that I would try. I then stroked his shoulder with my hand and told him he would be all right in two weeks if he would follow a few directions that I would give him. I told him to stop drinking the whisky that his doctor was prescribing and to take long, slow walks, according to his strength. I saw him in less than a week and he said he never felt better in his life. But he was as mean as ever.

One time when I was going east three men boarded the train at Denver and were assigned berths in the car in which I was riding. One of the men took frequent drinks from a black bottle, and the other passengers, mistaking medicine for whisky, soon began to feel outraged that the conductor should permit a man to get drunk on the train. The next morning several of us gathered around to see what was really the matter with the man. I looked at him and said:

"You have a very serious bowel trouble."

"How did you know that?" he exclaimed, startled.

"Oh," I replied, "that is plain to be seen."

He asked if I were a doctor and I told him I was not. I added that I might nevertheless be able to help him and he begged me to try to do so, as he was in great pain.

I should explain here, perhaps, that the young man had started west in the company of two companions when illness seized him and he left the train at Denver to consult a physician. He consulted three before he got out of town, and each of them told him he had appendicitis and advised an operation. The young man objected to an operation so far from home and boarded the train again in an effort to get back to Iowa.

I told the young man's companions that if they would get the porter to put up the curtains to shut off the view from the rest of the car that I would see what I could do. Then I pulled down the covers and asked the young fellow where his pain was. He pointed to the lower right side of his abdomen. I placed my hand lightly over the spot and held it there a moment. He soon said: "Something seems to have moved along and I feel better." A few minutes later, he began to laugh and said that he had no pain whatever. Then he began to call for ice-water, asking me if he might drink it. I told him he might drink all he wanted, within reason, and he kept three of us bringing ice-water for two or three hours. He continued to improve until he reached Iowa; when he was able to ride home in an automobile.

The foregoing are a few of the many cases I have had. I was always able to cure headaches merely by passing my fingertips over the sufferer's brow. To this day I can stop in most cases hiccoughing, even when the person is unaware of my efforts, merely by concentrating my mind and having the desire that the hiccoughing should stop.

THOSE whom I helped praised me extravagantly, some of them attributing to me supernatural powers. There was nothing supernatural about it. I merely used my mind upon their minds, thus enabling them to help themselves. It was the power of suggestion and nothing more.

As a peculiar instance of the power that the mind has over the body I will relate a story that a ninety-three-year-old neighbor of mine, who is still living, told me.

"Another man and I came to California," said my neighbor, "in the early days; came by way of Mexico and came on horse-back. There was a good deal of fever around and my companion soon became seized with the idea that [Continued on page 143]

He was sure
 he loved her
 and yet he
 asked himself—
 “If she died
 tonight,
 how much
 would
 I care?”



The LOVE TEST

By

A. S. M. Hutchinson

Whose short stories are as
 delightful as his novels

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SHE WAS made to be loved. In her face were red roses beneath cream roses; in her eyes were violets when the dew is on the violets and the sun is on the dew; in her voice (if you can understand this) was a June morning in the garden when all the house except yourself is still asleep; in her laugh was a silver bell. Her name was Elsie; she was an orphan; she lived all alone; she worked very hard for a very poor living; her years were twenty-two. She was made to be loved; but she was twenty-two and somehow she never had been loved. It's a rum world.

Now come to James.

James, who had moderate wealth, considerable fame and numerous acquaintances, had also enormous loneliness. When, simultaneously, wealth and fame came to James, James, to deal with the invitations and the commissions that flowed upon him—James was a painter—found it convenient to employ a secretary; and what James—whose other name was Prince, James Prince—what James thought about his secretary was precisely what, in regard to his enormous loneliness, he felt about his friends and his books.

James, a painfully self-conscious man, suffered considerable

embarrassment in dictating letters to this secretary of his and frequently when she had gone rewrote letters quite different from the letters he had dictated to her; and what James felt about her was this: he wished she could appear before him, as out of a trapdoor, at any moment that he desired her to appear.

This, as you can see for yourself, the secretary, with the best will in the world, could not possibly do; and the position between James and his secretary was this: invariably when James felt that he could dictate his correspondence with the ease and the fluency of a gramophone, his secretary, who came by appointment, was miles and hours beyond reach; and invariably when, by appointment, his secretary sat before him, the soul of James was abashed, the mind of James was confused and the tongue of James was tied in a double knot, tight.

It was a great relief to James when his secretary finished and left; and though it was doubtless equally a relief to the secretary she, as James, left gloomily alone, gloomily reflected, was compensated by payment for her association with James, whereas James was not compensated by anything for his hours with his secretary “or,” as he would say glumly, “or with anybody else.”



For, yes, precisely as the attitude of James toward his secretary was the attitude of James toward his friends and his books, his comforts, his recreations and everything that was his. In his loneliness, increasing it as dead sea fruit the pains of the thirsty, or as will-o-wisps the perils of the lost, were moments when he yearned, most longingly, for some particular friend whose parts in his then particular mood exactly appealed to him, and invariably that friend was on those occasions hopelessly remote.

Similarly, very fond as he was of reading, with his books. Enormous longing to read a particular book came invariably when leagues and hours separated him from that book. And, as with his secretary, there went with these contingencies their corollaries; when he was with his friends he did not want his friends and was not entertained by his friends, and when he was among his books he had no inclination to read his books.

An odd fellow, James.

"If I were the kind of person who says that kind of thing," James used to reflect, "I would say that nobody understands me. But I am not that kind of person. That kind of person is sorry for himself and feels that the blame for his plight rests on a world incapable of estimating him at his true worth. With

Elsie sighed, "Oh say again it's real!" He drew her to his breast. "Real, real, my own, my darling!" he murmured.

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me, not so. The world—apart from my painting, which it overestimates—estimates me, personally, at my true worth, which is emptiness and futility; and I am not a bit sorry for myself; I am only very weary of myself and very dissatisfied with myself. I do not satisfy other people and that is why they do not satisfy me."

An introspective fellow, James.

"All the same——" said James, and sighed; and would wish for his secretary and she was not; and would wish for a particular friend and he was not; and would desire a particular book and it was not; and on an occasion immediately following would have his secretary and would be tongue-tied; and would meet his friend and would find him not what he had imagined him to be; and would be among his books and would desire none of his

rewarded by a symbol of hope in the beak of his spirit. The daily life of James, searching, found never solid satisfaction on which his heart could rest and with which his loneliness could be filled; but the spirit of James, questing, returned ever with assurance that somewhere, somehow, with someone, there was, there *must* be——

"BUT WHERE, but how, but whom?" said James. "Rum," said James. "Nothing matters to me. That's what the trouble is. Except my work, no thing and no person really and truly matters.

"All the same——" said James, and sighed.

A baffled fellow, James.

But attend! This "really and truly," with which James affirmed or emphasized the emptiness of his life was not a mere expression; it was a mark or a signal of the profundity of the introspectiveness of James. James did not merely *think* that nothing and nobody mattered to him; James *knew* it; and he knew it by application (especially to persons) of a test which, in his introspectiveness, he had formulated unto himself, and whereby, introspecting, he tested the true depth of his affections.



books. "Why the dickens is it?" said James. "My fault, of course," said James.

"All the same——" said James, and groaned.

A lonely fellow, James.

But listen! When James thus said "All the same——" and when James, saying it, thus groaned or sighed, invariably there took place within James a roving or questing of the spirit which was to James in his loneliness as was the roving or questing of the dove to Noah in his Ark.

The dove roamed the face of the waters in search of dry land for Noah; and his spirit roamed the face of his imagination in search of satisfaction for James. Noah was at last rewarded by a symbol of hope in the beak of the dove; and James—this is the funny part of the thing—not at last, but always, was

This test was a grim, a harsh, almost a brutal test, and it was a test that few really nice people would in the matter of their affections, care to employ.

The test employed by James was; "I like so-and-so. I like so-and-so very much indeed. But how deeply does 'very much indeed' go? Would I care," (this was the test) "would I care, would I deeply and frightfully care, if so-and-so died?"

The answer invariably was that, deeply and frightfully, in the sense in which James meant deeply and frightfully, he would not care.

Let a specific example be given. In a period when miserably for some months he had lain in a nethermost pit of his loneliness, he one day perceived a rope stretched down to him and looking up beheld at the other end of the rope a girl whom he

knew well, met frequently and who, by the casting down to him of this rope, might reasonably be supposed to be, well, more than a little interested in him. "By golly!" cried James (or words to that effect) "By golly, I believe I could find in this girl all that for which my soul is anhungered. By golly, I believe I could! By golly, I will be in love with her!"

And with these words James clutched hold of the rope and, the girl immediately tautening it, suffered himself to be drawn up out of the pit.

All might have gone well and this story never have been written, but unfortunately, the pit being deep and James (a weighty minded fellow) uncommonly heavy, considerable time was occupied in the hauling up of James; and in the middle of it, James, spinning at the end of the rope like a bale of goods at the end of a crane, applied to the kindly girl (pulling and hauling for all she was worth) the grim, the harsh, the almost brutal test hereinbefore scheduled and described.

"Am I in love with her?" propounded James to himself, spinning. "I don't know. Very well then, would I care if she died?"

Immediately the rope let him down with a run about six feet, and, "I would be sorry," said James hurriedly, "very, very sorry." The rope steadied again, so James repeated it: "Very, very sorry," repeated James.

"But would I care?" said James again presently, "really and truly care as I cared, most poignantly, when deaths occurred in my family circle? Would I care like that?"

The answer was flat. He would not care like that.

Very alarming tremors began to take place in the rope; but James, an introspective fellow, stubbornly pursued his introspection. "If I heard of her death," said James, "would I go without my meals? Would I be thrown out of the stride of my work at my easel? Would her death distaste for me one single spoonful of my dinner, or lose for me one single morning of my work?"

"No," said James, "it would not. Obviously, then, I am not in love with her. No."

Whereupon the rope broke and James with a sickening thud was returned to the bottom of the pit.

"Nothing matters to me," said James, bruised. "That's what it is with me: nothing really and truly matters. All the same——" said James, and sighed.

NOW JAMES, though he has been shown as declaring that nothing and nobody really and truly mattered to him, has also been reported as adding: "except my work." His work mattered very much to James, and, painting one day a picture in which ribbons were worn by one of his models, he must needs himself go to a ribbon shop to buy the ribbons. A painter to whom his work mattered less would have suffered the model to buy the ribbons.

Not so James and not thus had moderate wealth and considerable fame come to James. James, fuming at the interruption, but determined to have only the exact shades of ribbon that only himself could choose, went one day to the ribbon counter of this shop (one of those enormous emporiums that disdain to call themselves shops) and there fussed enough to drive a girl mad over choosing the ribbons that he desired.

I should say that if he caused to be got down for him a yard of ribbon he caused to be got down for him a mile, and I should say, and have already said, that he fussed, fumed and finicked, enough to drive mad the girl who attended upon him.

Did it drive her mad? No. It did not in the least discompose or ruffle her. She was as sweet of disposition as she was lovely of countenance. She was Elsie.

Now then!

James at last concluded his purchases, realized that he had inordinately fussed over them, and, a pleasant, courteous fellow when not at work or not in the depths of the pit where normally he lived, apologized for the inordinate fuss that he had made.

"I'm afraid I have been a most awful nuisance," said James.

"Oh, really, no," said Elsie.

"I have, though," said James, and looking at Elsie for the first time (as it were) saw that she was comely and stared upon her.

"You haven't indeed," declared Elsie.

"I have though," repeated James, staring.

"Oh, really, no," repeated Elsie, smiling. "Indeed not."

"I wanted the ribbons for a particular purpose," said James, staring.

"Oh, I could see that," said Elsie and tinkled ever so prettily the silver bell that was her laugh.

The tinkle of a bell naturally attracts the attention to the place of its tinkling, and the tinkling of this bell that was the laugh of Elsie attracted the attention of James to a new aspect of the comeliness of Elsie at which also James stared. The effect of this aspect upon the senses of James very much annoyed James. It discommoded or inhibited the articulatory processes of James and he found his tongue heavy within his mouth and incapable of speech.

James, therefore, very lamely, laughed.

"Ha, ha," laughed James, lamely; and his tongue being in no way loosened, but indeed heavier than before, proceeded lamely to remove himself.

"You've forgotten your parcel," cried Elsie.

"Good Lord!" cried James; and James, recovering the parcel, and viewing the comeliness of Elsie as it were spread across the entire extent of the shop in a haze, mist or shimmer, in appalling confusion left the shop.

"Dash!" said James.

FOUR days after this day, the fourth day being the Sabbath, James, mounting to the outside of a motor-bus, found but one seat vacant thereon and, seating himself on this seat, found that the passenger beside him was Elsie.

"Hull-o!" said James.

The red roses on the face of Elsie overcame and spread above the cream roses and the cream roses dissolved or disappeared into the red roses.

"Hull-afternoon," said Elsie, crushing the spontaneity of "Hullo" beneath the decorum of "Good-afternoon."

Fifteen minutes after this minute, the fifteenth minute being the seventeenth minute past four, post meridian, James discovered himself to be walking in Hyde Park with Elsie. "Discovered himself" is correct; for how or by what means or by what conversational stages he had been transferred from the bus beside Elsie to Hyde Park beside Elsie, James could not possibly have told.

Recovering from the daze or fog in which these processes must have been conducted, and discovering himself pacing beside her, and realizing, on making the discovery, how very astounding it was that he should be pacing beside her, "You know," said James, "this is a most extraordinary thing for me to be doing. I've never done a thing like this in my life before."

"Nor I," said Elsie. "Isn't it funny?"

"By Jove, it is funny," said James, seriously.

A serious fellow, James.

These were, though James did not know it, almost the first words they had exchanged since entering the park, and in silence for rather more than a quarter of a mile they debated, in their several ways, the funniness on which they had found themselves in agreement.

"But you said," then said James, taking up the conversation although the last of it was more than a quarter of a mile behind them, "but you said that you walk here every Sunday and every Saturday afternoon?"

"Yes, but by myself," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

Three hundred and thirty-two yards farther. "Not with anyone," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

THESE "Ah's" of James were uttered very profoundly and weightily and were intended by James to be charged with enormous meaning, as indeed they must have been, for James, in this most remarkable situation in which he found himself, was thinking enormously and "Ah," pronounced at long intervals, was almost the sole articulation by which James, throughout the afternoon, discharged or relieved the accumulation of thoughts thus amassed. Nor were the contributions of Elsie to the debate of much greater dimension.

The whole conversation between James and Elsie during their solemn circumnavigation of the park, including their farewell at its termination and the suggestion of James, approved by Elsie, that the circumnavigation might be repeated on the following Saturday afternoon, could have been written on a half sheet of notepaper. Neither, it will be remembered, had ever done this kind of thing before and each, it surely follows, did it for the first time very slowly and awkwardly.

Especially James.

They did it, however, a second, third, fourth and fifth time with a loquacity but little increased; but the very curious



“I have been by imagination in love and absolutely heavenly it's been,” James told Elsie. “But—this is the point—only passively in love. Now what I want most awfully is to be actively in love.”

thing is that the less they talked and the more they walked the more were their meetings looked forward to by James and the more soothed, refreshed, healed and elevated was the soul brought away and returned to his home by James.

This, though it immensely comforted James, profoundly puzzled James.

“It isn't as though,” reflected James, “we ever said a thing. What the dickens can it be, then?”

A newly baffled fellow, James.

“I hope you don't mind my not talking,” said James, in their course of one walking, to Elsie.

“Not a bit,” said Elsie.

“Ah,” said James.

And on the occasion of the next walking, “As I was saying about not talking,” said James; “it's like this with me, I like being with you, in fact I seem to like it better than anything I know. But what I like is just being with you and feeling I needn't talk, and that you don't mind if I don't talk. Always when I'm with anyone I feel that I've got to talk, and I never can talk, and the thing is simply an agony to me. It's difficult to understand, and I never can make anyone understand it. I do hope,” concluded James, exhausted, “that you understand?”

“I understand perfectly,” said Elsie.

“Ah,” said James.

And, returned home that night, “That girl understands me,” said James.

Original from [Continued on page 125]
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The **INSIDE STORY** *of*



Q. *Dr. Butler in his Shreveport laboratory, the only drug clinic in America that offered real aid to addicts.*

SHREVEPORT, LA., is one of those small American cities which seem to be about the most important vertebrae in the national backbone. Some fifty thousand citizens live and do very nicely there on oil wells and cotton fields. And they say: "We in Shreveport feel that we have a pretty live little community."

So they have. They are inordinately proud of their model fire department, their graftless police force and their "frankly and beautifully" seventeen story office building with all the space rented before it was finished. Until the other day, they had every human reason to be proud that their city had come just a little nearer than any other in the country to solving the country's dope problem.

They had untied the Gordian knot of dope in Shreveport. Quite in the course of the day's work and building upon the mistakes of others, they had found a way out and followed it straight along without any mishap for better than five years. But their way out did not fit in with the prohibition department's interpretation of the Harrison Act and the prohibition department is just now exercising what authority there is in matters narcotic. Wherefor, the government, vested for the moment in the Federal Narcotic chieftain, Colonel Nutt, cut in and put a stop to their progress.

"Our country right or wrong," the one hundred percent oil barons and cotton planters of Shreveport complained, "but we think our dope clinic was a right good thing and it sure saved us a lot of trouble."

Thereby hangs the present story and the one pleasant chapter in the whole history of dope. When I had located Shreveport in the northwestern corner of its state, I took a train there to look things over for myself. It occurred to me that perhaps the

most important contribution which could possibly be made by this series might come from the reporting of a visit to Shreveport. I went with an open mind to learn how much of what I had heard might be truth. I went to make the acquaintance of Dr. Willis Butler on his native heath where, as coroner and parish physician of Caddo Parish (that is Louisiana style for county) he had worked out his reassuring scheme for facing our narcotic difficulties.



Q. *Here is the place, concealed from the passerby, where the addicted of Shreveport came to receive their rations of morphin.*

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

nature of drug addiction and described some of our most flagrant failures
American city worked out its own constructive and humane solution

DOPE In This Country

By Sidney Howard

I came away clearly convinced that in Dr. Butler's narcotic clinic-dispensary lies the single possible approach to the dope problem which takes into consideration those highly desirable qualities, humanity, practicability and scientific soundness.

Now a narcotic clinic is a place where narcotics are dispensed to narcotic addicts at a minimum cost, in minimum amounts and upon the basis of careful medical examination of each case. Or should be that.

If the narcotic clinic is dishonestly or unscientifically or ever carelessly conducted, it promptly becomes a plague spot. If, on the other hand, an intelligent and incorruptible



Dr. Butler, head of the Shreveport Narcotic Clinic

of feel. that my present good fortune is due to your unthinking efforts in your patients behalf. & your kindness, sympathy and full understanding and leniency for us unfortunates.

The only dark thought - is what would become of us all - were some unforeseen thing happen to close our Dispensary - It would only mean from Sunshine to darkness - from clean living back to the seum

Your humble Patient
Eddie Wilson

Shreveport La
Dec 24/1922

Dr. Butler received letters of this sort from addicts on the road to recovery. They tell the story of humane treatment.

Shreveport La,
Jan. 8, 1923
Mr. Butler
Very kind I want to
Thank you for the consideration
shown us by dispensing
medicine to us at the price you do.
it enables me to work steady
and make an honest living for me
and wife otherwise I could not
buy medicine from bootleggers even
if possible to do so, and pay their
Price and make the money honestly
as it is now I don't feel like any
Criminal and I know I have not
violated any laws and I'm better
condition financially than since
soon after the Harrison Law
became effective for interstate
since I been on Dispensary is the
first time in my life I can afford
Pay Post Tax and have Right to Vote
Jan. Humph. Patients
Fred East & wife.

administration can be found, it should efface the dope pedler automatically by underselling him, it should keep the dope user from crime by placing his drug within his financial reach and, if it can be run in conjunction with an institution for the treatment of addiction, it should eventually reduce addiction itself to its irreducible minimum by treating and redeeming the curable addicts.

All of which the Shreveport clinic very certainly accomplished. The government arrived at these conclusions some years ago. Narcotic clinic-dispensaries sprang up all over the country. They were under state and municipal auspices and, on the whole, they made a characteristically official mess of things. Their directors carried on for publicity, for profit, for political preferment—for almost anything except their proper purpose. If I were to sum up the achievements of the narcotic clinics, I should say that they afforded a good many obscure health officers

To Whome it may concern
 This is to certify that Barier
 Chas H Harris is subject to
 Epileptic fits and is unable to
 support himself. after Ex Ray
 Examination we find him incurable
 under these conditions can not live
 more than 12 or 16 months
 anything you can do for him will
 be appreciated by both he and I
 Dr H. V. Lopez, M.D.
 Dr J D Brown M.D.
 Room 264 Henman Bldg
 New Orleans La

poor forgery

C. The addicts often resort to forgery
 in an attempt to get their dope.

a chance at the front page of the daily
 papers.

In New York, the clinic registered
 over seven thousand of the city's ad-
 dicts and afforded the city the spec-
 tacle of drug slavery standing in line.
 It made no attempt at cure. It simply
 handed tons of dope over the counter
 for a nominal charge. Sightseeing
 busses indulged in detours with mega-
 phone comment to turn the miseries of
 man to good account. Pedlers bought
 dope quite readily from officials and
 subofficials, sold it about town to users
 who could afford the luxury of not standing in line, did a thriving
 trade with the line itself where addicts suffered the throes of
 withdrawal through tedious hours of waiting and fell fainting
 on the sidewalk. The better addicts stayed away. The better
 doctors risked any prosecution to save their patients from such
 infamy. At last, after some eight months of unsuccessful
 operation, the government destroyed it.

Federal law concluded the clinic experiment to be a
 failure.

"They were a rank lot," says that high priest of dope, Mr.
 Ralph Oyler of New York, "every one I ever saw except Shreve-
 port." That is probably a sweeping statement. Cleveland and
 New Orleans had not done badly. Los Angeles had come off
 rather well. But federal law is thorough and it wiped out all
 clinics together in a single edict, the efficient with the worthless.
 All, that is, except Shreveport.

The clinic-dispensary might have been permanently dismissed
 as social folly, but for Shreveport. Dr. Butler, quite divorced
 from other methods, had worked out his own and made a go
 of them. Dr. Butler went on—in defiance of every law and order
 except his own and proved the fundamental soundness of the
 scheme and so by implication denounced its engineers in other
 towns and larger cities.

But the law, having once executed its initial right-about,
 was consistent to the end. Now Shreveport is closed at last and
 there are no more clinics. The government chose rather to
 eliminate Shreveport's solution than to reproduce it. In other
 words, the government finds it easier to pursue and catch a few
 of the army of dope pedlers than to force honesty and efficiency
 upon official regulation. The efficient and honest clinic does
 not create new addicts. The efficient pedler certainly creates a
 great many.

Dr. Butler proved on inspection to be an agreeable Southerner
 of thirty-five, looking something less than his years, enjoying
 life with a leisurely, southerly earnestness. He keeps a pleasant
 grin readily on tap and almost anyone's first name on the tip of
 his tongue. He commands the repute of ability as a diagnosti-
 cian and as a bacteriologist. Though he inhabits an island in a
 sea of oil, he has no taste for speculation; though he ranks as a
 national champion rifle shot, he has no liking for hunting. He
 salts down an eager and instantaneous sympathy with an inex-
 haustible amount of horse sense. He is far prouder of Shreve-
 port than of himself.

HIS FELLOW doctors esteem him; so do his fellow politicians.
 "We in Shreveport feel that there isn't a better loved or more
 respected citizen in town than our coroner, Dr. Willis P.
 Butler."

He takes the radical's view of dope. Here is humanity,
 diseased and dependent, potentially suffering, potentially
 criminal. The simplest, the cheapest and the only decent way
 out is medical care. Those who are curable should be cured
 according to the seriousness of their desire for cure. Those
 who are incurable should be cared for and kept out of jail. Those
 who can work should work, for they are better off at work than
 at crime and much less troublesome. Those who demand care
 and refuse work need expect nothing and had best take



C. Captain John Hudson of
 Shreveport knows how to
 handle undesirable addicts.

3-3-23

Memphis

Tenn.

Doctor. Butler

My dear friend. I no you
 will be surprised to hear that
 I J.W. Kelley is in Jail here

Doctor. I sure have been
 one affel sick man since I
 have been in here. I am
 broke. havent got one cent

I feel affel Bad so I will
 close. hope I will hear from
 you as soon as see best
 I sure hope I will receive
 a Piece of Change also

I am yours Very Truly

J.W. Kelley.

Memphis

County Jail

Tenn.

C. This letter was written by a man in jail. He was robbed of
 his chance of cure by the closing of the Shreveport clinic.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Nashville, Tennessee, *March 22, 1923*,

This is to certify that I have this day made careful examination and inquiry in the case of *T. H. Blount*
216, 8th Ave S
 Name
 Address

and pronounce him (her) to be an incurable addict to the use of *Morphine* within the meaning of Chapter 105, Acts of 1919.

This conclusion is based on the following grounds:

*Pulmonary Tb. with
 severe pain being gained in French
 hospital.*

Respectfully,

C. G. Griffin
 Signature

Deputy Medical Examiner
 Official Title.

C. This is how obliging an official doctor can be in matters narcotic.

C. C. G. Griffin, deputy medical examiner for the State of Tennessee, examined and pronounced upon incurable drug addicts. For five dollars he declared the Hearst reporter incurable and issued him this permit enabling him through doctors' prescriptions, one of which is shown to the right, to obtain a large quantity of morphin, some of which is photographed below.



themselves elsewhere. Enforced cure is a waste of time for it accomplishes and can accomplish nothing. The first thing, the last thing and the main thing is to reestablish self-respect and you can't do that with a club.

He was elected to his double office in 1916 and, at that moment, found himself face to face with dope. "It was a situation," he told me, "that simply had to be met."

He tried an assortment of experiments and points of departure. The jails did him no good. "I soon found that while there are trustees there will always be dope in jails." He tried forcing matters toward cure and he learned the futility of that very quickly.

"We had a lot of people using morphin in the parish. Some of them used it because they were suffering from incurable and painful diseases, some because curable diseases which they had contracted had never been cured, some because they simply had

a morphin habit and, even if they had found proper assistance to help them free themselves of it, would still have persisted. Every one of them was getting his drug some way or other. Four doctors and a crowd of pedlers were doing a wholesale business. We tried stopping the supply. We stopped it by stopping the doctors and arresting a few of the pedlers. Then we were in worse trouble than ever and there was a lot of suffering and the jail worked overtime. I simply had to do something about the addicts and I couldn't tell which were the deserving ones and which the riffraff. I had no idea of what to do next. . . ."

He had no fish to fry. Unlike most public dope clinicians he had no politics to further. Unlike most addiction doctors he had no scientific nor sentimental theorem to work out. Nothing to gain. Just the day's job and what to do next.

U. S. Reg. No. 3048

DR. T. A. MITCHELL

Office: Vendome Bldg.; Tel. M. 2159

Res.: 1202 Edgewood Place; Tel. W. 63-W

Office Hours: 9 to 10 a.m., 12 to 2 and 7 to 9 p.m.

For *T. H. Blount* Address *216, 8th Ave S*
R City *Nashville*

Morphine 4 x x 10
Leg. Dr. T. A. Mitchell
on March 22, 1923
T. A. Mitchell

R. & O. DRUG COMPANY
 OFF. MAXWELL HOUSE
 TELEPHONE MAIN 4061

When the clinic movement started, Dr. Butler got enthusiastically under weigh. He opened his dispensary in a retired corner of the basement of Shreveport's largest hospital. After a time he opened his institution for treatment toward cure. The Mayor was doubtful. The Police Commissioners were clearly anti. They could see no good in catering to these dope fiends. But Dr. Butler had discovered quite a few things about dope. Among his discoveries he could list quite a few users who had nothing fiendish about them. His mind refused to call a sick man a fiend. He went quietly on to very singular success.

He made a tour of the East to learn what could be learned from the reputable narcotic cures. He came back feeling that they had nothing to teach anyone.

He worked things out for himself. He took addicts, one and all, high and low, great and small. He took them into his dispensary, tested their blood, listened to their hearts and sold them morphin at six cents the grain. They had been paying pedlers an average price of \$1.50 per grain. They came gratefully and Dr. Butler looked them over.

"They were from every walk of life. They included doctors, nurses, lawyers, preachers, dentists, merchants, laborers; men and women prominent in the city, people of high social standing, people of no social standing at all; the very rich, the very poor.

"I never counted the Underworld element at more than

fifteen percent of my total. I know that other cities have run it much higher, but I think my figures are more nearly accurate. Shreveport has pretty nearly every element, good and bad. I got all the addicts in Shreveport. Bigger cities only got a few. I had them all, about twelve hundred, when I added up for the whole parish.

"I found the original causes of addiction to be everything from a headache and a bad playmate to cancer and the last stages of tuberculosis. I found that forty percent of my patients had venereal infections. I found that thirty percent were incurably ill and could never hope for health again. I had to feel my way always and my policy always was to find out first what physical ailments the addict might have and to treat him for them and get him in good physical condition before I thought of treating him for his addiction.

"I tried, too, to determine whether the patient were curable or incurable. If I thought him curable, I dispensed to him conditionally until he was ready for the hospital. If he proved to be incurable, I dispensed to him indefinitely.

"I issued every man just enough morphin to keep him in going condition for work. Every man jack of them who could work, had to work and make an honest living for himself and keep out of trouble. And my inspectors checked up on him, too. I had no time to waste on irresponsibility.

"When we had our patient in shape for cure we put it up to him. We didn't force anything. We said: 'Now you can have it if you want it. If you don't want it, we don't want you.'

"Every patient who went to the cure signed a pledge to go through with it in absolute isolation until we released him. And he had to put up money, too, so that we could be sure of his taking care of himself after the cure was finished. We didn't want our patients going back to the old environment. If we had had a place for proper after-treatment in the country where we could have kept them at out of door work for a long time and away from their old associates, we should have a better percentage of permanent cures to show you. There is no immunity to dope and many cases who are relieved of the craving demand months of additional handling before they are set right in their bodies or their minds. But even so very few of our hospital patients ever reappeared at the dispensary for dope.

"I always tried not to lose sight of the human side of any case. I had to deal very sternly with some of them. But I always gave the deserving a fair chance and protected them even to the extent of letting them use false names if they chose so that people wouldn't be calling them 'dope-fiends.' I used to be proud to watch the change in them; in their appearance, in their general outlook upon life. I would see them come into the dispensary filthy outcasts. I would watch them reestablish themselves in their own eyes and before their fellows as thoroughly respectable citizens.

"I never in any sense considered the dispensary a cure. I considered both dispensary and hospital absolutely necessary, however. The incurables of the parish would alone have justified the dispensary's continuance. The reduction of the criminal by-products of addiction simply clinched the case. A properly conducted narcotic dispensary is one of the surest of crime prophylactics. I believe that and the records of the Shreveport courts during the years of the clinic's work back me up."

The city fathers back him up, too. The present Mayor, Ex-Mayor Ford, Police Commissioner Stringfellow, who once opposed the clinic and now "cannot speak of it in too high terms," Federal Judge Jack, who "would like to see similar dispensaries and clinics established."

If his methods do not sound radical to you, you have forgotten. The police answered them last year with three thousand arrested addicts in New York City alone. The average patient of that police cure repeats four times before his permanency at the penitentiary relieves him of the necessity.

Some of the Shreveport patients have an answer of their own, to my mind a very impressive answer. One of them, a barber, a tortured and incurable victim of spinal rheumatism typifies their degraded point of view.

"I have been using morphin near on to eighteen years, now. You know, Doctor, how I used to live when I had to get it the best way I could. It kept me broke seven or eight years, dragging my family around from place to place. I never could make a living, let alone save any money. I had to have help from the charity associations and I was in jail a good part of the time too, if you remember. . . .

"Now I work hard until nine o'clock at night, take care of my family and save all the money I can. Since I have been able to get regular care at the dispensary, I have built up a good paying business worth at least two thousand dollars. I have saved close to three thousand in a savings account in the First National Bank. . . .

"I have always had this rheumatism in my back. It has put me back on dope again every time after every cure. . . .

"Now I am writing you, Doctor, because I would buy a home for my family only there are so many rumors about the clinic being closed. I know if I am cut off from care that my business will go to the dogs. I am afraid to put my money out, thinking I may have to jump up at any time and leave my business and all and find somewhere else where I can get regular doses. . . ."

The other little letter, the one reproduced on page 26 is submitted in evidence. It came only a few days after the clinic had closed. The writer had been awaiting space in the hospital and undergoing preliminary treatment for some disease or other. The government robbed him of his chance. He found

himself still an addict in a drugless and pedlerless town. He fled to pastures new and, as the letter shows, to grief in the Memphis County jail. He is not, obviously, a man of great intellectual stature. Still there is pathos in relegating him so to the liability heap simply to sustain the inept regularity of official regulations.

Sheriff Hughes is the most plain spoken of all. "I had plenty of opportunity to watch Doc. Butler. And he certainly helped me. I never could have handled these people without him. He not only kept 'em out of jail but we in Shreveport feel he made quite a number of 'em into right good citizens."

Dr. Butler's ace in the hole was Captain John Hudson. He isn't a captain by chevrons. It's just one of those southern titles. But in spirit he ranks most generals.

Since he passed his grand climacteric they have been referring to him as "the boy." He would lend personality to any city hall. Longer ago than most men remember, a Mexican made a swipe at him with one of those curved Greaser knives. The blade slipped neatly between the ribs and amputated a considerable segment of Captain John's heart. It never phased him. It only added to his general prestige and

reputation for the remarkable. Right now, today, he can still increase that reputation and prestige by swimming an icy river in pursuit of a fugitive who has stolen the only boat. And catch the fugitive, too, where he stands lost in mute admiration and amazement on the further bank.

Whenever an undesirable presented himself at the Shreveport dispensary, Dr. Butler gave him four grains and the tender care of Captain John. Captain John put [Continued on page 116]

OCTOBER CASH ACCOUNT

| Date | Disbursing | Received | Paid |
|------|------------|----------|-------|
| | | | |
| | | 10.00 | 4.00 |
| | Jew | 4.00 | 6.00 |
| | Joan | 3.00 | |
| | Martin | 2.00 | |
| | Marie | 12.75 | 17.75 |
| | Murray | 1.00 | 6.00 |
| | Curtis | 18.00 | 30.00 |
| | Shannon | 4.00 | 7.00 |
| | | 2.75 | |
| | Corcoran | 1.70 | |
| | Edie | 2.00 | |
| | Spike | 2.00 | |
| | Pat | 2.00 | |
| | Rafael | 4.00 | |
| | Buster | 2.00 | |
| | Bohmer | 2.00 | |
| | Swartz | 3.00 | |
| | Harrington | 6.00 | |
| | By | 2.00 | |
| | Spee | 1.00 | |
| | Nally | 2.00 | |

Ⓒ A Broadway Dope pedler jots down the evening's business.

Mr. Bryan says PROHIBITION has been accomplished, and that the forward-looking earnest people of the country will next attack the evils in society which spring from SEX

Morals for Men & Women

By

William Jennings Bryan



EVENTS are so shaping themselves as to force into the political arena a determining discussion of moral standards as they affect the so-called social evil.

Questions must be dealt with as they arise, and a number of influences now combine to give fast-mounting prominence to this particular reform. May I use an illustration: Crops are annual, but the forces that produce them are continuous; likewise it may be said that reforms are successive, while the great moral forces that underlie them and bring them to victory are continuous. In any healthy society the forward-looking and earnest people are always at work trying to improve life and its environment. They cannot be idle.

The liquor question absorbed the attention of reformers for a long time; it was the foremost issue. A multitude of circumstances united to force it upon public attention, and no other reform could displace it. Prohibition has been accomplished.

Of course the Eighteenth Amendment can be repealed in the same way it was adopted, but those who oppose prohibition are powerless. If they could not prevent it when it required two-thirds of both houses of Congress to submit it and three-fourths of the States to ratify it, how can they undo what has been done when they would have to secure control of two-thirds of both houses and three-fourths of the States?

The amendment has been embodied in a statute, and that cannot be repealed. The thirty-three States that are dry by their own separate act have sixty-six senators, a little more than two-thirds of that body, and no senator from a dry State would think of voting to weaken prohibition. Enforcement of prohibition is the only thing that remains to be done in connection with this reform, and that will grow easier from year to year until all opposition will disappear and violators of the prohibition law will be punished like violators of all other laws.

The moral forces of society are now free to marshal behind the next reform and carry civilization another step forward on

its upward pathway. It so happens that another reform as great and as far-reaching in its influence for good is ready for triumph.

As we look through history we find a certain congregating of allies just prior to the decisive battle. This union of forces cannot be foreseen, but somehow powerful factors emerge as from the darkness and form upon the battlefield. Three such factors have joined in forcing into the foreground the issue created by sexual immorality.

The first of these factors is information, which is the basis of progress. No matter how great an evil may be, improvement is impossible until the facts become generally known.

The World War threw a glaring light upon the physical penalties that follow sexual sin. More than 4,000,000 men were examined for service, and this examination revealed appalling weaknesses, a percentage larger than anyone would have dared to predict. Out of 2,500,000 of those whose condition was studied instantaneously, the number suffering from *visible* venereal diseases at time of examination was 89,393, a percentage of 3.57—figures disquieting enough, but whose full meaning is recorded in the footnote on this page.* It is only fair to say that, astonishing as this percentage is, the average in the United

*The number 89,393 men and the figure 3.57 percent represent only the men out of 2,500,000 whose body surfaces disclosed to the naked eye of the medical examiner that they were afflicted with syphilis or any of the lesser venereal diseases, and indicate that hundreds of thousands more among the 2,500,000 were infected; had there been time to make laboratory blood-tests their condition would have registered. Vedder in his work, "Syphilis and the Public Health," 1918, published by permission of the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, says: "In the United States we have found that an (Army) admission rate of three percent usually indicates a percentage of infection ranging between fifteen and twenty," or 150 to 200 syphilitic recruits in every 1,000. Upon this officially approved basis of calculation, between 375,000 and 500,000 were syphilitic out of the 2,500,000 referred to. How many of this ghastly number owed their taint to their own immorality and how many to hereditary poisoning, remains a secret.—W. J. B.



States was small compared with the averages in some other countries.

This information aroused a patriotic interest in the extermination of such diseases. The virtuous young man, whose health was unimpaired, marched to the front and offered himself in his Nation's defense, while the immoral young man, unfitted for service by his vices, was relieved of the risks of war. If the war had been long and our loss of life great, the Nation would have been robbed of those able to contribute worthy descendants, while those unfit to be fathers of the race would have been left proportionately more influential.

Is it but an accident that just at the very time when the Nation is startled by this information the advent of woman suffrage into politics increases the power of the moral forces of society to deal effectively with the problem? A large part of the energy back of the woman suffrage movement was due to her protest against the liquor traffic. Few of those who saw in woman's ballot the surest means of banishing the saloon thought of the large use that would be made of that ballot or dreamed

Law can give expression to the of morality for men and women. and the woman when guilty of sexual numerous laws, that this kind of sin severest punishment. Two illustration to a woman while it scarcely upon a man. The door of society and opened to the man who is the

that men would drive out the saloon before woman had a chance to cast her vote. And yet that is true. Comparatively few of the women had a vote in the bringing of prohibition, and yet prohibition will contribute very largely to the establishment of the single standard of morals.

The saloon would have thrown all of its influence against any attempt to eradicate the social evil. An ex-saloonkeeper, converted to prohibition, told me the saloon was responsible for the fall of nearly all women who became inhabitants of the underworld. He possibly exaggerated the percentage, but no one acquainted with the conditions will doubt that intoxicating liquor has always played a very large part in the luring of women from the path of virtue.

Is it just a coincidence that the corrupting power of the saloon vanished at the moment women appeared in politics? It would be hard to say whether the affirmative value of woman's vote is greater than the negative value of the abolition of the saloon, but these two factors throw their combined influence into the scale at the very time when the war statistics compelled consideration of the question.

How can the mobilized moral forces of society deal most effectively with the problem presented by the Social evil?

The first movement must always be educational. In this country law is merely a crystallization of public opinion. Public sentiment must first be aroused: after the volume is sufficient it finds legislative expression. And I may add that educational work must not only precede the enactment of law, but it must continue in order to insure enforcement of the law.

In the case of prohibition a long period was spent in educational work and in pledge-signing, and that work must continue in order that each new generation may understand the subject and know the reasons for the existence of the law. A total-abstinence sentiment back of legal prohibition is the only guaranty against the return of the saloon. So with the establishment of the single standard of morals: it must be preceded by a systematic discussion of the evil to be remedied, and then of the legal form

through which this sentiment can be expressed; after all, the educational work must still go on.

To face the situation intelligently we must know the problem with which we are to deal. In one respect this problem is a more difficult one than the liquor problem. The appetite for drink is not natural. In dealing with human passion we are curbing that which is not only natural but necessary. In the case of liquor no one need ever taste or touch the intoxicant; but with passion our work is to restrain and direct a fundamental force.

On the other hand, in fighting the liquor traffic we had to combat a tremendous pecuniary interest. All the money used to coerce parties and to corrupt legislatures was furnished by those who make a profit out of the business. Hundreds of millions of dollars were invested in distilleries, in breweries and in the minor machinery used in distributing liquor. If the contest had been between individuals—those desiring to drink and those opposed to the drinking place—it would scarcely have attracted notice. We have no such consolidated power to oppose in our warfare against sex immorality.

The first fact that needs to be understood—a fact essential to

Even the conscience and this court of last resort cannot restrain unless one avoids the *beginning* of evil. Passion may be likened to Niagara—the current is not irresistible until one is close to the falls; he can row across the stream in safety if he will keep away from the precipice, but he is helpless if he ventures too near. So one cannot sport with the passions. Christ gives us the only rule: desire must be stifled in the heart before it finds expression in act.

LAW can give expression to the moral sense of the Nation by declaring that there shall be but one standard of morality for men and women. From time immemorial a distinction has been drawn between the man and the woman when guilty of sexual sin. It has been taken for granted in society, and in the enactment of numerous laws, that this kind of sin in man is only a misdemeanor, while in woman it is deserving of the severest punishment. Two illustrations will suffice to show what I mean. In society, exposure spells ostracism to a woman, while it scarcely calls down censure upon a man. The door of society is closed to the girl and opened to the man who is the cause of her shame.

moral sense of the Nation by declaring that there shall be but one standard. From time immemorial a distinction has been drawn between the man and the woman when guilty of sexual sin. It has been taken for granted in society, and in the enactment of numerous laws, that this kind of sin in man is only a misdemeanor, while in woman it is deserving of the severest punishment. Two illustrations will suffice to show what I mean. In society, exposure spells ostracism to a woman, while it scarcely calls down censure upon a man. The door of society is closed to the girl and opened to the man who is the cause of her shame.

William Jennings Bryan

the success of this reform—is that indulgence is not a physical necessity in man, any more than it is in woman. If it were, the fact would have to be recognized by law and provision made for it. Nature is imperative in all the demands which are vital to life. Take food for instance. Man's body requires a certain amount of nourishment and no argument could be made in favor of permanent fasting. We may discuss the amount of food needed and the kind of food that is best, and the time that should elapse between meals, but food there must be. Not so with indulgence.

THE God Who made man and endowed him with a passion essential to the perpetuity of the race, not only made continence compatible with health but punishes sex immorality by an inexorable law. There is no legitimate way of escape from the demands of virtue. The man who gives rein to his passion outside of the law, faces an alternative: he either commits an incalculable crime, or he takes an unspeakable risk.

It is incomprehensible that a man should under-estimate the value of parentage and gamble away his right to have children, and it is still more difficult to conceive of a hardness of heart that would lead a man to inflict upon his own flesh and blood the diseases with which the Creator punishes those who ignore the laws of virtue. These warnings, based upon physical punishment in case of disease, and the merited contempt of one's fellows if he be guilty of a callousness so infinite, would seem to be enough, yet experience has shown that no *outward* force is sufficient to restrain man from sin.

Man must be fortified by fear of punishments more certain than those imposed by the courts and by society, if he would conquer the temptations that surge through his blood.

There is only one voice that can warn at all times, and that is the voice of God speaking to man through a conscience made sensitive by communion with Him; there is only one court whose witnesses are unimpeachable and from whose decree there is no appeal, and that is the court which sits in judgment on deeds done in the flesh.

In legislation the discrimination is specific and often ridiculous. In one of the States, for instance, one act of adultery on the part of the wife was sufficient cause for divorce, while a husband could be divorced only when the adultery was habitual. This law was repealed within the last fifteen years and men and women were placed on the same footing. In this same State bastardy subjected the man to the payment of a fifty dollar fine, while the burden of raising the child was cast upon the woman, not to speak of the still heavier punishment imposed by society.

A third illustration taken from the same State will be pardoned. The age of consent was placed at fourteen years, while woman was denied the right to sign a deed until she became twenty-one. She was not considered sufficiently mature to dispose of a few acres of stumpy land until she was twenty-one, but she was free to dispose of her priceless virtue seven years earlier. Why, except that men made the laws, did these discriminations exist?

While the greater guilt nearly always attaches to the man, the greater penalty has generally fallen upon the woman. Woman's entrance into politics will quickly introduce a higher standard of justice in such and similar cases.

In police dealings with social vice, segregation is based upon the dual standard. It implies either a necessity on the part of man, or an inability on the part of government to compel restraint among men. Our National Government has within recent years taken its stand against segregation in spite of all the specious arguments advanced by apologists for this form of sin.

The most common of these arguments is that it is easier for the police to regulate this form of immorality when it is kept within geographical lines than when scattered throughout a city. But this argument implies toleration of it throughout the city, just as the argument in favor of a saloon in preference to bootlegging implies toleration of bootlegging. If the law is to be enforced there can be no toleration anywhere; and as a matter of fact the public sentiment that will permit segregation is less likely to punish scattered immorality than the public sentiment that refuses segregation.

There are degrees of determination back of enforcement. No law can be enforced by officials who are not in sympathy with

the law. When the authorities are elected by those who want any policy carried out and the authorities are then held accountable for execution of the law, law enforcement is possible.

It is just here that woman suffrage proves its value. When woman was politically voiceless her moral standards were ignored and her complaint was ridiculed, but with officials the fear of the voter is the beginning of wisdom; women, armed with the ballot, are as readily obeyed as male voters.

There is one line of legislation as yet untried which promises far-reaching results and which ought to meet with little opposition. The home is the fortress of the individual, the nursery of the children, and the unit of society. And yet, strange to say, it is the least protected of all the things of value. It is priceless, but practically unguarded by statute. If a thief steals into a home in the daytime and carries away some article of property, all the forces of the government are set in operation to detect and punish him. If a burglar invades the home in the nighttime, his apprehension is swift and his punishment severe—even the death penalty is sometimes visited upon him. The man who purloins property finds no sympathy and can give no acceptable excuse. Is it not remarkable that the integrity of the home, that which gives it its sanctity and clothes it with its sacredness, is left exposed to attack?

If a man desires to win away the affections of a wife from her husband there is little to deter him until the guilt of the parties is sufficient ground for divorce. He can lay siege to the home and carry on his assault, incurring only the risk of a civil suit or physical violence. The civil suit is largely a fiction, because of the prejudice aroused by an attempt to put a money value upon affection.

Is it reasonable that in this age of law and order horsewhipping, murder and suicide should be substituted for the processes of the courts? Why not punish conspiracies against the home before they are consummated in its wreckage? The partner has rights that should be safeguarded, even where there are no children; and children have rights even more inviolable.

I have spoken of the man who lures a wife away from the fireside; the penalty should be as severe upon the woman who ignores the obligations into which another's husband has entered; and the rule should apply as rigidly to the member of the family whomakes or receives advances from those outside the family circle.

LAWS never precede a demonstrated need—rather they follow and often very slowly. The remedy which I am now proposing was suggested by an investigation that followed a murder in Chicago not long ago. A professional man began life poor and made progress with the aid of a faithful wife. After a while he prospered, and became enamoured of an employe in his office.

Finally he was killed by his wife while, according to her testimony she was resisting a brutal attack made upon her to force her to release him by divorce. Three women appeared at the investigation: the deserted wife with blood upon her hands, the employe who had won the husband away from his wife, and the mother of the girl—who had pleaded with her daughter and even joined with the wife to protect the wife's home.

The girl, according to the press reports, was the only one of the three who seemed unconcerned. When asked whether it made no difference to her that the man was married, she replied in the negative.

There should be a law declaring the home a sacred institution and safeguarding its treasures as carefully, at least, as we safeguard jewelry and money, providing machinery for enforcement and penalties for violation. The law itself, giving expression as it would to a practically unanimous sentiment, would divert attention from the partial remedies now attempted by individuals and direct it to the complete remedies furnished by the courts. The fact that the aggrieved party could appeal for a restraining order or demand punishment for conduct inconsistent with marital duty and leading to the tragedy of consummated infidelity, would be of incalculable value as a preventative.

As announced in the beginning of this discussion, education must precede and support legislation; and this education would seem to be most necessary along two lines: First, in holding men to the same rule that is applied to women, and thus, by substituting accountability for complaisance, strengthen man's resisting power. Public sentiment is the final compelling force. It not only furnishes the basis for law, but it coerces before embodied into law, and coerces independently of the law after it does find legal expression.

Take the case of dueling, for instance. In countries where it is still permitted it supports a so-called sense of honor which

puts the avenging of an insult above ties that are tenderest and duties that are most imperative. The rights of the wife and the needs of the children cannot weigh against the demands of offended honor. The custom once prevailed in the United States, and that, too, less than a century and a half ago.

Now dueling is outlawed, and public sentiment conforming to our present laws puts the brand of cowardice upon the challenger instead of upon the challenged. The same change of sentiment can be brought about in regard to man's immunity from the code of honor by which women are judged. The libertine can be driven from society and the seducer can be isolated by public opinion as well as restrained by law.

DOES virtue require for its protection the perpetual banishment of the woman who has sinned? Opinion is so divided upon this question that one would not venture to take sides in the controversy had he to rely upon his own arguments or could he invoke less than the most respected authority. Those who believe in the forgiveness of the penitent and restoration of such as may bring forth works meet for repentance, distinguish between justification in advance and the recognition of a real change of heart.

Today we have the extremes: justification in advance for men, and unrelenting punishment for women. When we set up the same standards for both, men will cease to make sport of licentiousness and women will be less adamant against those whose tears plead for a second chance. *Christ did not encourage sin when He forgave the sinner.* Neither did He favor woman as compared with man, when He rebuked her accusers and said, "Go, sin no more," while He warned men that lust must be strangled in its inception.

When we attempt to build a massive business block we go down and lay the foundation upon solid rock; so if we would build a moral structure of any size, we seek a foundation that cannot be moved. We are dealing with the greatest of all problems, life; all inanimate matter is as nothing when weighed against that intangible, invisible, self-perpetuating thing we call life; and human life is immeasurably more important than all the life below man. Virtue is the highest property in human life, for it is, in its final analysis, the basis of perpetuity, because it is the price of reproduction.

The inviolability of life is the fundamental thought. All reasoning relative to life's problems rests on the right of one to live a life worth while. Man, called into being without his own volition and unable to choose the age in which he shall live, the race of which he is to be a member, the land in which his eyes will open to the light, or the family which shall furnish the environment of his youth!—and yet, commander-in-chief of all this, and endowed with almost limitless possibilities for good or evil—how shall we ignore him, or how shall we turn a deaf ear to his plea for justice and opportunity!

THE UNBORN make their mute appeal for the privilege of beginning life with untainted blood—an inheritance richer than any royal strain. The welfare of those who are to follow us will compel the taking of every precaution against degeneracy and a consideration for the welfare of those now living will compel charity toward those who, having been drawn into sin through whatever cause, have planted their feet upon the upward way and seek to use the unspent portion of their lives to prove themselves worthy of confidence and comradeship.

In the most beautiful story of the Bible we read the record of a prodigal son. He wasted his substance in riotous living and came at last to feed upon the husks. And then he found himself. He returned in humility to his father's house, and we hear him making merry with his friends, his father exclaiming in the fulness of his joy: "For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Shall there be no homecoming for the prodigal daughter?

Who has a right to rob the world of fruits that may grow from repentance? Who shall plead our cause before the righteous Judge if we unloose upon society sorrow turned to wrath? Who has authority to close the door upon a penitent soul returning from the valley of the shadow of Death?

In an early issue of Hearst's International Frazier Hunt will have an article on morals in Scandinavia. A member of the Swedish Parliament says: "We want to break the double standard that has fastened itself on the whole world."

C A story which shows that no man can expect to understand a woman—it's enough just to love her



C "Playing the ponies," said Honey Belle with quick excitement. "It's clean money—happy money."



The RIDER of RAND'S RUN

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

OFFICER MILHOLLAND was a plainclothes man. He was a plain man, too—slow-seeming, calm. His keen gray eyes were small, set deep under shaggy brows. Perhaps they added to his stolid appearance, since their activity was somewhat hidden by those same beetling brows, but if they did they lied.

There was not a man on the Force who could see more in a shorter given time than Officer Milholland, either in a test-room or in the touch-and-go danger of the keenest moment of a raid on crooks.

And Officer Milholland dealt with crooks.

He was known to every yegg and Gentleman Jim in the great metropolis and he bore more than one scar to attest their hatred.

He was well along in the middle thirties and he was engaged to the only woman he had ever found time to love. There was a comfortable new home just finishing out in a modest suburb and money still in bank. With his reputation on the Force as a flattering background, life loomed up before him like a fair picture, pink and blue and green with Spring, dark enough with solid work to be perfectly proportioned.

At eleven o'clock of a mid-autumn night he was ascending the broad shallow steps that led from the brilliant playground of a famous roof garden when he met a woman coming down.

She was alone and smiling, serene, glittering in every inch of her shapely body with the sequined cloth that garbed her, and she was probably the most beautiful woman there. She was of average height but slim and finely molded. Her head was small, its shining hair black as jet, and she carried it well up.

But it was not her beauty alone which made the observer look closely at her—it was the radiant vibration of her, as if the inner spirit was constantly moving, holding out sensitive palms to every passing influence. When her long black eyes fell upon the square man coming up the steps she stopped and smiled more pointedly, and it was as if she glowed with light.

"Hello, Milholland," she said softly, "or am I wrong? Is it Hercules—or, perhaps, Samson?"

Milholland looked up. The same glance with which he recognized her shot out across her shoulder to a man in evening dress leaning against a column and viewing quietly the scene below—the house detective.

The woman's smile died into the swiftest possible change which ended in a pensive droop of the whole keen face.

"Tipping me off!" she said in a voice of silk, "when I'm as innocent as a babe today!"

In spite of himself Milholland smiled.

"Just today, however, Belle. What have you been doing?"

The light flashed back to her features.

"Playing the ponies," she said with a certain quick excitement, "see!"

She touched ever so lightly the beaded bag she carried.

Its sides were bulging.

"It's clean money, Samson," she said a trifle wistfully, "happy money. And why don't you call me by my whole name?"

"Honey Belle? I can't. I call another woman Honey. And I might ask you the same. Why this Samson stuff?"

The long eyes had narrowed in another flash, hardened.

"Oh," she answered airily, "you're so dull, Milholland! Samson was a strong man—but a woman trimmed him."

And she swept down the carpeted path like a black bird of Paradise.

Milholland did not stop as he passed the house detective but his lips moved and the man read them.

"That's Honey Belle Carmody," they wirelessly, "watch her."

A MONTH later Milholland stood in the dark outside a house in the lower west-end and waited. He could almost feel the elbow of Donahue on his right, of Barston on his left, so close was the cordon set. The house in question was modest and unlighted—on the outside. It was, ostensibly, the simple abode of one Johnson by name, a contractor with a wife and two grown sons.



C. *A band of horses, running close-packed, circled down around the northern point and made for the gap line like a streak of light on the Basin's floor.*

But the inside of the two-story brick house was known to a select few as the Dusky Palace—and Milholland was one of the few, though unauthentic. A palace it was, in all truth, soundless, rich, with as many getaway alleys as any donjon-pile of medieval times.

But Milholland knew them all and this time there wasn't the ghost of a chance for a mistake. Every outlet was picketed and Milholland knew to a certainty just how many and who were in the house, four men and two women—the contractor's wife and Honey Belle Carmody.

At that precise moment the latter was standing by an inlaid table on which lay a glittering heap of pearls, a woman's necklace strung on fine jewelers' wire and fastened with a clasp of platinum. A rich black wrap hung off her shoulders which gleamed white as the pearls in the shaded light, and her hands were on her slim hips, accentuating the forward insolent slouch of her figure. She had just come in from an entrance a block away and tossed the necklace upon the table. The eyes of the four men regarded her with lively admiration.

"Fifteen thousand, approximately," said Honey Belle coolly; "give me my share now. Tomorrow's the big day at the races."

One of the men moved forward to the table, took up the pearls and examined them minutely.

"Right, Miss Carmody," he said, and turned to the contractor's wife. "Bring, me, please, the chamois bag from the safe."

Then he smiled at Honey Belle.

"The ponies will ruin you yet, Honey," he said, "take warning."

"They're my salvation!" flashed the woman with a sudden passion, "they *clean* me! When they come sweeping down the track like living flame I'm a little girl again in my father's

meadows. Hurry, please, Van Tromp, I must be back within an hour——"

But she was never to be back where she had got the pearls, for outside the house an electric knowledge passed from man to man and the cordon closed in. There was a whisper of garments in a dozen hidden ways, a scuffle or two, the thud of running feet on rubber soles, and as the group in the softly lighted room whirled to attention three doors burst open simultaneously.

IN EACH of these stood men, sharp-faced, grim as death itself, their guns leveled—and one of them was Officer Milholland.

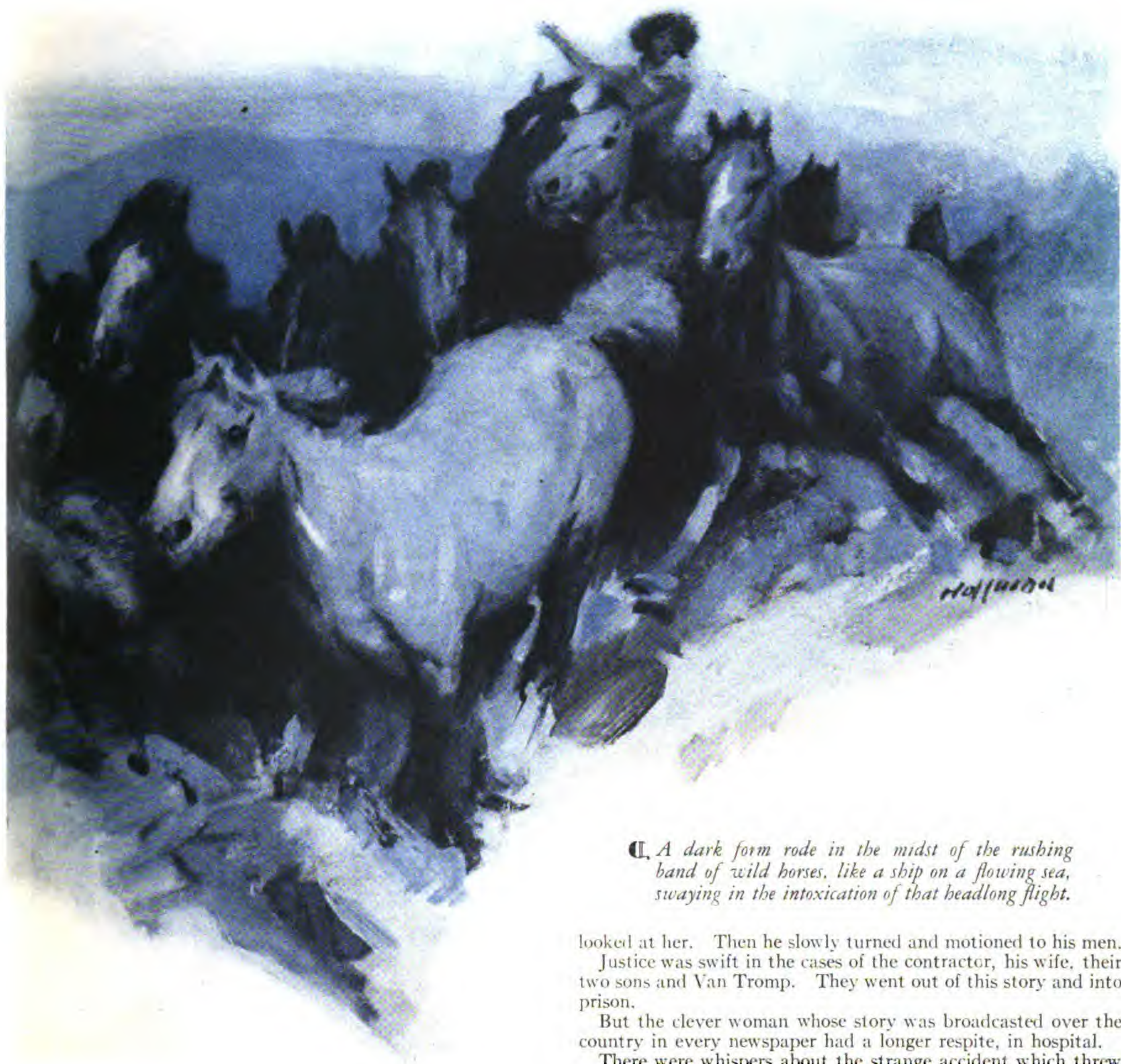
Van Tromp was half-risen from the chair into which he had dropped to pour the contents of the chamois bag upon the table, his knees bent, his shoulders turned half-way round. The others stood as they were caught, one man's hand arrested on its way to a breast pocket for the tiny gun which reposed there, shod with its Maxim, and Honey Belle Carmody's sparkling face with its upward-rolling waves of shining black hair looked across one bare shoulder at Milholland.

"Couple!" she said beneath her breath, "Samson pushes the Temple!" This was the entire and compact organization for which the Force had set a thousand snares. It was caught with the goods, and knew it.

Officer Milholland came slowly down the two steps from his particular door to the floor's level.

"Put up your hands—all of you," he said carefully.

Like cats sparring for advantage the units of the organization moved as he commanded. The men came in from their respective openings. Under the guns a string of cuffs glittered



A dark form rode in the midst of the rushing band of wild horses, like a ship on a flowing sea, swaying in the intoxication of that headlong flight.

in the light as one by one Milholland's aides linked them together; the contractor's wife with her oldest son; Honey Belle with Van Tromp.

As the officer reached for Van Tromp's lifted white hand it came down with a lightning stroke, a knife slid from sleeve to palm and the officer staggered back as Milholland leaped in.

In the full minutes that followed Milholland was conscious of two outstanding facts. He closed with the immaculate crook and fought to grasp that flying white hand at the wrist.

One moment he saw its ironic sparkle above him, then something soft and black and perfumed filled his face—and he knew it for the side of a woman's head—Honey Belle Carmody's.

Instantly there was a gasp from somewhere near and they all fell apart—Van Tromp in the hands of Milholland's men—himself stupidly wiping blood from his cheeks, and the woman in the gorgeous wrap standing alone, her face dropped in her palms from which a red stream dripped and dripped in the minute of shocked silence which followed.

It was Milholland himself who sternly took her hands away, and sickened at the sight which confronted him.

Never again would Honey Belle Carmody be accounted the most beautiful woman in any spot she graced!

From shining hair to delicate chin, straight down across arched brow and dark eye, the vicious knife had done its work.

In a terrible revulsion, a pity that fairly flailed his soul, he

looked at her. Then he slowly turned and motioned to his men.

Justice was swift in the cases of the contractor, his wife, their two sons and Van Tromp. They went out of this story and into prison.

But the clever woman whose story was broadcasted over the country in every newspaper had a longer respite, in hospital.

There were whispers about the strange accident which threw her, instead of Milholland, in the way of Van Tromp's knife, and these added to the unrest which lived in Milholland's mind.

There was a seeming of universal sympathy attached to her as she awaited trial, but when she appeared in the flesh, healed and no longer clad in her finery of silk and satin, this sympathy died.

For Honey Belle Carmody was hideous.

She was tried, convicted and sent to join her mates behind bars, and very soon forgotten.

That is, she was forgotten by all, apparently, save one.

OFFICER MILHOLLAND, his status raised and enhanced by his capture of the Dusky Palace gang, his fine home completed, on the eve of his wedding to the woman he loved, had never forgotten for one moment that pregnant second when Van Tromp's hand had hovered to strike and the woman's head had intervened.

Why had Honey Belle Carmody saved his life at the deadly risk of her own?

The question followed him every waking hour and tortured his sleep. He could not erase the memory of the once beautiful face as he had last beheld it—nor its awful plight when he had pulled down the soft white hands whose palms were wet and red.

And then, two days before the one set for the ceremony which he hoped would make him happy, the country remembered Honey Belle again.

In the cleverest delivery of half a dozen years the woman



“Stop!” Milholland cried in his deep voice that carried across the distance, and flung up his arms in gesture of truce.

crook had escaped! She was gone, but she had left her mark behind, a letter to the world which read:

“My Dear Public: You’ll wonder about this, but there is no need. Ask the man for whose sake I am as I am.
Signed Honey Belle Carmody.”

Kismet.

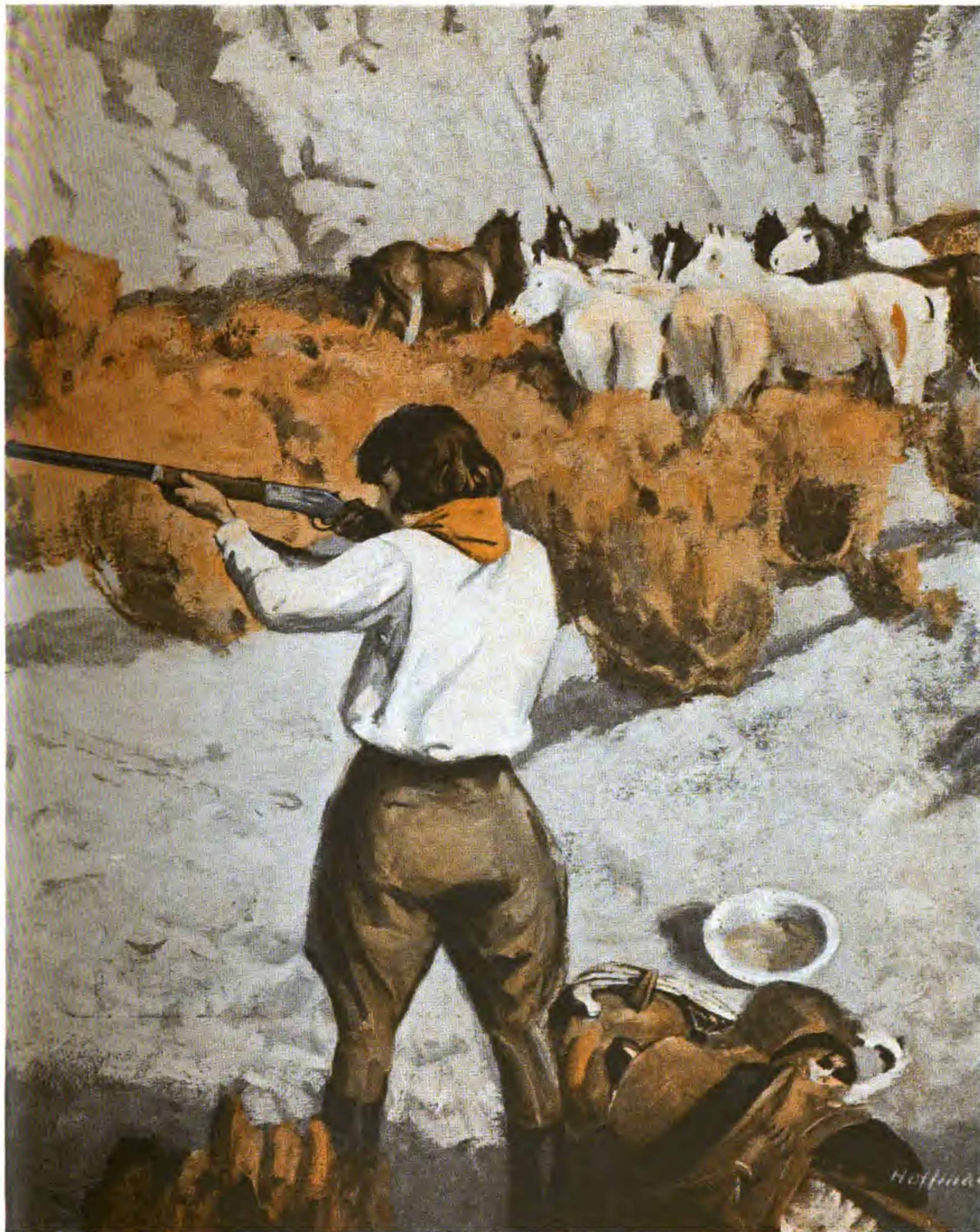
That letter ruined Milholland.

His fiancée, crushed by the publicity, broke the engagement and his explanations failed to get by with his superiors on the Force. He knew he was alone in his apartment on the fatal night, being off duty, from ten P. M. to eight the next morning, but he could not prevent

And so, in an unbelievably short time, he found himself shorn of all his prosperity, both abstractly and concretely.

For a time he stayed in the city, hoping for what he did not know. Then he sold his new house, settled his affairs and went away into that great West where much is taken for granted and a lot forgotten.

A year—three—five passed, and he was no nearer rest than he had been at the beginning. He had covered a deal of country in an unacknowledged quest. He had stayed a while in Colorado, had haunted the towns of Utah. Always he was looking for something. The hair had grayed at his temples and he had aged a bit, but he was still the strong, virile man he had been in the old days. The loss of his home and the woman he had loved



C The burning eyes flamed above the gun. "Kismet!" said the woman. "I thought I'd done with you—with everything!"

laid on him lightly. The one was merely the sign of temporal well-being, the other he had known for counterfeit, dross which could not stand the acid of doubt.

And finally he drifted into the country of the Broken Basin.

Why he went down between the trackless hills to this remote wild cow town, he could not have said. It was a far cry from the sort of life he had always known, but there was something in it that soothed. There was more of the inner man apparent in his face, a look about the eyes as of endless thought.

Of women he knew very little, for he had foresworn their kind entirely. With men he was always welcome. He worked six months with a cow-outfit on the Basin's edge, but with the coming of Spring he drifted south again. He fell in with a

Spring round-up far down along the Antelope and sat about its fires at night listening to the talk of the whole country.

It was here that he first heard of the horses of Rand's Run. Two punchers, sent from an outfit down below Rand's Gap, were telling wild tales of a band of mustangs which had proved a great nuisance to the ranchers.

"They ain't so many," said the speaker who had first introduced the subject. "They live in th' hills behind Rand's Run an' come out through that narrow valley once in a blue moon an' sweep down across th' range, hell-bent for trouble. Th' Lazy B's lost five good mares th' last year, not to mention stampedes an' no end of trouble gettin' back scattered stock."

The second man, a silent chap who [Continued on page 106]



Q. The wide belt of African-Asiatic territory known as Islam—the homeland of two hundred and fifty millions of Mohammedans—has become one long panorama of war and threatened revolution, massacres and Sultans abdicating over night—In this chaos what would be the rôle of a new Mohammed?

Is There a New MOHAMMED?

By Charles Merz

THERE is a strange tale, galloping out of Africa on the heels of the wind, that somewhere in the desert Mohammed has been born again.

The Arab tribesman shrugs his shoulders. "Aye, sidi, I have heard the tale. Believe it? Who am I, that I should believe or disbelieve? In the desert it is told he comes again to preach the surahs of the Prophet. Naught else have I heard save that. Inshallâh. As God pleases."

It is a new story—a legend traveling with caravans. But here and there, in some odd corner of the Moslem world, where brass bazaars begin to line The Street Called Straight, you find a rider from the desert who swears the Prophet has returned to earth again.

The desert keeps its secrets. Arabia is a land well made for that. A million square miles of sand and gravel, crisscrossed with rock-mountains, remain as inscrutable to all the outside world as they were a thousand years ago. It is a remarkable fact that even in this twentieth century of the explorer's triumph, no man has mapped the interior of Arabia.

Tribal chieftains dominate great tracts of sand as large as all New England. There is Ibn Saud, ruling a domain known as the Nedj, whose borders we can only guess at. There is the

Sheik of Koweit, who holds the hills above the Persian Gulf—the Sultan of Muscat, somewhere to the south of him—the Six Sheiks of Trucial Oman, camped along the open sea.

The desert is a labyrinth of rival sheiks and sultans. But those who tell the story of the new Mohammed say that he has pitched his banner in the South, somewhere between that region called Roba el-Khali and that desert duchy called Nedj.

He is, so the story has it, a Mohammed come to age, a tribal chieftain who proclaims himself the heir-presumptive of the Prophet's mission. He bids his followers turn back to first principles, purify their religion of its foreign importations, revitalize it with a new flood of faith. Like the Prophet he is preaching Reformation. And like the Prophet he is preaching Reformation with the sword.

Credit these tales you hear at Arab crossroads, and you can picture this successor of the Prophet on his waste of yellow sand. He is wrapping the white kuffiyeh of the desert horsemen round his head. He muses, as he buckles a saddle on his restless mount, upon the wide world of True Believers who await the coming of a renaissance. He turns to the little army of new converts who will ride the desert with him. He lifts his hand—Allah yisellimak—May God guard the Emir and give the word to start.



Illustration by
C. B. Falls

The Mohammedan religious celebrations occasionally resemble an old time Fourth of July, with an Oriental flavor.

There is a "will to believe" about these stories. Good Mohammedans are eager for a change. They look about them at the wreck of the great world power that once was theirs, and listen readily to tales of anything that promises to rebuild it.

And yet; who can say that this story of a new Prophet in the desert is a fairy-tale? The inner desert has always been a furnace of hot faith. It has treasured a wild freedom, and spurned the decadence of Cairo and Constantinople. From that inner desert have come not only one, but half a dozen *new Mohammeds*, tramping on the Prophet's heels.

Abd el-Wahab was the last one. And for a time he threatened to set the whole Moslem world on fire with his zeal. He lived about the time of Washington. He revolted against the superstition and the dogma that had crept into the simple religion of his fathers. He preached a Puritan revival. His armies swept across the desert and captured Mecca. They might have swept on into Africa and Europe, as Mohammed's soldiers did. *What stopped them was a new invention called the cannon.*

Inner Arabia has been a dynamo of religious passion. It has sent its prophets riding out across the desert, preaching Reformation. Some of them have come as near succeeding as this Abd el-Wahab. Others have simply collided with a stronger force

and vanished—their young Reformations swallowed by the sand.

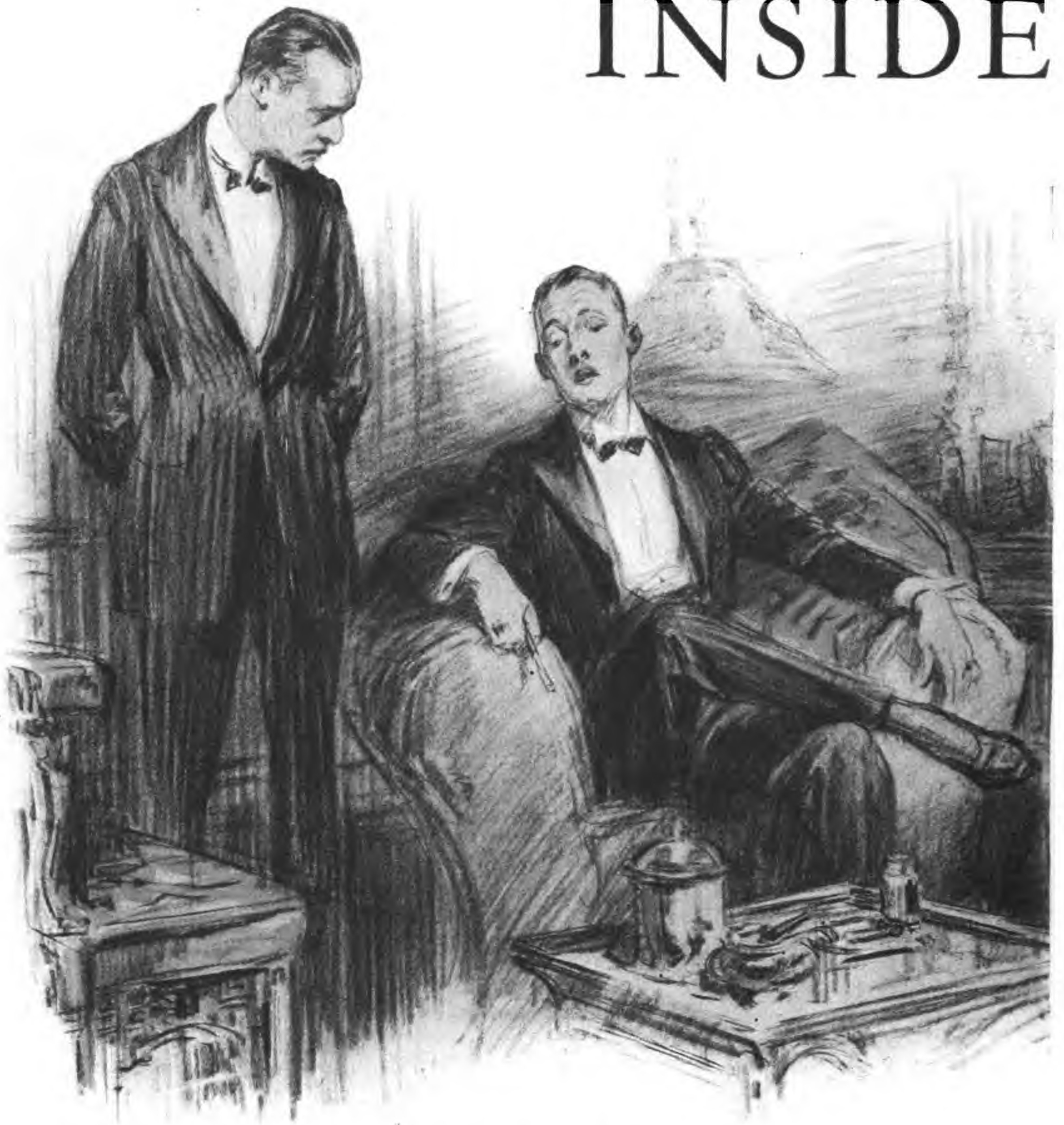
It would not be odd, but rather to be expected, that a new Mohammed should choose this moment to appear. It is when the East is restless that the new crusader comes along. He is in part the product of that restlessness; in part he tries to take advantage of it. He arrives upon the scene, almost invariably, when the Moslem world is fretful, injured, eager for a change.

AND THOSE words unquestionably describe the present moment. From one end to the other, the homeland of the Moslems rumbles like a volcano about to blow off steam.

Start at the end which is nearest us—across from Spain. Five Moslem countries fringe the northern coast of Africa. All of them are mutinous. In Morocco a rebel army came down from the mountain passes a short time ago and annihilated five thousand Spanish troops. In Tunis and Algeria there are young Moslem parties demanding liberation of their countries from French rule. In Tripoli there has been stiff fighting. In Egypt, open revolution.

Cross the Suez Canal, into Asia, and the scene is no less stormy. Syria has been torn with riots. [Continued on page 134]

INSIDE



By Henry Kitchell Webster

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

GEORGE had fallen in love and there were reasons why he didn't want to tell his wife about it. Ordinarily there was nothing he couldn't and didn't tell to Diana. (This was her beautifully appropriate name. She was a lithe, fair, cool young thing who would have looked lovely out in a moonlit glade, costumed in a tunic and a bow and arrow.) Barring one—to George—bitterly annoying weakness, her mind was as straight-looking and well-poised and flexible and jolly as her nice, young body. It was this one weakness, obsession—George was bored to death with Freud and carefully refrained from calling it a complex—that had finally come to a head in a regular bedroom and breakfast-table row.

It wasn't regular with them, was indeed almost unprecedented, and it is hardly fair to call it a row either, since their manners were so good. All the same, the kiss Diana gave him when he started for the office was a positive insult, and George spent a devastated, ineffectual morning—it was their wedding anniversary, too, that was the irony of it—poulticing his wounded spirit

with pepper. If he hadn't been feeling that way he probably would not, after a tasteless lunch, have strolled off down the Boulevard below Twelfth Street where he had no legitimate business in the world, for a guilty look at his love through a plate glass window.

He found it unsatisfactory, as such illicit indulgences are apt to be. They didn't keep the Emperor crowded up in the show window to tempt the passing pedestrian to pause and gawk. For cars which sold for a tenth, or even a third of its price such an appeal might be appropriate, but the monarch of them all was not the affair of the loitering window shopper. The glare of the street reflected from the glass in a way that made it hard for George to see his beloved monster at all.

There was no sensible reason, of course, why he shouldn't go inside and look his fill; summon one of those smart young clubmen from his swivel chair to lift the hood and let George feast his eyes upon the Emperor's entrancing anatomical details.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

& OUT

C. *A story of a
wife who taught
her husband to
take a joke*



C. *Alec humored him.
"Of course, George," he
said, "if you like the
prospect of spending
half your life in a
repair shop why there's
nobody to object but
Diana."*

Alec (he was Diana's brother) would have done that very thing with no hesitation at all—which was precisely the reason why George spent three minutes telling himself that he would do nothing of the sort. He wasn't going to buy an Emperor; he couldn't with things as they stood. Then why pretend he was going to? There was nothing George hated worse than the kind of pretentious vanity that led people to do things like that. But all the while he was making up his mind to go away an irresistible desire was drawing him nearer and nearer the big bronze door-handle. At the end of the three minutes he found himself inside.

It was easy after all. The sales force appraised George at a glance, and went back to their own affairs. For George didn't have what is spoken of as an air. The horizontal way he wore his hat alone gave the clue to him. If Alec had come in they'd have been buzzing around him like bees around a redheaded clover. George didn't mind. Neglect was what he wanted.

Lord, what a car! It stood alone in a vast expanse of white

marble floor. There were a few Persian rugs lying about to break the austerity of the scene, and a diffuse pearly light shone down through alabaster bowls.

But none of these adventitious influences affected George. Hardly more was he moved by the accessory attractions of the car; indeed, the body of it would have struck him, had his infatuation not made a critical attitude impossible, as going almost too far.

IN ANY less superlative make, its smartness might have been called snappy. It was a sport roadster, painted a French horizon blue, with a café-au-lait top and running gear, single cast aluminum steps and a silver-plated radiator frame. Being an authentic indubitable Emperor it could indulge in these frivolities without being misunderstood.

How Alec would love that car! The possession of it, the power to lord the road in it, would be the topmost pinnacle in the

whole Himalaya range of Alec's life. But Alec—thank God—couldn't afford to buy it.

George's hands itched for the steel hooks which clamped down the hood. He wanted to feast his eyes on the motor. Thanks to that supreme achievement an Emperor could loaf without protest, if you were so minded, for miles behind a child driving a pony cart, yet if an express train forgot anything, that car could go back and get it and be waiting with it at the next station.

George knew. He had spent one whole blissful day driving one himself. Since that experience he had furtively possessed himself of a catalogue and had committed its matchless specifications to memory. The hand of steel and the velvet glove, the almost impalpable purr and the leonine leap—Oh Boy!

"Interested, are you?" One of the lounge lizards had come

up from the back of the room, having perhaps noted from afar, George's suppressed desire to open the hood.

"Only platonically," George said, and added earnestly, "I'd like to buy a car like that as well as anything I could think of, but I can't see my way clear to do it. There's a certain reason."

The salesman grinned, placated in spite of himself by the ingenuousness of this poor fish who didn't even try to pretend that it was a matter of choice with him whether he bought an Emperor or not. "There are a lot of people who have that reason," he remarked.

GEORGE rather doubted this but he didn't say so, and the next moment he saw what the lizard meant. "Oh, yes," he assented. "Well, it's only right that a car like that should cost a great deal of money."

"The value's all there," said the salesman, behind a well-bred yawn. A nut like this—'platonic,' whatever that was—might talk for an hour unless you moved him along. "Class in every line. They can imitate it till they're black in the face, but you can tell the real thing as far as you can see it. And, of course, mechanically. . . ."

"I don't suppose," George said, startled by the impact of an idea into ignoring the young man's movement and gesture in the direction of the door, "—I don't suppose you have an Emperor for sale that *doesn't* show what it is as far as you can see it; an old one or, better yet, a new one that has been in some sort of accident?"

"Not a chance," the lizard assured him. "There *aren't* any



Night after night when George came home from the machine shop, bruised and lacerated and creaking with lumbago, Diana was simply a ministering angel to him.

CHARLES MITCHELL

used Emperors for sale. In fact, we haven't any new ones, either. That's the trouble with selling a car like this. They can't make but a few of 'em and we've got a waiting list like a swell club.

"The only thing, absolutely, that we can deliver is this job right here on the floor. It's a special custom-built body and the man who ordered it can't take it. So," he concluded with a grin, "if you've got eleven thousand, nine hundred dollars in your pocket you can drive the little bus home."

George gasped. He had courted temptation but he hadn't bargained for anything like this. He felt himself going loose in the knees.

"If you don't mind," he said weakly, "I'll sit down here and think about that for a few minutes."

The salesman gave him a queer look but said it was all right; told him to help himself. "I'll be right back there at my desk if you want me," he added humorously.

George didn't hear him. Already he had begun to think. He was going to have to think fast, too, since there was only a little over half an hour until the banks were closed.

There opened before his mind's eye a shining road. He could get out a fountain pen and his pocket check-book and make out a check for eleven thousand, nine hundred dollars; he could take it to the salesman and say, "Put that in your pocket and hop into the little bus with me and we'll drive down to the bank. You can get the check certified there or you can cash it just as you like."

It was true. George's check for eleven thousand, nine hundred dollars would be as good at that bank as treasury certificates. The lounge lizard could celebrate the sale by taking the rest of the day off, or he could ride back to his palatial salesroom in a street car. His future was no matter of concern to George. George, the lawful possessor of an Emperor, could pull up at his own white picket gate within an hour, and summon Diana to come out and see what he had brought home. She'd be waiting for him, on the chance that he'd come home early to make up their quarrel of the morning.

So far it was all solid, practicable as clipping a coupon. From there on he wasted a moment indulging his fancy.

DIANA'S wide wondering look at the Emperor, and then at him. "But, George, dearest," she would cry, "it can't be true! You can't possibly have bought it." And he, reassuring, infinitely calm, "Well, it's ours all right. Get in and I'll give you a ride in a real car."

And then with her nestled beside him, the flying roadside, the playful swoop and dip over the hills, a contemplative jog along a certain lover's lane which she would remember, a darting flight home again, with just a detour or two to make them a little late for dinner, so that Alec, who was expected to help them celebrate the festival, should be waiting for them on the veranda.

What would Alec say? What could anybody say to an Emperor? They'd take him for a ride after dinner; give him a chance to judge the wonder of it himself, from the little emergency seat behind. Alec in the emergency seat—gosh!

George heaved a deep sigh that began in an ecstasy of satisfaction but tapered off in a renunciatory melancholy. It wouldn't work out like that; not a chance in the world. Diana would never forgive him. She'd say and believe that what she couldn't forgive was his having lied to her. Well, he had lied, there was no getting around that. But his real offense would lie in his having stepped on Alec. You see, Alec was George's rival, Diana's obsession.

Diana's whole family were an impressive lot. Not rich—they had a way, in fact, of being rather hard up—but whatever they did was done with an air. Diana herself had an air when it came to that, something that went with her name and that he adored her for.

But in Alec, George found it less attractive. It was the most impalpable thing in the world; really, nothing you could criticize a man for. In all competitive social accomplishments, which, no matter how clearly you perceive them to be useless, you can't but envy their possessors, Alec managed to shine.

Even when he played badly over the bridge or pool table, or on the links, he had the air of a champion inexplicably off his form. He was one of those birds who, quite irrespective of their bank balances, always look like a million dollars. He had a special cigarette with nothing on it but his monogram, and he got them in thousand lots, incredibly cheap, through an unnamed friend on the inside, who took care of him.

He was always acquiring in some mysterious manner, a case

of Haig and Haig or of Gordon. He turned up every season driving a new car, usually a new make of car and it was always the best buy on the market. It was only about Alec's last year's car which he had traded in at an unheard of advantage that you learned the blighting truth. Don't think he boasted. His manner of telling, whether of successful business stratagems or social encounters, was almost affectedly modest. Yet you listened to every word, breathing small and shutting your mouth whenever you noticed that it had gaped open.

At least that is what George did. It made him mad that he did but he couldn't seem to help doing it. A solid hour of Alec's bright company left him feeling an utter nincompoop, and made him a prey to doubts whether Diana didn't feel the same way about him.

But it was only during the past month or two that Alec had turned from an amiable nuisance into a pestilent enemy. He had always been addicted to spilling inside stuff, about fortunes that were being picked up, or that were going about begging to be picked up, by anybody with a little sand and a few odd thousands, but of late he had got on the rails of one of these brilliant adventures himself.

ALEC HAD the sand all right—he had sand enough to make a road clear across the state of Michigan—but the getting together of the necessary thousands, even a few, in real money, with the banks as cold as they were on new credit, was a difficult matter.

Now George had the thousands, a comfortable number of them, anyhow—at least he was supposed to have. Did he lack the sand? The question spoke a little clearer in every silence that followed one of Alec's wonderful monologues. It dawned as a misgiving in Diana's big questioning eyes. George couldn't blame Diana for believing in Alec's scheme. When he talked about it with that casual air of reserve yet with such lace-like precision of detail, George almost believed in it himself.

Really the merits of Alec's scheme hardly entered into the case. George didn't care whether there was a gold mine in it or not. He wasn't going to hook himself, or any of his money, on to the tail of Alec's kite. He hadn't a thing against Alec except that he couldn't stand him. He set back his ears and braced his front legs like, he admitted, a bad-tempered old mule, whenever Alec's seductive proposal was dangled under his nose. He wouldn't fall for it. He'd be damned if he would.

Yet, all the while, there sat Diana, the darling of his heart, watching and wondering. She'd never ask him, in words, to give her brother a lift—she was proud as the devil in matters of that sort—but he could feel a growing detachment about her, even about her daily domestic caresses. It was slowly driving him desperate.

At last he lied to her; told her he was hard up, a little worried—he didn't rub it in—about his own affairs. She was such a perfect little sport about this, suggesting that they sell the car they had, the dependable unexciting little sedan, and offering to get on without servants, that he felt more like a dirty dog than ever. And, of course, the meaner he felt the less he could stand Alec.

THEIR quarrel last night had flared up from no more substantial a grievance than Diana's telling him she had asked her brother to come out to dinner the next evening. George hadn't announced any plans of his own for the celebration of their anniversary.

He'd been waiting to see what sort of a day it turned out to be. If fine and summery they could go for a drive in the country. If the April day turned winterish instead, they could go in town to a show; perhaps take a bag along and stay the night in a hotel. Anyhow, he wanted Diana all to himself.

If he could have told her so on the appropriate note, tenderly concealing the fact that his feelings were hurt—concealing it so nobly and bravely that she would be sure to notice—she would very likely have got Alec on the telephone and called him off. Told him to come again some other day.

But this wasn't a note George could manage very well. He doubted a little whether husbands ever did—except actors, when they had a sentimental author's lines to read. George hadn't even had the satisfaction of freeing his mind about Alec. He'd just turned sneery and disagreeable and made Diana as unhappy as possible, which wasn't what he wanted to do at all. He wasn't a bit proud of that performance.

The only way he could make it up to her was by being nice to Alec. He had a hunch, too, that Alec meant to come to a head

tonight and ask him for the money straight out. To which the only answer, short of surrender, that wouldn't make Diana really unhappy, would be, "I'm horribly sorry, old man, but I really haven't got it," along with enough mendacious details to make it plausible. That certainly disposed of the Emperor.

Didn't it?

If only the thing didn't look so damn' rich. "Class in every line," as that salesman had said. The insolence of brutally acquired wealth was in the mere shine of it. A resolute vandal with a gasoline torch could reduce that a little, though.

George played bitterly with that idea for a minute or two; then he lapsed into a profound abstraction, from which presently he started and looked at his watch.

Then with shaking hands he got out his fountain pen and pocket check-book. "L-look here," he stammered, as he walked up to the astounded salesman.

THIS WAS the beginning of George's double life, a thing, he concluded before he was done with it, that shouldn't be embarked upon by any man not born with a special talent for it. It did, to be sure, afford him moments and sometimes hours, during the ensuing fortnight, of a wild licentious exhilaration.

Alec ran absolutely true to form. If his part had been written for him by George himself he couldn't have played it better. Alec was a hundred percent. But then Alec was only an occasional phenomenon, whereas Diana was an abiding one. Her loyalty and her unobtrusive concern for him made him feel like a cur; because Diana was a hundred percent too.

She took all the tuck out of him that very first evening when he came home to dinner, not early at all, and lugging an enormous box of American Beauties, for she met him in the hall (she must have been on the watch for him) and kissed him in a way that made ample amends for the morning's insult, uncovered the roses and buried her face in them; kissed him again, held him off for a look and told him he looked nearly tired to death.

He wasn't tired, he was merely guilty, but poor Diana couldn't tell the difference. George might have caved in then and there if Alec hadn't come lounging out of the sitting-room, very much at home, and put in his oar.

"Sticks too close to his work, that's the trouble with him," this was Alec's sage summary. "All work and no play. No idea how much more efficient you'd be if you'd play a round of golf twice a week."

"I wish you could make him believe it," Diana assented ruefully.

George, his resolution adamant once more, broke away and went to clean up for dinner.

Half-way through the meal he brought up the topic again of his own accord. "I hate golf," he said. "The only thing I find any real fun in is driving a car."

ALEC LAUGHED and made a contumelious reference to the small dependable sedan in which George and Diana prosaically taxied about. Diana flushed at that.

"It's a darn' good little car, all the same," she asserted. "It always starts and it always goes. It gets you there and it gets you back. Which is more," she concluded, giving her brother what George was delighted to call a dirty look, "than some cars I've known."

"Oh, yes," Alec conceded, "but it can't be a very thrilling thing to drive."

George instantly agreed with him that it wasn't.

"I've been thinking of trying to pick up something," he went



on. "There are always a lot of old cars in the Sunday paper with plenty of speed and no trimmings that you can get for just a few hundred dollars. Might give a man quite a run for his money, I should think."

Diana applauded this as a great idea, but Alec made it plain that he didn't think much of it. His vast experience had brought him to the conclusion that even an expert (like himself) got stung as often as not, with a bargain of this sort. A novice like George, who really knew next to nothing about cars, didn't stand a Chinaman's chance. He lectured brilliantly on this topic through what remained of the meal and convinced Diana, who looked discouraged.

"Don't you care," said George. "I think I'll have a try at it, anyhow. I believe I could tune up some old boat like that and make it run. I'm not such a bad mechanic when I'm pushed. I'm not saying I wouldn't prefer a brand-new Emperor if I could afford it."

Alec humored him. "Of course," he said, "if you like the prospect of spending half your life in a repair shop why there's nobody to object but Diana. And if I can be of any help to you in picking the thing out, I would be delighted to—only don't say I didn't warn you."

"No," George promised. "I won't."

He could see that his stubbornness had left Diana worried, but



CHARLES MITCHELL

C. The cop looked them over coldly. "I don't happen to know who you stole this Emperor from," he said, "but I guess I can find out. You can wait in the calaboose till then."

she was too good a little sport to make any attempt at dissuasion.

George emerged from the Sunday paper, a morning or two later, with a black pencil line drawn about a classified advertisement of an alleged automobile offered for sale for the modest sum of three hundred and fifty dollars.

"This looks pretty good to me," he said to Diana. "That was quite a car in its day. Cheap because they aren't making it any more. With a little tuning up I'll bet we could get sixty an hour out of it. What do you say—shall we run down and buy it?"

"Don't you think," Diana demurred, "that we'd better take Alec along and see what he says. He offered, you know, and I'm sure he would be glad to go with us."

George suppressed a grin. "All right," he said. "Get him on the telephone and tell him we'll pick him up in half an hour."

THEY HAD a rather painful scene at the garage where George's bargain was housed. Alec condemned the thing, root and branch. He rose to the height of real eloquence. Of all the bargains offered for sale that day in the whole broad United States, this was probably the most unsound.

This make of car had always been a lemon and the model of this particular year, nineteen twelve Alec pronounced it, had been the worst. Besides which the specimen under their eyes showed

symptoms of specially damaging abuse. Its worn-out parts were practically irreplaceable. George would spend hundreds of dollars and the whole summer trying to make it run, and then be lucky to sell it for junk.

The diatribe almost reduced Diana to tears, and she stared at her husband in blank incredulity when he said at the end of it, fishing out his pocket-book to give weight to the fatal words: "Oh, well, I think I'll have a shot at it anyhow."

On most occasions, ordinary or extraordinary, Alec's manners were irreproachable, but for once it seemed George had managed to flick him on the raw. Anyhow he shrugged his shoulders and said, "My God," with an accent of contemptuous disgust that exceeded the license of family discussion.

George was delighted to see that Diana flushed at it. She almost said something too, but stopped herself. There was a thickish silence after the garage man had gone into his office to make out the bill of sale.

"What are you going to do when you get the thing?" Alec asked at last. "You won't be able to drive it off the floor."

"I don't know," George told him, mildly. "The man here seems to think it will run after a fashion. If it won't, I'll have it towed."

"Towed where?"

"Oh, there are plenty of little machine shops. I've got one in mind. I don't know exactly where it is but I think I can find it; where the fellow will take this old blunderbuss in and let me work with him on it evenings. I expect to have some fun even out of that. And when I get it tuned up—"

Alec snorted. "Fun! I hope you do, because it's the only kind of fun you'll ever get out of this! You'll work all summer and spend the price of a new car and then you won't have anything. It's all right if you like it, but it's going to be rather rough on Diana, I should think."

LOYALLY Diana informed him that he needn't worry about her. But having thus done her wifely duty she turned a look of unconcealed despair upon the battered monstrosity her husband was pinning his pitiful faith upon. At last, irrepressibly, but rather timidly for her, she came up to him and took him by the coat lapels.

"Alec really does know more about cars than you do, dearest. Don't you think. . . ."

"Oh, don't mind me," said Alec. "I don't pretend to be infallible. I may be wrong about this. Very likely after George has twiddled the carburetor a bit the old bus will skim like a bird."

"Well now, I'll tell you," said George. "You give me a couple of weeks. We're all supposed to go up to the Lake two weeks from today, aren't we?" "The Lake" was where Diana's family had their summer place, and the tradition was to open it the first Sunday in May, with a family party.

"If I haven't got the car running by then," George went on, "I'll give it up. I'll tell you exactly what I'll do. I'll leave my office at three o'clock a week from next Saturday afternoon. I'll go and call for Diana with this," he patted one of the great rusty mud-guards and the thing clanked responsively, "and drive her out to the Lake in it without lifting this hood."

"I don't want to make any bets because I regard it as a sure thing, but if you'll buy yourself a case of Scotch I'll pay for it if I'm not there in time for dinner. Now you and Diana run along in the sedan. Better stay to lunch with her in case I don't turn up, because I'm looking forward to one hectic day." He saw Diana looking thoughtful but she went off with her brother without demur.

George had felt like a criminal about the Emperor from the moment when, having nodded farewell to the salesman in front of the bank, he had first taken his seat at the wheel. He realized that he had nowhere to put the thing. The heavy probability that among the crowds passing on the sidewalk there'd be someone he knew who'd come up to him and say, "Good God, George, who's left you a million dollars?" broke over him with paralyzing effect.

He scuttered into the nearest downtown garage like a scared rabbit into a warren, and for days he didn't go back even for a look at the beautiful thing that he was the guilty possessor of.

On the Saturday before his purchase of the old car he had scouted about his neighborhood and found the little repair shop about which he spoke vaguely to Diana and Alec the next day. The proprietor of it was a Frenchman with only a very fragmentary knowledge of English, which to George's thoroughly furtive mind appeared an added advantage. George told him he owned a new car and was going to buy [Continued on page 148]



C. The dog was jealous of me. We had to be on guard continually, as the least sign of affection seemed to lash her into fury and misery.

The GREAT

By Pierre

DO YOU believe animals have souls?" Madame Jeume asked Lestrangle.

He smiled quizzically.

"Why not?"

"They're so different."

"Not as much as all that. Of course in olden days people were taught that men had souls and animals didn't. There was a chasm between man and beast. But today! Lots of people think there's no such thing as a soul, while others think that everything living possesses a fraction of the eternal spark. Of course animals are separated from us by a thousand different degrees of intelligence, emotivity and sensibility, but only by degrees, I think, not by anything essential. Personally I consider it absurd to allow vivisection of animals and not of man. Either vivisection should be forbidden altogether or else man should be subject to it in the interest of human welfare the same as animals."

Madame Jeume seemed rather doubtful. "I never thought of it from that angle," she said. "Surely you don't mean that animals perceive things the way we do?"

"Who knows? Who can say how near they are to us, or we to them? Animals are dumb, of course. And yet only to a certain degree. Besides you wouldn't say that a deaf mute wasn't human simply because he couldn't speak? Where are you going to draw the line?"

"The question is really a very intricate one, and one that is not studied seriously enough. You may say animals have a different morality. Are you sure of that? Their morals are often much nearer ours than are the morals of South Sea cannibals who don't know that love has anything to do with perpetuating life, and imagine that women bear children because a dead spirit has crept into them. Animals have passions, vices and virtues. They may be stirred to remorse or heroism. They suffer the pangs of love and jealousy."

"Surely not jealousy!" Madame Jeume exclaimed.



DANE

Mille

Illustration by
Frederic Dorr Steele

"Of course animals can be jealous! I had a Great Dane, for instance. But I'll ask my wife to tell the story. Therese," he said, turning to Madame Lestrangle who blushed, "tell about Rhea. I'll never forget when you told me about her."

"We had only been married a short time," Madame Lestrangle explained, "in fact we were just back from our honeymoon. I may say the first living creature to welcome us in our future home, the Château de Sercy, was my husband's Great Dane, a magnificent female dog, as big as a lion, it seemed to me, and almost as wild in her delirious joy at seeing her master again. I remember watching the creature rise on her hind legs and lay her two huge forepaws on my husband's shoulders, towering over him and shaking with delight, while a sort of joyous whine, almost a melodious chant, seemed to roll in her throat and break at her teeth."

Has a Dog a Soul?

*How a young bride has to face
the jealousy of her husband's pet*

"She paid no attention to me at all. I can't tell you what an extraordinary feeling came over me. I felt a pang right in my heart and envied that dumb animal. Yes, I couldn't help feeling that no matter how great my love for my husband might be I would never be able to give vent to my emotion like that dumb beast."

"No," I said to myself, 'my words could never carry the ardent message of the dog's incoherent sounds! I could never be as beautiful in my enthusiasm.' Don't laugh, please! When a woman loves she longs to incarnate all forms of beauty and bring them all to the man she worships."

AS IT WAS late we had asked the servants not to wait for us. Besides we wanted to be alone. The dog followed us about the house to the dining-room, where a light supper had been prepared for us. As we sat down the dog seemed, all at once, to become aware of my presence. To my surprise she refused to eat. She kept staring at me and all her joy seemed to have left her. I'm quite certain that a very logical and tragic

argument ran through her head. I was seated at the table. I was spoken to and I answered. I was not a servant nor a stranger. I became an enemy, and suddenly I saw a violent gleam of hatred shine in the fixed glance.

"I felt terrified, mortally so. If I had been shut up in a cage with a tiger I couldn't have felt more icy shivers run through my blood. Every moment I expected the creature to pounce on me.

"At last I couldn't stand it any longer. 'Take the dog away,' I screamed. 'Anywhere you like, but I won't spend the night under the same roof!'

"My husband obeyed with such alacrity that I realized he felt the same way I did. He called Rhea who got up slowly. When she saw that I did not rise, a sudden relief seemed to come into her gait and she walked out the door looking back at me with the inexpressible disdain with which a preferred rival tries to crush a spurned one.

"But when she found herself treacherously locked in the barn the night was rent with her fury, and the air rang with such howls of rage and misery that I couldn't close my eyes. I wasn't jealous of the dog. The dog was jealous of me. And although I still shivered with physical terror I couldn't help pitying the miserable wretched creature.

"She'll get used to you, in time," said my husband.

"SHE DID, after a fashion, but she had to be cajoled and coaxed like a child by a stepmother. Day after day she had to be alone with me for hours, to get used to seeing me about. Every time she had been nice to me her master had to pet her, or take her for a walk. She had to be taught that his affection for her was dependent on her good behavior toward me. It was painful for my husband and for me. We had to be on guard continually, as the least sign of affection seemed to lash her into fury and misery.

"One day, however, we were walking through the garden. The dog was following us. Forgetful of our dumb companion my husband slipped his arm around my waist. I was suddenly pushed aside while my husband was sent sprawling on the grass. The dog had pounced on him, knocked him down, to separate us, and stood before us with snarling lips, gnashing teeth, trembling and perspiring with rage.

Such a beating as she got! I was terrorized as to what she would do next. I suggested that we sell her, or even give her away. But curiously enough her punishment seemed to have taught her something. It seemed to have opened her eyes to the fact that she not only had a master but a mistress. She seemed to realize that I had won and that she had lost.

"From that time on she began to make advances to me, humbly, as if asking my forgiveness and as if begging me not to have her sent away. The dog lived with me in a sort of armed peace, broken every now and then by fits of temper and revolt, but inevitably followed by an effort to express absolute submission. She seemed to try to show that she accepted everything, gave in to everything, provided she could be allowed to love her king and master, and serve him.

"Meanwhile summer passed and autumn came, and then something happened that is rather hard to explain. You know that often, in the happiest marriages, there comes, during the first few months, a feeling of discouragement, regret. Love seems to change, you don't understand it, and you feel hurt. The man becomes irritable, the woman restless and often dangerous dreams and longings take hold of her. There are scenes, tears and cruel silences, quarrels and reconciliations.

"One night that we were planning to go to a big fête at a neighboring château my husband got a telegram calling him to Paris. He told me not to go to the party, but to stay at home, seeing that he could not go with me. Perhaps he had a reason to think it would be unwise for me to go alone. And perhaps his suspicions were not absolutely unfounded.

"THERE ARE times when out of spite even the most loving wife would welcome someone to console her, dangerous moments when she herself does not realize exactly what she wants nor how far she is willing to go. The affair was not very serious, of course, or I wouldn't be talking about it now!

"However, my husband and I had a scene. There will be scenes in all homes and after all they don't matter provided they end with a real reconciliation. But that night my husband and I left each other in anger. That sometimes happens. After he went off to his train I started dining alone. I was

furiously. I made up my mind not to stand his tyranny another minute. It might be late for dinner, but I was going to the party sometime that night. I ordered the car.

"Rhea had been in the room while the quarrel was going on and while I was eating she kept looking at me, as if she were worried. Suddenly she went and fetched a big wooden ball she used to play with and gave it to me. As I paid no attention to her she started playing alone, racing back and forth, peopling the empty dining-room with mysterious dangers and ambushes, performing a series of acrobatic stunts of the most difficult and unexpected sort.

"Finally it occurred to me that the enormous creature was acting, so to speak, to entertain me. For the first time she showed me the tricks she usually did for her master and when at last I picked up the ball and tried to teach her a few new ones, she obeyed every order with the most amazing docility.

"When I went upstairs to dress she followed at my heels. She had never done this before. And while I was slipping into my evening gown her eyes followed every movement I made. She watched me so intently, with so much sadness and suffering in her eyes that I don't know how it happened, but suddenly it seemed to me that not a dog but a friend was in my room, a friend I did not want to offend and whose feelings I did not want to hurt. And at the same time I was horribly afraid of the huge animal. By this time my irritation had begun to wear off, it was as if the presence of the silent guardian left me absolutely without strength of will.

"I called the maid. I meant to ask her to dress my hair for the party, but instead I heard myself say, 'I am not going out after all. I'm going to bed.' And I asked her to tell the chauffeur I did not want the car.

"Rhea lay like a sphinx in a corner of the room. When the maid went out she whistled but the dog refused to move.

"Never mind," I said, "she'll keep me company."

"I bolted the door and went to bed. A feeling of relief seemed to come over the dog. She started wandering busily around the room as if investigating things. Methodically she poked her head under the bed, the chairs, behind the curtains. Then she turned and looked at me as if to say, 'Everything's all right. You can go to sleep.'

"And all the time I kept wondering what would have happened if I had tried to go out. I'm sure she would have killed me!

"RHEA, however, didn't seem to know where to settle down. First she tried resting at the foot of the bed, then she stretched out before the door. I put out the light. All at once I felt a paw patting the coverlets ever so gently. It was dark, and Rhea wanted to make sure I was there!

"To tell the truth, I felt so upset that I started crying. There was no reason for it, but I couldn't help myself. I cried as if my heart would break, I remember I was shaking with sobs. I don't know how long I cried but I do know that until I stopped sobbing and began to feel at peace with myself and the world two phosphorescent eyes shone against my cheek and I saw a huge head emitting a sort of plaintive whine. Only when I began to rest quietly did Rhea go and stretch out before the door again. But I don't think she slept. Five times, during the night, she came and placed her heavy paw on the coverlet to feel whether I was still there.

"The next day my husband came back. I told him the whole story, told him that I had meant to go to the party but that the presence of the unexpected guardian had prevented me from doing so. He shrugged his shoulders.

"She probably thought it a good opportunity to get back to the bedroom where she slept before you came," he said. "She knew you wouldn't dare put her out. If she wants to come upstairs with us tonight we can let her come, perhaps, now that she's used to you?"

"But at bedtime Rhea made no attempt to follow us upstairs. When she came to the hard mat at the end of the hall where she usually slept, she stopped, stretched out and laid her head between her paws, looking at us. I could almost swear that she smiled happily, as we passed by."

Madame Jeume shivered slightly.

"If animals haven't souls of their own perhaps they have the soul of some human," she suggested, "I mean perhaps a person who cared for us sends his soul to watch over us, in the shape of an animal."

"While Rhea lived I often thought so," said Madame Lestrangle.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



¶ *Naples in Spring, a Man from Sea, a Woman's Face —and a Love Story you will Remember*

¶ "There was magic in Mimi's beauty, magic in her eyes and when she sang to me, I went into another world where such love as ours was eternally right."

Milk of Paradise

By F. Britten Austin

Photographic Illustrations by Baron de Meyer

THE SHIP rose and fell steadily on the mid-ocean swell of a quiet night. I sat in the captain's room beneath the bridge, with an opened bottle of whisky between him and me. A silence had fallen on us—one of those silences in which a mutual sympathy knits itself across the interval while the last words still echo in the mind's ear. Captain Bruton was in no case a talkative man. His virile well-shaped features the more handsome perhaps for the touch of silver in his hair, his clear gray eyes singularly compelling, he was one of those innately powerful personalities that need no speech to command attention. A

sententious word from him was worth another man's harangue.

There was, moreover, somewhere behind that taciturnity, a hint of tragedy which one lost in the smile of his rare words. Evidently he had suffered, but when, where or how was a secret of his own. The hint of it nevertheless persisted, gave a depth to the indefinable fascination of the man.

I liked him. There was a large simplicity about him, something elemental like that sea to which his life was wedded. A thorough sailor, bred in the hard school of the old-time wind-jammer, he was far superior to the average mercantile marine



C. *A pale slip of a girl, with a wistfully pathetic little smile—and eyes that gave one a lump in the throat.*

officer. He had read. He knew several languages; spoke them with fluency. He would have made a popular captain on a big passenger liner. But he had no liking for being a "tram-conductor," as he called it. He preferred to be his own master on a freighter. It was on a freighter, a partiality of my own, where I owed my presence to Providence and a kindly agent, that we sat that night while our mast-lights traced ellipses across the stars.

He sat silent, lost in thoughts I could not guess at. I had been talking about a woman.

My eyes strayed across his desk as I reached for the matches beyond the whisky-bottle. There were the usual navigational books, a date-block, and a framed photograph of a girl. I had seen it before, without curiosity, but I found myself gazing at it with interest as I lit my pipe. There was something which held one in that face. It was not merely that she was beautiful. There are any amount of photographs of beautiful girls that do not claim a second glance. It was the eyes, perhaps. They were singularly eloquent, expressive of—I do not know what they expressed, but they held me.

I picked up the photograph, contemplated it for a moment, instinctively seeking, as one does, to elucidate the unknown personality that had been transferred to that bit of pasteboard.

"Foreign?" I hazarded. I knew Captain Bruton was not married.

He started from his reverie.

"Italian," he said. His eyes rested upon me with a sudden suspicion, as though I had spied into his thoughts.

"I beg your pardon," I murmured awkwardly as I made a movement to replace the photograph.

He took it from me, gazed at it. I saw his chest swell with something very like a sigh. He disguised it with an exhalation from his pipe that sent a column of smoke curling upward from the bowl. In the silence, while I sat motionless, something reached out from me dumbly to him. I could feel that he wanted to kiss that photograph.

He put it back without a word, but with a glance at me. Then he poured himself out some more whisky, squirted in the soda with a visible concentration of thought, glanced at me again. He took a sip at his glass before he spoke.



C *There was Mimi, radiant, more beautiful even than she had been behind the foot-lights, more real. A horrible old woman was adjusting a cloak about her shoulders.*

"From what you told me," he said, hesitating momentarily for a formula that would facilitate a closer intimacy, "you are one of those who can understand." He looked across to the photograph, looked back to me. "It does a man good to talk sometimes. I have never been able to tell anyone. For a long time I *could* not have told anyone—" he broke off.

"I know," I said.

His eyes met mine, gratefully.

"Do you know Naples—in the spring?" he asked.

I had a sudden vision of that perfect bay, with Vesuvius smoking to the blue sky far round the curve, the multitudinous houses of the city massed diminutive in the middle distance below me, and from close at hand there on Posilipo all the way round among the palms and pines to the lofty gardens above the Chiaia, the leafless blossom of the almond trees, exquisite in the sunshine. He looked at a vision also, perchance not dissimilar.

"Yes," said I.

His eyes saw me again.

"I happened to be there at that time of year once." A protective something in him gave a noncommittal tone to his voice.

He was plainly unused to making confidences. "I had a cargo of coal. They took a fortnight to clear it.

THERE'S something about that place in the spring—a glamor—a sort of spell over you—something pagan. Do you know what I mean? I don't pretend to be a Galahad, but—well—I suppose in the ordinary way we Northerners don't know what passion is," he finished, reflectively.

I did know what he meant.

"I felt it the moment I got ashore that day. It got into my blood at once, a peculiar unrest—I can't define it. I couldn't stop in the town, anyway. After I had been to the agents, I took a tram out to Posilipo. I had never been to Naples before, but it was all so familiar as to seem unreal. It was like one of those dreams where you find yourself moving about in a picture that you have only seen in a gallery!—" He stopped, to give precision to his memory. "Do you know that feeling in a strange place that there is someone there, someone waiting for you?"

"I do," I readily admitted.

[Continued on page 100]



Buffalo Swamp ♣ A Ballad of the Moonshine Belt

By Damon Runyon

Illustration By N. C. Wyeth

THAR'S a turkey gobbler callin' whar you see them
cypress trees,
Thar's an alligator yonder on a log.
Thar's a cotton mouth a-sunnin'; you kin hear a deer a-runnin',
An' 'way, 'way off the yelpin' of a dog.

*Thar's a feller badly scart in the Buffalo Swamp,
An' he's layin' thar as still as ef he'd growed—
Thar's a woman stretched out dead with a bullet in her head,
An' a posse is a-comin' down the road!*

Thar's a woodpecker drummin' at an ol' pine tree,
Thar's a squirrel a-settin' up an' lookin' smart.
Thar's a thum-thump-thumpin', as the posse comes a-
clumpin'—
And thar's a bump-bump-bumpin' in his heart.

*Thar's a feller badly scart in the Buffalo Swamp,
Fer he knows fer him thar ain't a mite o' hope.
Thar's a woman layin' dead with a bullet in her head—
An' the posse is a-comin' with a rope!*

Thar's a lonely cabin yonder in the Buffalo Swamp,
Thar's a pack o' kids a-cryin' fer their maw.
Thar's half a demijohn o' the 'shine he's workin' on
When he gets this shootin' business in his craw.

*Thar's a feller badly scart in the Buffalo Swamp,
An' I reckon he has prayed the best he knowed,
An' the man who sold the mule* which made him sech a fool
Is a-leadin' o' the posse down the road!*

*"White mule" is the original word for corn liquor.

Q Reaction in Europe always expresses itself in persecution of the Jews. Mr. Hunt shows what a sad time the Jewish student is having now in Central Europe. Next month there will be the life story of a Jew at our own West Point, as told by himself



STRANGLING the JEWISH STUDENT in Europe

By
Frazier Hunt

Illustrations from
Lithographs by
Abel Pann

Abel Pann

THE SLEEVES of his shoddy and already half-worn overcoat came down almost to his fingertips. It was a coat that would have nearly fitted me, and this boy was barely half my size. There was a crack across one of his shoes—a Charlie Chaplin pair of shoes that would have made half the world laugh and the other half cry. And there was a cold snowy slush on the streets of Vienna this late January morning.

"All we want is just to study," this student boy with the overgrown overcoat hurrying along by my side was saying. "We Jews from Poland and Russia and Hungary have no other else to go. If Vienna turns us out then we are finished."

The boy shrugged his shoulders and showed the inside tips of his fingers in a characteristic gesture. For half a minute we walked on in silence. There was nothing I could say in the presence of this tragedy of thwarted learning and groundless hope. Then the boy went on:

"You see we don't mind being poor and not having much to eat and things like that—but we want to study. That is the only chance we poor Jews have in the world. . . . We don't especially mind the personal persecution by the non-Jewish students—we Eastern European Jews have been trained to that for centuries—but we are afraid of what the government and the University authorities might do. There is this great agitation now for a ten percent clause—you know, Jews limited to ten percent of the total enrolment. That would mean hundreds of us would be put out, and those who want to come after us could not. . . . It isn't any fun to be a Jewish student in Europe."

I looked down at my new friend with a great pity in my heart. He was trying to smile but it wasn't much of a success. Life was so hard that there could hardly be a smile a year for him. His home was in the old war zone of Eastern Galicia and before the war had finished its destruction he had been drafted into the Austrian army. With the peace and subsequent carving up of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, he had found himself ranked as a Polish subject and compelled to serve in the Polish Legions before he could enter the University of Lemberg. But he had no loyalty to Poland or to any country—they had all mistreated him and his people for centuries—so he had joined the hundreds of other Jewish refugees and come to Vienna. Penniless, hungry, despised, yet he came with a great yearning for education. For three years he had been here struggling to live: keeping body and soul together as much by the burning fire of his hope as by the charity of America and Western

Europe. And now the THING was sticking up its ugly head and coiling itself to strike at him.

The THING is this brutal wave of persecution and cruelty and Ku-Klux-Klanism that is sweeping throughout Central and Eastern Europe from the Baltic to the Black Sea, drowning in its wake all tolerance and justice and humanity and destroying the newly won minority rights and privileges that the peace treaties gave to the Jews. Today in Europe the rotten heart and core of anti-Semitism lies in the Universities and in the growing groups of young super-Nationalists who are under the philosophic spell of the students.

THROUGHOUT all this vast Eastern Europe rises the demand from so-called Christian students for Numerus Clausus—to restrict the Jewish students to a definite percent, which is usually ten percent—while as an echo comes the pleas of these Jews for equal rights and fair opportunities for education. In a score of great State Universities in almost a dozen countries the THING has shown its poisonous fangs—in student strikes, riots and Jew-baitings which have resulted in numberless injured and, in several instances, in Jewish students being killed.

The whole life of the Universities is disorganized and hectic: Rumanian Universities have been compelled to close down for a year: fear and hate walk arm and arm through the halls and classrooms: tolerance and understanding and fairness are smothered by a post-war hysteria of hardened nationalism that knows no reason or limit.

"You see there are really three great contributing streams that have made up this river of anti-Semitic hate that is so disastrously overflowing its banks at present," a very wise professor at the University of Vienna explained to me. "Of course, there has been for centuries a certain undercurrent of Jew-hate but the war and the peace that followed have brought these new contributing causes.

"In the first place the revolutions and political up-turnings that followed on the heels of the end of the war have been generally laid at the door of the Jews by discontented and disillusioned Nationals of all countries. The actual influence of the Jews in even the Communist revolutions of Russia and Hungary and Bavaria have been greatly exaggerated and in the democratic upheavals of Austria and Germany their share has never been more than nominal.

"But they got the credit and today your Hungarian Nation-

alist, or your Bavarian Fascisti, or your Austrian Monarchist, or your Polish youth look toward the Jews as the cause of his tragic post-war position. He blames him first for all this turn of fate that has left victor and conquered alike in the doldrums of depression and stagnation. Then he is bitter on account of the new and guaranteed position that the Minority clauses of the various Treaties of Peace gave the Jews—guarantees of rights and special privileges in political, educational and social matters.

"And thirdly, he sees about him thousands and thousands of refugees from Russia and Eastern Europe eating his bread, taking his jobs, filling his universities. From Russia alone it is estimated that 1,500,000 refugees have been dumped into the rest of Europe—and some 400,000 of these have been Jews.

"In the Parliaments of Hungary, Poland and Rumania and other countries Jewish representatives are to be seen arguing and demanding and blocing for the first time in history: Jewish bankers and brokers have assumed exaggerated importance: Jewish profiteers are looked upon as ghouls robbing the dead and then feasting in the gilded cafes on their profits: Jewish intellectuals are seen working with the radical and liberal forces throughout all Europe and Russia: everywhere the Jews are evident—a ready and ancient target for the Nationalists hate and distrust. But as the most intense form of these different nationalisms center in the younger men of each country and much of the inspiration comes from the students, it naturally develops that the center of this anti-Semitism should for the moment form itself in the Universities.

"The world will hardly tolerate old-fashioned pogroms today, so the present anti-Semitism takes the form of a subtle and insidious persecution of Jewish students and the unliberal and unwarranted driving of them from the great Universities. Only a determined and outraged world opinion will stop it."

THIS WAS a liberal, broadminded Gentile talking. From him and from rabid nationalists and Jewish students, enraged Monarchists, neutral social workers and the whole mad tangle of Europe, I collected bit by bit, piece by piece, the exact history of this strangling of the Jewish students.

It began—this latest phase—in Hungary with the collapse of the Communist Revolution and the coming into Budapest of the "men on Horseback." Many of the leaders of the Red Revolution had been Jews, so the easiest way was to blame them for all the terror and killing of those mad red days of the Spring and early Summer of 1919. Jews pretty generally were persecuted and manhandled. Like a prairie fire with a good north wind behind it, the Jew-baiting spread to the great university at Budapest. Jewish students were knocked about, and mistreated in every way that the imaginative and cruel minds of war-mad youths could invent.

But this was all personal and what might be called *human* Jew-mania. The next step, however, was impersonal and purely political. In September, 1920, a bill was passed by the Hungarian Parliament limiting the Jewish students in the University to ten percent. The students looked after its enforcement—and they did their job so completely and cruelly that scores of Jewish students, even within the ten percent limitation, fled to Vienna and Prague until today only about three percent of the total student body in Budapest are Jews. And these are credited with being *good* Jews.

It was more than two and one-half years ago that this numerous clausus was passed by the Hungarian Parliament. With the exception of the Universities of old Russia it was the first time that a percent limitation had been put by an institute of learning on the enrolment of the Jewish students. In the old days in Russia this percent varied: the technical and engineering schools of Petrograd and Moscow limited Jewish attendance to three percent. The Universities in the same cities however put the limitation at five percent, while in the Universities in districts where the Jewish population was large, such as Warsaw and Kiev, there was a ten percent clause. All this was done away with following the Revolution.

In the present Communist Russia, however, Jewish religious schools have been ordered closed and there is a great struggle going on between the Soviet Government and the International Jewish organizations to decide the fate of these primary institutions where hundreds of thousands of Russian Jewish children have been taught to read and write. The Soviet, it must be understood, practices no religious or racial discrimination in its state schools and stands against these orthodox Jewish schools only because they are religious institutions.

It was old Monarchist Russia that taught the reactionary

Hungary of Horthy the game of the *numerus clausus*. And it has been Hungary that has passed the information on to the rest of Middle and Eastern Europe. For two years following the action of the Hungarian Parliament there was a sort of calm in the student Jew-baiting throughout all these countries. But it was only the calm before the storm.

The storm broke during the early Fall of 1922, and unlike the usual cyclone or hurricane it did not originate in a single political Medicine Hat but rather swept forward almost simultaneously from a dozen centers. From the Universities of Warsaw, Lemberg, Cracow, Vilna, Vienna, Prague, Jena, Budapest and Bucharest—from all Eastern University centers—clouds of hate, whirlwinds of intolerance, storms of racial hysteria were reported. And there was no single haven of tolerance and liberalism where the Jew could seek refuge.

SINCE THE 1920 French-inspired war against Russia, there had been steadily growing a stronger and stronger anti-Semitic feeling throughout the four great Polish State Universities. (In Europe practically all the Universities are government supported schools, much the same as our own State Universities.) In November, 1922, this Jew-mania had expressed itself in a bill introduced into the Polish Parliament limiting the Jewish student attendance to eleven percent—although the Jewish population is between thirteen and fourteen percent of the total population.

The defeat of this bill brought on active anti-Semitic outbreaks in the Universities. In Lemberg the Polish Christian students struck, picketed the lecture halls, manhandled Jewish students and finally marched in a mob to the building of the Jewish Student Union, broke up a meeting of the Jewish students—along with a score or more of Jewish heads—and were only dispersed by the Lemberg police. Jewish students at this time were about forty-five percent of the total enrolment.

For some days following the mob action the bad feeling quieted down but on December 9th, Gabriel Narutowicz was elected President of the Polish Republic by a coalition of the liberal and Jewish members of Parliament. On December 14th he took office and two days later while opening an art exhibition he was shot dead by a young Polish nationalist, Elegiusch Niewiadomski. At his trial, where he conducted his own defence, he cited passages from the press of the National Democratic party—the extreme Nationalists—accusing the Jews of backing the Socialists and fighting against the Arian Christians. He announced that he killed the President because he had been elected by the votes of the Jews, "the hereditary enemy of Poland."

The results over Poland were immediate and serious. At Lemberg several hundred Polish Gentile students marched to the very center of the city and in front of the statue of Adam Mickiewicz, the great Polish Nationalist poet, knelt with bowed and bared heads and took oath that their nationalist spirit would not be appeased until they had compelled the Parliament to pass the eleven percent limitation clause against the Jewish students. Individual Jew-baiting started again: the storm of hate was again raging.

Two weeks later the Jews, driven into a corner, gathered for mutual defence. On January 8th and 9th, forty-eight representatives of the 6,000 Jewish students in the four Polish Universities—Lemberg, Cracow, Warsaw and Vilna, with a total attendance of almost 20,000—met in the Jewish Student Union in Lemberg and organized an All-Polish Jewish Federation to combat this rising anti-Semitic action.

IT WAS a strange gathering—this Jewish Committee of forty-eight: boys in borrowed frock coats, wearing frayed collars and brown shoes: boys in ill-fitting and worn suits, with here and there a carefully dressed and barbered son of some rich Jewish merchant. Feminism was evident in the two women delegates: the rest were eager, sincerely honest, deeply serious young men, burning with the great and ancient wrongs, and with the great and new hopes of their race. As I sat and watched them during that last day I wondered if such mental and intellectual vigor and leadership as they so vividly exhibited, could thrive so readily under conditions but of tremendous struggle—oppression, I almost wrote.

While their interpellations and speeches and bickerings and quarrelings in German and Yiddish and Polish buzzed about my ears, I let my mind wander back to other history-making student gatherings I had attended—a secret boycott meeting of the



Old Poem

From Russia alone it is estimated that 1,500,000 refugees have been dumped into the rest of Europe—and some 400,000 of these are Jews. They are eating the bread and filling the universities of the nations.

All-Chinese Student Union in a hidden hall in Shanghai: Indian students gathered on the campus of the Calcutta University, thrilling their hearts with Gandhi's magic words of non-violent non-coöperation: Egyptian students at Cairo, striking at outside interference and foreign rule. . . .

All, it seemed to me, were filled with the political and social wrongs of their days. Probably, it was their eager flare to avenge oppression and wrong—the fight against odds—that made them all seem so fine to me. The fact that they actually

accomplished little made no difference: it was the spirit behind it all that counted.

And this same thing was true of these Jewish students casting about in the black pool of uncertainty and divergent ideas for some modus operandi to protect themselves. The Zionist group quarreled and disputed with the Jewish Socialist students until in the end little that was concrete and helpful was done. But there is little that could be done: it is on the books that their lot must grow worse before it grows better. [Continued on page 129]

Louisiana Outrages

Q The hold of the Ku Klux Klan on the machinery of government in Louisiana, and the outrages perpetrated there, are so extreme that Governor Parker has applied to the nation for its sympathy and help. This particular exposure is therefore most timely

By Norman

in living a life that would shame a white man. We are giving you this last chance to reform. Let men's daughters alone, you have sisters; let men's wives and widows alone, you have a wife—help protect womanhood. Cut out drinking and gambling, stay on the job, we have your NUMBER and unless you reform we don't need you in this town.

MERRYVILLE KLAN NO. 40"

The Merryville Klan found much to keep it busy. Here is another letter:

"MERRYVILLE
Realm of Louisiana
Merryville, Louisiana

Klan Number 40
This letter may not sound so interesting to you. But we believe in action not words. We make them short and snappy and to the point. We are going to give you five days to get out of this town.

You can make your choice. Listen to what we say or abide by the consequences, you have been wanting to know what we want you to do, so you have got it in everyday plain english. Take this tip pardner and vacate.

We need not to tell you about your guilt because you are fully aware of same.

MERRYVILLE KLAN NO. 40
Knights of The Ku Klux Klan"

When this threatening letter was received by the citizen of Merryville, for whom it was intended, he wrote the Klan the following reply:

"Gentlemen:—I am in receipt of your communication of recent date and beg to advise you that I am literally without knowledge of what your charges are and that I do not know of anything I have done that would justify you in asking me to leave this part of the country. I have proven myself not guilty in the courts of the only crime with which I have been charged and I feel that if there are any other charges to be brought against me I should be given an opportunity to defend myself in the courts.

Now, gentlemen, you realize that I have property in this community of which I cannot possibly dispose in the time given me without a great loss to myself. I do not care to impose myself upon the good people of this community if it appears that a majority of them do not desire me as a citizen, but under the circumstances I am obliged to remain until I can arrange my affairs in a manner satisfactory to myself, regardless of consequences."

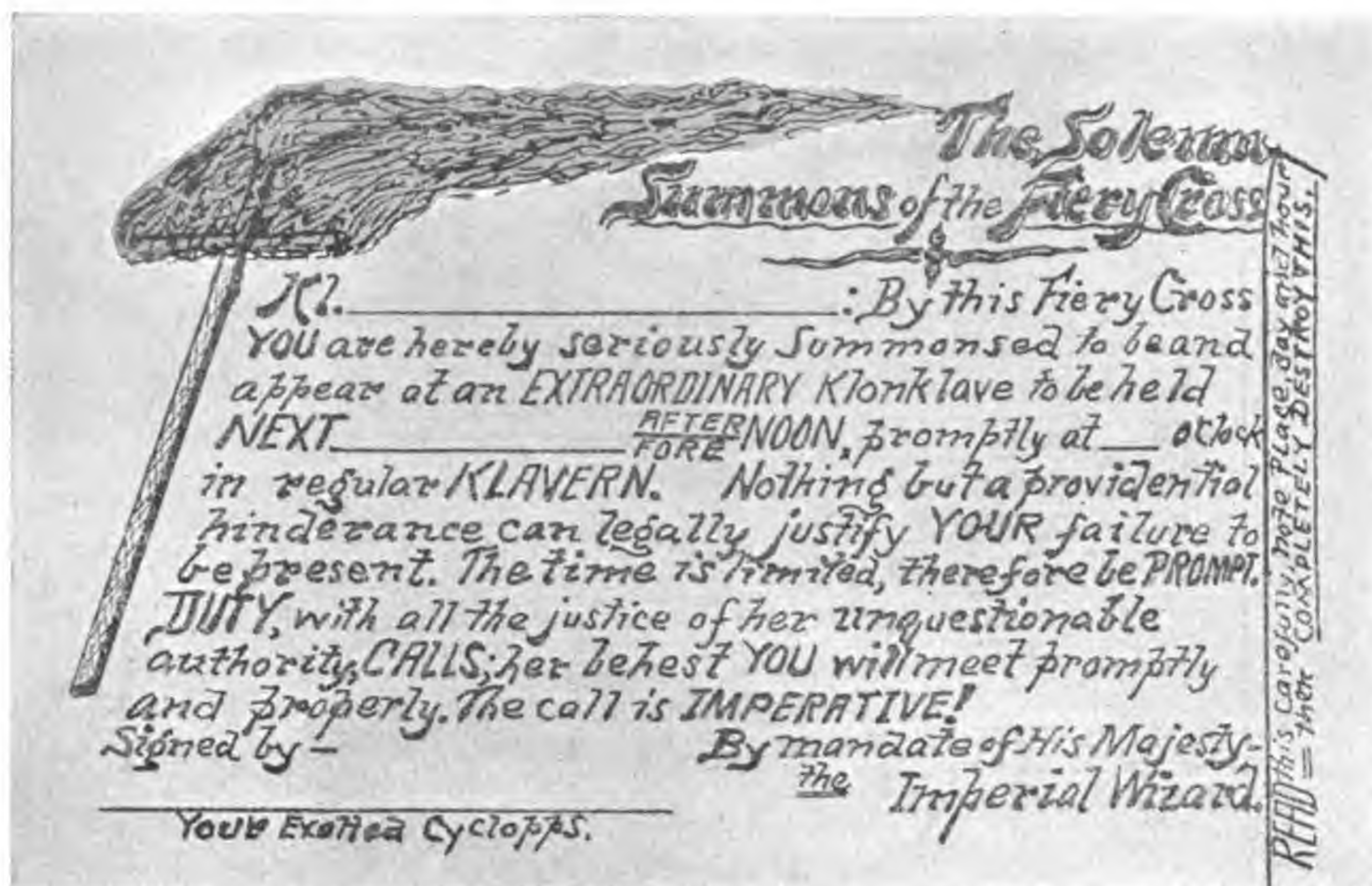
Here is a threatening letter under the seal of the Hughes Klan at Eros, Louisiana. We have omitted for obvious reasons the name of the addressee and of the woman mentioned.

"Klan Number 65
Realm of Louisiana
Eros, Louisiana

Mr. . . . ,
Chatham, La.
Greeting:

You will please be advised that our attention has been called to conditions existing in the Hoods Mill school and community and more especially to the relationship existing between yourself and If reports be true, we deem it well to advise you to hunt new fields for your labor at once, as by so doing you will not only be doing the best thing for yourself but for the school and the entire community. We, as an organization, stand squarely for pure womanhood and manhood and all true American ideals.

We trust that your better judgment will dictate to you the proper action to take immediately and that it will not be necessary



Q It will be noticed that the above Solemn Summons is to be completely destroyed by every person who receives it.

IN THIS series of documentary exposures of the methods of the Ku Klux Klan, we have been dealing with many states all over the country and with the centering of the Klan's efforts at Washington. The outrages in Louisiana, at Mer Rouge, have attracted nationwide attention. Therefore, the information that we give this month, while it touches various points, centers on the state of Louisiana.

The Merryville Klan of Merryville, Beauregard Parish, La., sent the following letter to a professional man of Merryville:

"MERRYVILLE
Realm of Louisiana
Merryville, Louisiana

Klan Number 40
We are wise to your dirty, devilish work around here. When you ruin a young girl you are setting an awful example for your own child—but she has to stand for it—We, who have wives and daughters of our own do not have to stand for such a STINK POT under our own noses.

Thirty days should be plenty of time for you to close up and check out. Our suggestion is CHECK.

You know whether or not we mean business, we only call to your mind an incident of a few days ago.

We will not tolerate any hesitation whatever.

MERRYVILLE KLAN
NUMBER 40"

As this letter did not cause the dentist to leave town, this "FINAL WARNING" was sent:

"MERRYVILLE
Realm of Louisiana
Merryville, Louisiana

Klan Number 40
FINAL WARNING.

Pleadings from your friends have been in vain. You persist

of the Ku Klux Klan

Hapgood

for us to communicate with you further as concerns this matter.

Very respectfully,
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.
Realm of Louisiana."

Many more letters of similar nature in different parts of Louisiana could be furnished, but one more will do. This is a letter written by the Klan at DeRidder, which was addressed to John McGrady, and says:

"This is a warning to you to close up your Baudy Houses, and Gambling Houses and leave town, and if you fail to do so you will be waited on and given a dose of Ku Klux Klan remedy which is a wonderful remedy for your kind. We are not against the law abiding Negro and are his best friends. But we are going to clean up DeRidder. Do as you are warned and save yourself a whole lot of punishment."

After this letter was sent, McGrady was legally arrested, convicted and sentenced to jail.

While McGrady was serving his term in jail, a Klan mob procured one of the keys to the jail, took him out, whipped him, and ordered him to leave town and never to return.

Sherfield Bridgewater, an officer of the Ku Klux Klan at DeRidder, was charged by the authorities with being the leader of the masked mob who took McGrady from the jail. Later, Bridgewater was tried and acquitted.

This trial took place in Beauregard Parish. Judge Jerry Cline and Judge T. F. Porter are the judges of the District Court of the 15th Judicial District, of which the Parish of Beauregard is a part. Both judges were charter members of the Ku Klux Klan at Lake Charles, La., their home. It is also a fact that practically all of the officers of Beauregard Parish are members of the Ku Klux Klan.

The difficulties which the authorities are experiencing in getting indictments in some localities, is better understood after reading the report of the Grand Jury of Pawnee County, Okla., which says:

"We, the Grand Jury, duly chosen and empanelled and charged to inquire into all offenses committed and triable in the County and to return indictments against all persons, whom the evidence before us shows to have committed any crime triable in Pawnee County, make the following report:

KLEAGLE'S PROVISIONAL KLAN REPORT

This report MUST be made immediately after the institution of a Klan and sent to the Imperial Kleagle, by him approved and sent to the Imperial Palace without delay.

To the Imperial Wizard, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan:

I have this day instituted a provisional Klan at ~~Bastrop~~ ^{chartered} County of ~~Morehouse~~ ^{Morehouse}, State of ~~La.~~ ^{La.} with ~~57~~ ⁵⁷ Charter ~~Members~~ ^{Members} Name of Klan ~~Morehouse~~ ^{Morehouse} 1st, 2nd Tuesday

OFFICERS APPOINTED

| Title | Name | Address |
|--------------|--------------------|--------------|
| Ex'd C. Cant | J. K. Skipwith Sr | Bastrop, La. |
| Klaliff | H. T. Smith | |
| Klokard | O. G. Skipwith | |
| Kludd | T. H. Milliken | |
| Kligrapp | John T. Hood | |
| Klabee | J. P. Carpenter | |
| Kladd | T. H. McCreight | |
| Klarogo | A. B. Calhoun | |
| Klexter | J. D. Higginbotham | |
| Klokann | J. N. Jones | |
| | A. B. Conger | |
| | W. H. Pipes | |
| Night-Hawk | Geo T. Madison | |

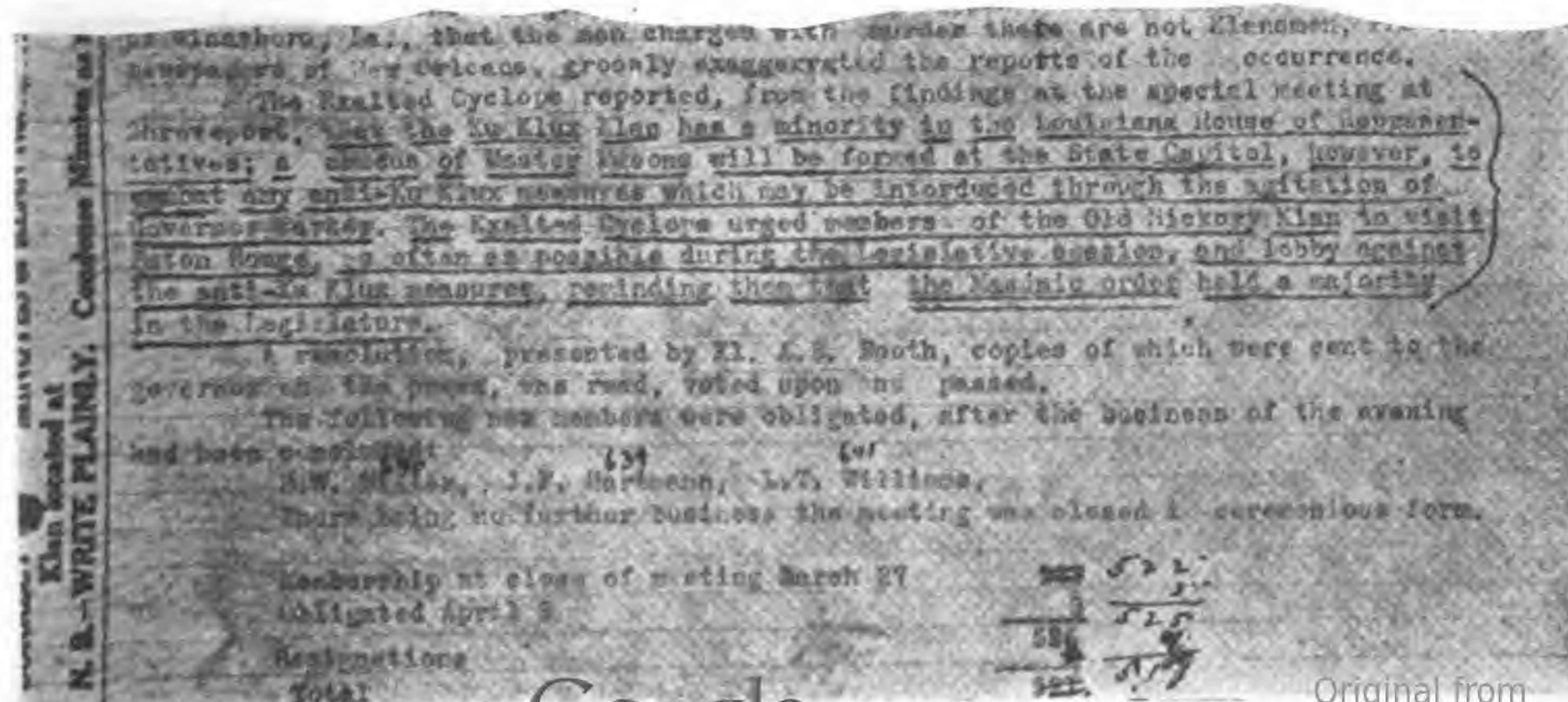
Dues \$1.00 per year, Quarterly in advance
Signed:

H. H. Madison
K. O. I. E.

Approved: _____ Date: ~~1st~~ 5th, 1921

Imperial Kleagle,

C. This report shows the charter members of the Bastrop Klan.



C. One of the most urgent problems of the Klan is to know whether the Masons are going to submit to being used by the Klan for their purposes. The printed report on this appears on page 59.

HEARST'S International

Through the column of the local Pawnee Paper, it was intimated that this Grand Jury was devoting its time to the investigation of the Ku Klux Klan of Pawnee. This was and is not true, except in a case where a murder was committed at Quay on October 25, 1922, the person killed, it is reported, being a member of the Ku Klux Klan, and at the time he was killed he and other members of said order were engaged in an attempt to whip a citizen of Pawnee County, and the Grand Jury was only trying to get at the facts of said killing. In said investigation the Grand Jury called before it persons reported to be members of the Pawnee Ku Klux Klan, but said persons claimed that they were bound by an oath that prevented them disclosing their membership or giving testimony that would assist in said investigation. In this way the work of the Grand Jury was greatly impaired and handicapped, as a result of the oath they claimed to have taken. We have reasons to believe that there are a number of criminals who cannot be indicted as a result of the secrecy and binding obligations of the oath these persons took in said order. We recommend that the law enforcement officers of the county and state take steps to remedy this evil, if it can be done under existing laws. No secret order should be above the laws, and the oath taken by members of this or any other order should not be superior to the obligations of citizenship.

Respectfully submitted this 17th day of February, 1923.
FRED LAURENT,
Foreman of the Grand Jury."

We have already mentioned documents showing that it is the policy of the Klan in Louisiana, as elsewhere, to take the law into its own hands. We now offer a document showing that the Klan's Imperial Officers at headquarters knew of Louisiana lawlessness, were proud of it, and sent out the news as an example to other Klans. Clarke, Imperial Kleagle, at Atlanta, Georgia, on June 10, 1921, sent out this:

"The following communication from the Exalted Cyclops of Vicksburg, Miss., is commended to the attention of all Klansmen:

"Just received intelligence from Kligrapp of Shreveport, La., Klan that a number of propaganda spreaders for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People fresh from Tulsa, Okla., were run out of Shreveport, La., by our organization and we understand are headed for this place, where they will certainly meet with a warm reception. Natchez Klan has been notified. Notify all Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Alabama Klans."

Under date of April 1, 1922, L. M. McPhail, a Klansman, at Seattle, Wash., in a letter to the Grand Goblin of his Realm, said:

"The Louisiana papers a few days ago were full of orders from Gov. Parker for the Suppression of our order in that State. Also that he was going to demand that the legislature pass a law forbidding masked parades. He classes us with Bolshevists I.W.Ws. etc.

Am enclosing a letter from John Lott in which he states that in spite of what Gov. Parker said there seems to be still plenty of Tar and Feathers in the country."

C. As these letters show, the Klan's ruthless methods in ignoring the law reached their height in the Louisiana outrages.



This is a warning to you to close up your Eudy Houses, and Gambling Houses and leave town, and if you fail to do so you will be waited on and given a dose of Ku Klux Klan remedy which is a wonderful remedy for your kind. We are not against the law abiding Negro and are his best friends. But we are going to clean up DeRidder. Do as you are warned and save yourself a whole lot of punishment.



FINAL WARNING.

"Pleadings from your friends have been in vain. You persist in living a life that would shame a white man. We are giving you this last chance to reform. Let men's daughters alone, you have sisters; let men's wives and widows alone, you have a wife; help protect womanhood. Cut out drinking and gambling, stay on the job, we have your SUMMER and unless you reform we don't need you in this town."

MERRYVILLE KLAN No. 40



This letter may not sound so interesting to you, But we believe in action not words. We make them short and snappy and to the point. We are going to give you five days to get out of this town. You can make your choice listen to what we say or abide by the consequences you have been wanting to know what we want you to do so you have got it in every day plain english. Take this tip harden and vacate. We need not tell you about your guilt because you are already fully aware of same.

Merryville Klan No. 40.

Knights of the



We are wise to your dirty, devilish work around here. Then you ruin a young girl you are setting an awful example for your own child-but she has to stand for it-We, who have wives and daughters of our own do not have to stand for such a STINK POT under our own noses.

Thirty days should be plenty of time for you to close up and check out. Our suggestion is CHECK.

You know whether or not we mean business, we only call you to your mind an incident of a few days ago.

We will not tolerate a BY hesitation whatever."

MERRYVILLE KLAN 2246
NUMBER 40



March 12, 1923.
Chatham, La.
Greetings:
You will please be advised that our attention has been called to conditions existing in the Nodewill school and community and more especially to the relationship existing between yourself and the school. If reports or true, we deem it well to advise you to hunt new fields for your labor at once, as by so doing you will not only be doing the best thing for yourself but for the school and the entire community. We, as an organization, stand square for pure womanhood and manhood and all true American ideals. We trust that your better judgement will dictate to you the proper action to take immediately and that it will not be necessary for us to communicate with you further as concerns this matter.
Very respectfully,
Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,
Realm of Louisiana.

JUNE, 1923

This letter refers to the effort of Gov. Parker to have the legislature enact laws which would compel the Klan to unmask. The methods used by the Klan, to combat the Governor's efforts to secure the passage of any Anti-Klan legislation, are found in the secret minutes of one of the meetings of the Old Hickory Klan of New Orleans, which we print in full:

Form K-118 32M 4-10-21

Reg. Klouklave Held Mon., Apr. 3 A.D. 1922, A.K.
(Reg. or Sp.) (Day or Week) (Mo. and Day)
Klouklave was called to order at 8:10 o'clock P.M.
by Kl. T. F. De Pacli.

(E. C.), Exalted Cyclops in the Chair. The following Terrors were present:

| | | | | | |
|----------|---|---------|---|----------------|---|
| Klalliff | a | Klabee | x | Klokan (Chief) | x |
| Klokard | x | Kladd | a | Klokan | a |
| Kludd | x | Klarogo | x | Klokan | x |
| Kligrapp | x | Klexter | x | Night Hawk | x |

The meeting was called to order at 8:10 P.M. by the Exalted Cyclops. The initiation ceremony was not held.

The following applications were read and referred to the Klokan:

A. T. Holloway, A. C. Kreger, M. H. Vann Manen, H. A. Horine Jr., W. J. Van Manen, A. T. Wainwright Jr., P. P. Ebeyer, T. H. Snider, B. S. McKee Sr., C. W. Fulmer Jr., J. H. Stafford, S. H. Sterling, C. H. Foster, C. E. Browton, P. J. Robichaux, A. R. Sims, F. M. Ragget, F. J. Williams, L. H. Eugene, S. J. Castrede.

The following were reported favorable, by the Klokan, and elected by the Klan:

C. A. Parsons, H. D. Hill, H. D. Roberts, C. L. Olschner, C. E. McCants, C. J. Lincoln, W. J. Deris, J. P. Leurett, J. W. Barksdull Jr., L. V. Colvin, F. F. Illg.

The following were reported unfavorable by the Klokan, and rejected by the Klan:

Williams Evans, John A. Condon, J. G. Viosca, A. C. Tufts, L. R. Evans.

The following resignations were read and accepted:

| | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 120 | 232 |
| A. M. Smith, | C. J. Cuneo, |
| 256 | 283 |
| E. M. Stafford, | G. S. Kausler, |
| 357 | 441 |
| Wm. P. Berry, | M. W. Swords, |
| 484 | 426 |
| E. K. Huey, | OK. W. Swords. |

Res. 8.

Letter from the Imperial Wizard was read by the Exalted Cyclops.

A letter, published in the New Orleans Item, written by Robert G. Hughes, son of the man who was honored at death by the Algrehar Klan, was read by the Exalted Cyclops.

On motion of Kl. O. D. Jackson, it was voted that a tax of two dollars be collected from all new members, and all members joining by transfer; said money to be placed in a "Charity Fund." This fund is to be drawn on for all charitable works which the klan wishes to aid.

On motion of Kl. Suarez it was voted that the first meeting of each month be exclusively a business meeting, and the second meeting of each month be a "ceremonious meeting" for the purpose of taking in new members.

In a report of the special meeting of Klan leaders held at Shreveport, La., Sunday, April 2, the Kligrapp reported that he learned from the district attorney of Winnsboro, La., that the men charged with murder there are not Klansmen, and the newspapers of New Orleans grossly exaggerated the reports of the occurrence.

The Exalted Cyclops reported, from the findings at the special meeting at Shreveport, that the Ku Klux Klan has a minority in the Louisiana House of Representatives; a caucus of Master Masons will be formed at the State Capitol, however, to combat any anti-Ku Klux measures which may be introduced through the agitation of Governor Parker. The Exalted Cyclops urged members of the Old Hickory Klan to visit Baton Rouge, as often as possible during the Legislative session, and lobby against the anti-Ku Klux measure.



AT Kansas City, Mo.

Sept 3 1921

REPLY TO P. O. Box 917

Mr. G. A. Glasscock,
St. Louis, Missouri.

My Esteemed Klansman:

I have before me the application of Dr. Philip Finot and will defer any request along this line until I hear definitely from Atlanta as to what action they will take upon other requests I have presented. I believe we had no more pressing case than that of Chief of Police Edwards of Kansas City, Mo., and I have just been advised that under no circumstances will a dispensation be granted. I am, however, insisting for the good of the Order that different action be taken. If I can secure dispensation in the case of Chief Edwards and also Billy Parker of The New Menace, who has proved himself a real friend of the Order, I shall then take up such cases as that of Dr. Finot.

Faithfully yours in the
Sacred Unfailing Bond.
Grand Goblin.

IN THE NAME OF OUR FATHERS—FOR OUR COUNTRY, OUR HOMES AND EACH OTHER



AT Kansas City, Missouri.

October 11, 1921. A.K.-LV
Alarming Month
Wailing Week
Dismal Day

REPLY TO P. O. Box 917.

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St. Louis, Missouri.

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Faithfully yours in the
Sacred Unfailing Bond.
Grand Goblin.

C:C

Chief of Police Edwards being a Canadian by birth could not be enrolled as a Klansman until special dispensation was granted him.

reminding them that the Masonic order held a majority in the Legislature.

A resolution, presented by Kl. A. B. Booth, copies of which were sent to the governor and the press, was read, voted upon and passed.

The following new members were obligated, after the business of the evening had been concluded:

640 639 641
B. W. Miller, J. F. Hartmann, L. T. Williams.

There being no further business the meeting was closed in ceremonious form.



Ⓒ The three men rushed into the ranch house where the terrified Celinda faced them.

A New Novel by the Author of the Four Horsemen

The TEMPTRESS

By Blasco Ibañez

*Synopsis of
what has gone before*

Illustrations by Walt Louderback

LENA, the beautiful and extravagant wife of the Italian Marquis de Torre Bianca, was demanding luxuries which her impoverished husband was finding it impossible to give her. Worried and harassed the Marquis was made happy by the unexpected arrival of his old friend Robledo from South America where he had been engaged in some huge irrigation projects.

The only thing that was tiding them over, he told Robledo, was the fact that the wealthy Fontenoy, friend of his wife's family, had made him a director in some foreign land interests—the Marquis had no details; he had never had a head for business he reminded Robledo—and all that was required was his signature, in exchange for which he received a handsome salary. Robledo could hardly conceal his amazement over this queer business arrangement.

When Robledo met Elena he acknowledged her fascination. But, despite the fact that the Marquis had boundless faith in his wife, Robledo sensed a mystery about her. He was told she had been the wife of a high Russian official in the Tsar's court, but he never met a Russian at her house. Then she had told him she was never in America; later that she was in San Francisco when a child.

One night after theater Elena suggested that the Marquis and Robledo take her to the new Montmartre cabaret. Fontenoy found them there as if by chance but Robledo wondered if Elena had planned for this. She danced with a professional "tangoed" and Robledo watching the Marquis and Fontenoy wondered which one looked more like the jealous husband.

The next day they were all shocked at the news of Fontenoy's suicide. He had been facing grave charges, the newspapers said, for swindle, and now those connected with him in business, were to be dragged into the affair.

Robledo, determined to save the Marquis even in spite of himself, tried to get him off to Argentine without the parasitic Elena. But the Marquis would not leave his wife behind so the three started immediately for Argentine, Elena taking the whole adventure as a sort of lark.

But the isolation and squalor of the South American settlement so depressed her that to make life bearable she began wearing her Paris evening gowns, and setting the men against each other in rivalry for her favor. One of them, Pirovani, offered his house to her, and against her husband's wishes they went to live in it. Canterac, not to be outdone, had a park built specially for her. The rivals quarreled and a duel followed in which Pirovani was killed. Canterac had to leave the country at once.

Elena, utterly indifferent about the fate of these two men, had turned her attention to young Richard Watson, Robledo's assistant, who had been paying attention to Celinda Rojas, a rancher's daughter. Celinda tried at first to win him back and finally in a fury threatened Elena with a riding whip. Smarting under this insult and in jealousy over Watson's final rejection of her Elena plans revenge.

Ever since the duel the people of the settlement were very unfriendly to Elena and her husband. They even went so far as to place a guard under her window. Never in the course of her very complicated life did Elena have to face such a difficult situation.

The story continues:

LENA was terrified at the thought of remaining in La Presa. Her life there had been tolerable up to the present, thanks to Pirovani's generosity, and the rivalry she had stirred up among the men of the community. But now that the Italian

was dead she would have to give up this house that was palatial compared to the other dwellings of the settlement. No one would come any more to admire her, pay her attentions, and desire her, doing everything to make life agreeable for her. . . . Only Robledo remained . . . and he was an enemy! As for Watson, who might have provided the solution she was seeking . . . there was his partner in the way!

An idea that she had been cherishing of late passed through her mind. When she had been out riding with Watson, it had occurred to her more than once that now was the time to leave Torre Bianca, who was, after all, a failure, who would never succeed in getting ashore from the shipwreck. . . . But with Watson she would be able to make her way in the world. But of what use to think about Watson? This solution was denied her. An implacable hate burned in her at the thought.

Richard had gone away for good and all. She could not doubt that, after the words they had exchanged while she stood at her window the day before. . . .

Ignorant as she could not help but be of the young man's conversation with Canterac after the duel, she naturally attributed his change of manner to Celinda's influence.

"She has taken him away from me," the older woman thought. "It is she who stands in my way. . . . How I hate her!"

Elena's thoughts turned to her husband as to someone long forgotten. She felt more and more uneasy at the thought of the possibility that Torre Bianca might learn the real cause of the rivalry between those two men whose duel he had directed.

THE sight of a passerby walking slowly in front of the house, and looking attentively at the windows, was enough to make her forget all about her husband. . . . Manos Duras! An hour earlier, when, as now, she had stood at the window, she had thought once or twice that she saw the gaucho standing at the entrance to an alley that ran into the main street near the house. As soon as he caught sight of the Marquise on the other side of the window panes, he saluted her, taking off his hat with a flourish and showing his wolf's teeth.

This was the first pleasant greeting that Elena had received since Pirovani's death. She felt instinctively that this man was the only admirer left her.

She stood meditating once more, her forehead pressed against the window-panes.

Sebastiana, after three discreet raps, entered and spoke very low, with a confidential expression in her crafty eyes.

"I was in the corral a moment ago and the gaucho they call Manos Duras suddenly looked in at the back gate and he said—"

Sebastiana made a valiant effort to recall the man's words. He had charged her to tell the señora that he was at her orders for anything she might choose to command, that in times of trouble one discovers one's true friends.

Elena received the words with a smile. Poor man! And yet there were people who said he was no better than a bandit! To her at that moment he seemed the most interesting male creature in the region; he was the only gentleman to offer her assistance!

When night had fallen she called Sebastiana.

"Do you know where that Manos Duras you spoke to me about a while ago, is now?" Elena asked.

The half-breed, always inclined to chatter, produced a long preamble before giving a definite reply.

"Probably," she wound up, "if he hasn't gone back to his ranch, I'll find him this very moment at the boliche!"

"Go find him," said Elena, "and tell him that I want him to be in front of the house at ten o'clock."

Sebastiana left the house and made a beeline for the boliche.

When she reached the door of the Gallego's establishment, she stopped and peered inside. Manos Duras looked up when he heard a discreet cough, and saw a half-breed in the door beckoning to him to come out. Sebastiana delivered her message in a mysterious manner, keeping one finger on her lips; she even went so far as to wink one eye.

WHEN the half-breed had gone, Manos Duras waited a few minutes before returning to the boliche. He wanted to be alone in the dark, for it seemed to him that he could enjoy his satisfaction better there. How could he have foreseen, that afternoon, as he wandered in front of the great señora's house, that she would send him a message asking him to see her in private that very night?

Robledo and Watson were at that moment finishing their supper. Someone knocked at the door.

They were both astonished to see Torre Bianca come in; he was so thoroughly covered with dust that his black clothes looked gray, and his hair and mustache were completely white.

"I've just come back from Fuerte Sarmiento, from poor

Pirovani's funeral. . . . Moreno brought me back in his carriage."

Robledo invited him to sit down at the table.

"Have some supper here, if you don't feel that you must go at once to your house."

Torre Bianca shook his head.

"I do not intend to go back to my house."

He spoke with such decision that Robledo stared at him. So tense were the nerves of the Marquis that his hands shook and his tongue stumbled over the words he spoke.

"I had something to eat with Moreno before coming back here. . . . But I'll eat a little now . . . Death . . . it's pretty grim, isn't it? Poor Pirovani. . . . I'll have a drink, if you don't mind."

WATSON, who had finished his supper, noticed that Torre Bianca was looking at him as though he wanted to intimate that his presence was inopportune.

"Is Moreno at his place now?" the young American inquired. And on hearing that he was, Watson took himself off.

When Torre Bianca found himself alone with his friend, he became a different person. His excitement abated suddenly, he lowered his eyes, and it seemed to Robledo that he was shrinking in his chair.

"I must talk to you," he said, lifting his mild and pleading eyes to his friend. "You are all that is left me now, the only human being in the world who cares anything about me . . . and for that very reason you must let me have the truth. Today, while they were burying poor Pirovani, I could think of nothing but this . . . 'I must see Robledo! He will tell me frankly what I am to think of all this.' What I mean by 'all this' is the things I have noticed since yesterday . . . everywhere I go . . . the way people look at me, the dislike they show in

their gestures, the names I can hear them calling me in their minds . . . they don't have to speak, because I can guess it all. . . ."

His voice broke on a note of complete discouragement and he covered his face with his hands. Robledo murmured a few words intended to cheer him up a little, but the Marquis interrupted him.

"You can talk later, Manuel. But first you must hear some things you don't know. I must ask you one thing. Do you believe that my wife is deceiving me?"

Robledo looked his astonishment at his friend's words. Several minutes passed before he attempted to reply. It was obvious that Torre Bianca was in terror of his answer! And to avoid hearing it, he began relating the whole story of his relations with Elena.

ROBLEDO had heard a part of this history when he was in Paris, how the Marquis had met her in London, the high rank her family held in Russia at the court of the Tsars, and so on. . . . But now the speaker's tone was quite changed, as though Torre Bianca himself had his doubts about the authenticity of that past in which up to that very day he had had complete faith.

Furthermore, between the lines of his narrative, Frederigo was revealing new episodes to his friend.



As the half-breed whispered Elena's message to the cattle thief she even went so far as to wink at him.



At a certain point Manos Duras tried to seize Elena's hand, but she drew back, and as though making a promise said, "We'll speak of this when you have fulfilled your part of the contract."

There had always been in his house an intimate friend, a favored friend, whom his wife treated with the utmost confidence, asserting that she had known him since the days when she was living with her distinguished family. And when one friend went away, another appeared. But the place was never vacant.

"I have told you the whole story of my life with this woman," he said. "At least all that I am sure of concerning her life. The rest is what she herself says . . . and I don't know whether I am to believe it or not. . . ."

"Since a few hours ago I have been looking at things with new

eyes. Oh, God! The cruel glances of those poor people when I opened the window yesterday! I can't tell you what torment I endured! . . . and what was worse, some of them were mocking and contemptuous."

He covered his eyes with his hands as if to shut out the cruel spectacle. Then he looked up to ask with breathless anxiety:

"You, who are my only friend, and who knew something of my life in Paris, do you believe that Fontenoy was my wife's lover?"

Again Robledo made an ambiguous gesture. What could he

reply? And again Torre Bianca, with anguish in his voice asked:

"And those two men who went out yesterday morning to kill one another, do you think it was on Elena's account?"

But this time Robledo did not take refuge in ambiguity. He merely lowered his eyes; and the Marquis took the silence that followed to mean *yes*.

A long silence. The Marquis laid his head down on his hands, and Robledo watched him, pityingly. Suddenly Torre Bianca straightened up, and said, slowly rubbing his forehead:

"I can't go on here. I am ashamed to meet the eyes of these people . . . and when I look at her, and see how false she is, and how falsely she smiles, I shall kill her. . . ."

The moment had come for Robledo to speak.

"Don't think about her any more. For the time being you must rest. Tomorrow we'll find a better way of getting rid of your wife. You'll stay here tonight. She will go away. I don't know just how; but she'll go. And you will stay with me."

He laid an affectionate hand on Torre Bianca's shoulder. But the Marquis kept his face covered, and shook his head.

PICKED by her feminine curiosity, Sebastiana impatiently awaited the hour of her mistress's rendezvous.

She was in the kitchen, in the corral covered over by a wooden shelter. A little before ten she crossed the corral, keeping close under the balcony of the house.

In a little while she made out through the darkness the form of Manos Duras approaching the house and then very cautiously mounting the outside stairway. Shortly after this the window of the señora's bedroom opened and she came with a sign to her visitor that he was to make no noise.

Sebastiana strained her ears to hear, but the window was so far away that it was only with the greatest effort of concentration that she could catch a few fragments of phrases. It seemed to her that she caught the name *Celinda*.

"What has my former little mistress got to do with the scheme of these people?" she asked herself.

At a certain point Manos Duras tried to seize the Marquis's hand, but she drew back, with a movement that expressed both repugnance and hauteur. At once he appeared to repent of his impulsiveness, and in a louder tone, and as though making a promise, she said to him:

"We'll speak of this some other time, when you have fulfilled your part of the contract. You understand what we have agreed upon."

And she took leave of him with a certain coquetry of manner, although she succeeded in keeping out of his reach.

When he saw that the window had closed, the gaucho went down the steps.

Sebastiana doubted having heard what had actually been said, and she retired somewhat disappointed by the scanty results of her eavesdropping.

The only memory of what she had overheard that claimed her attention to the point of keeping her awake, was that of the phrases concerning Celinda, but what possible reason could there be for these two people to talk about her *niña*?

Robledo spent a bad night. Worn out by his conflicting emotions the Marquis had finally accepted his friend's invitation and his host had put him in the same room that Torre Bianca had occupied when he and his wife arrived at La Presa.

When Robledo came into the living-room the next morning he found Watson leaning down over a chair fastening on his spurs.

"UP so early? . . . And you got in pretty late last night, too. . . ." Robledo exclaimed cheerfully.

But Watson seemed to be in low spirits; he offered no explanation beyond saying that as there was no work that day, he was going out on a long ride.

When he had gone, Robledo finished dressing, walking up and

down in the living-room as he did so. Passing by the door of Torre Bianca's bedroom he felt tempted to open it and go in. He wanted to see his friend. A vague presentiment made him uneasy.

He opened the door, and looking in, uttered an exclamation of astonishment. There was no one in the room. The bed, on which the bedclothes hung tossed about in disorder, was empty. Robledo concluded that Frederigo, not being able to sleep, must have gone out to walk as soon as it grew light.

Instinctively he looked scrutinizingly about the room. He noticed some sheets of paper on the table, all of them bearing the beginnings of a letter in Torre Bianca's handwriting. He had evidently felt it useless to continue any of them.

Robledo picked up one of them.

"Thank you for all you have done . . . but I can't go on . . ." another one began, "The only woman who ever really loved me was my mother, and she is dead. If only I could feel sure of seeing her again. . . ."

Robledo stood with the papers in his hand, trying to determine what he had best do. Then it occurred to him that perhaps the Marquis was wandering about up at the dam.

He examined the ground outside the house carefully and gave an exclamation of satisfaction at distinguishing among the fresh tracks of Watson's horse, a man's footprints. They must be Torre Bianca's!

Instinctively he went toward the river, following the bank upward of the current. The surface of the water he watched so intently was not broken by the slightest object. Finally he stopped this search of his that had no guide nor reason other than a presentiment. And with a hurried anxious step he went back to La Presa.

AT THE same hour of the day, near the Rojas ranch, Manos Duras, with his three comrades from the mountains, was talking in the shade of some matorrales that grew a little higher than their heads.

They had dismounted and were holding their horses by their bridles. To one of them Manos Duras was giving directions. He then mounted his horse and the other two looked after him until he disappeared behind some matorrales.

"The old dog is going to learn what it costs to give me any of his threats," growled Manos Duras with a smile full of venom.

One of the mountaineers, whom the



Elena felt that with her beauty she was born for great things, but was never able to achieve them.

others called Piola, and who seemed to be older than the rest, shook his head and looked dubious. His comrade's plan was all right except for Manos Duras's intention of staying in town a day or two after striking his blow.

"Leave the plans alone, brother. I know what I'm doing," Manos Duras replied. "I want to collect something that will be due me. Perhaps I can get my pay this very night and if so I'll overtake you by tomorrow."

Meanwhile his messenger was galloping toward the Rojas property. Cachafaz, made aware of his arrival by the barking of the dogs, came out to meet him. With sharp cries the boy called off the dogs and then listened with the gravity of a grown man to what the gaucho had to say.

But scarcely was the message delivered when Cachafaz, with shouts of joy, rushed into the ranch house.

"Master," cried the little half-breed, bursting in like a small whirlwind, "the comisario has just sent word that you are to go at once to the pueblo. They have caught the thief who stole our heifer!"

Pleased by this news, the rancher followed Cachafaz out of the room. He wanted to learn some of the details of this capture from the messenger before starting for the comisario's.

But on stepping outside his front door, he was perplexed at discovering that the horseman had disappeared. Finally, with a shrug, Don Rojas concluded that the comisario must have charged some gaucho who was riding through that section of the country to deliver the message as he went by.

Manos Duras and his three companions, lying flat on the ground, saw the rancher go by in the direction of La Presa.

WATSON, who was riding in the vicinity of the ranch, eager to approach it, and yet fearful of arousing Celinda's resentment by his presence, also saw Don Rojas pass by, going in the direction of La Presa.

This strengthened his courage. Celinda then was alone at the ranch, and he could invent some pretext for going to see her. . . . But then he lost heart again. . . . He couldn't stand having Cachafaz come out as on the day before and tell him that Celinda would not see him. No, he preferred roaming about over the plains . . . and perhaps Celinda, bored by her solitude, would come out and get on her horse. . . .

He felt disposed to wait at least until sundown. As was his habit he carried a few eatables in one of his saddle bags.

Meanwhile, his friend, Robledo, was wandering along the main street of La Presa, head down, absorbed by his reflections. He had just stopped in at his house; Torre Bianca was still not there.

He heard someone calling to him from the middle of the street and looked up. The rancher Rojas, was talking excitedly to the comisario, who looked amazed, then bewildered. Robledo walked toward them.

"Someone came to my ranch this morning to tell me that the comisario wanted to see me and return the cow that was stolen from me three days ago. . . . And now Don Roque says he never sent any such message, and doesn't know anything about this business."

Robledo listened abstractedly for a few minutes, trying to feign a decent amount of interest. For the moment he was entirely preoccupied with thoughts of Torre Bianca.

"It's too bad that Watson went away so early this morning," he thought. "If he were here he would help me look for Frederigo."

But Watson, far away on the desert, torn between his desire to see Celinda and his fear of being harshly dismissed by her,



Manos Duras, the cattle thief, holding the struggling girl before him, rode at a furious gallop toward the mountains.

was little by little approaching the ranch as he rode around it in wide circles.

But the sight of a gate swinging wide open gave him courage.

"No matter what she may say, I'm going in," he decided.

He rode slowly forward down the trail leading to the ranch house. Suddenly his horse started and quickened his walk, then stopped abruptly as though about to rear.

Across the path lay the bodies of two dogs, recently killed, it seemed, their mangled heads lay in two fresh rivulets of blood. A few paces farther on he found a man also stretched across the trail.

He too was dead. Richard recognized him as one of Don Carlos's half-breed peons, although his

[Continued on page 112]

The House on Salisbury



The woman with the strange eyes stood peering out. She was wearing a tea-gown of dull-colored silk and the light of the lamp flashed upon her beautiful hair. She looked at Locke a little vaguely.

A MAN brought his Ford motorcar to a standstill before a signpost on the dreariest part of Salisbury Plain at about nine o'clock on a wild, blustery night. The wind came booming like an incessant cannonade across the vast, empty spaces. The man—Richard Bryan—was a commercial traveler engaged in the sale of the cheaper articles of ladies' attire.

He was anxious now to reach a village still four or five miles off, where he could spend the night. He had pulled up abruptly

on seeing the signpost, and perplexity was written in his face. According to his recollection, it was a straight run to Bruntingford, his destination. To his surprise, the signpost pointed to a road on his left—a broad road, hedgeless like all the others. There was no doubt whatever that the signpost read—

BRUNTINGFORD 7 MILES

—and signposts cannot lie. Bryan stepped back into his car,

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Plain

A New Series of Mystery Stories By E. Phillips Oppenheim

reversed for a few yards, and took the indicated route.

There is very little difference in the roads which traverse Salisbury Plain, but this man, from the first, was not happy. From the roar of the wind in his face he knew that he was traveling northward, when he should have been traveling due east. There was a clump of trees that he thought he remembered, which was certainly not in evidence. The road, too, was becoming narrower.

Consequently, when he saw lights shining from the windows of a tall, shadowy house on his left, he jammed on his brakes and brought the car to a standstill. As he made his way toward it, he became convinced that, so far as that signpost was concerned, he must have been under some hallucination. There was no such house as this on the road to Bruntingford.

It was an ancient building, with many rows of empty windows, but there was a light burning from somewhere on the ground floor, and his summons was promptly answered. It struck him, as he stood there in the darkness, listening to the approaching footsteps, that the silence of the place was almost extraordinary. The barking of a dog would have been a relief. The house seemed set in a cavern of silence.

The door was opened in due course, and a powerful man, well dressed in country tweeds, looked out.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired, courteously.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," Bryan replied, "but I have rather lost my way. The signpost seemed to say that this was right for Bruntingford, but I feel sure that I am on the wrong road."

"Come inside, please," the other begged. "I am afraid that the wind will blow out my lamp."

Richard Bryan obeyed, and the door was immediately closed. The hall was in darkness, but light came flooding out from a room on the left-hand side. The tenant of the house pointed courteously toward it.

"Step in for one moment," he invited. "You are on the wrong road for Bruntingford. I can easily put you right, though. I have a map in my study."

RICHARD BRYAN was a stolid, unimaginative young man who had served behind the counter of a small draper's shop during his earlier life, spent two years at a London warehouse, and was now only a moderately successful traveler. He had scarcely ever read a book of fiction since he had left school. Yet, as he stood there, he had a queer feeling of insecurity, a nervous dread of penetrating further into this partially occupied house.

"Much obliged, sir," he said, "but there's no need for me to keep you. I didn't think this was the right road, somehow. I'll just step back to the crossroads."

"I'll show you your exact route on my map," the older man replied, throwing open the door.

The traveler had not the courage to yield to the one nervous instinct of his life. He crossed the threshold of the room—a very large and lofty apartment with couches, easy-chairs, a multitude of books, and a great cheerful log fire. Lying on the hearthrug before it, half-risen now at his entrance, was a woman who even in that light seemed to him more than ordinarily beautiful, a woman dressed in a dull green tea-gown, who looked at him with strange eyes.

"Gentleman lost his way motoring, my dear," his companion explained cheerfully. "Sit down for a moment, sir, while I get my map. Will you have a whisky and soda?"

This was an invitation which Richard Bryan seldom refused, and which he had never felt less inclined to refuse than at the present moment. He sat on the edge of his chair and watched the tenant of the house mix his drink at the sideboard. He found it impossible to think of anything to say to the woman.

"Is it very cold driving?" she asked softly.

"Bitterly, ma'am," he answered. "I've crossed the Plain a

Illustrations

By
Dalton
Stevens



C. Windergate, a revolver clasped in his right hand, stood at one side of the broad entrance.

good many times in the way of business, and when this north wind blows it fairly goes through you."

"Come nearer to the fire," she invited. "If you have crossed the Plain so often, how is it that you have lost your way?"

"That's what I can't quite figure out myself," he acknowledged. "I was going on all right until I got to the crossroads close here and saw the sign pointing down this road for Bruntingford. Here's good health, ma'am and sir," he added, raising the glass which had just been brought to him, to his lips.

"Good health to you, sir," was the courteous rejoinder.

The traveler drank and set his glass down empty. All the time he fancied that he could see the woman's eyes glowing as she watched him, and he was conscious of a queer sensation of excitement. Surely the whisky must have been very strong! It was absurd, but the strength seemed to be going from his legs. He tried to speak and found it difficult. The other man had opened a cupboard and returned with a smelling-salts bottle. He took out the stopper carefully and held it for a moment to Richard Bryan's nostrils.

"A very ordinary type," the woman murmured.

"Naturally, my dear," the man agreed. "A traveler, no doubt, peddling between the villages."

"You had better go and see to things," she enjoined. "I will watch him. It amuses me when he tries to talk."

He nodded assent and left the room. He put on an overcoat,



C. *The courteous stranger held the stopper of the smelling-bottle to Richard Bryan's nostrils, who sat there with staring eyes, mumbling senseless words.*

and made his way out through the windy darkness to where the car was standing. With the air of an expert, he mounted to the driver's seat and drove her on the reverse until there was room to turn.

Then he made his way back to the main road, turned a little to the left, and drove a short distance along to a rise in the road which left the pasture four or five yards below. He drove the car to within an inch of the bank, descended, put her in first speed, turned the wheel slightly, and leaning over, pressed the

accelerator. The car started with a jerk, turned over and over, and lay at the bottom of the bank, upside down, half-way across a small stream.

He turned and retraced his steps, pausing at the signpost to swing it back to its proper position, and returned to his house. Richard Bryan was still seated in his chair, swaying a little and muttering to himself. The woman was watching him and laughing.

"Very interesting," was the smiling observation. "We will

leave him where he is for a quarter of an hour, while I finish my chapter. He will not disturb us."

Ann, seated alone in her little outside office, was buried in a newspaper. Daniel, coming in after two hours spent at the British Museum, found her there, and paused on his way to his own sanctum.

"Fashions?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Murder," she answered. "Have you read what they call the Salisbury Plain mystery?"

"I haven't seen a paper for a week. I am so afraid that I should have to make up my mind on the Irish question."

"You neglect a great deal when you leave the newspapers so severely alone," Ann told him. "In your profession—"

"Don't be silly," Daniel interrupted. "My profession is a reader of code manuscripts."

"IT SEEMS to me," she observed, "that you have a nervous fear of being called a detective."

"Well, I'm not a detective," he answered irritably. "I am affiliated with that branch of the Criminal Investigation Department which goes by the name of Q 20, and that's a different thing altogether."

"Would you like to know about the Salisbury Plain mystery?" she asked.

"If you can tell it to me in a few words," he answered. "I'm not going to read the newspaper accounts."

"The Salisbury Plain mystery is briefly this," she recounted. "Richard Bryan, a commonplace, unadventurous commercial traveler, left Wincanton at about three o'clock one afternoon last week, for Bruntingford, where he meant to stay the night. He had with him samples of drapery and he drove a Ford motor-car. The next morning, his car was found overturned by the side of the road in one of the loneliest parts of the district, and he himself was found close to it, almost unrecognizable and quite dead."

"Why unrecognizable?" Daniel inquired.

"Because of terrible injuries to the back of his head," she explained. "Every account affirms that the injuries were far more terrible than could have been caused by any accident. Further than that, the roads were dry, there was no sign of any skid; the night, though windy, was not dark; the lamps of the car were in order, and the man was a highly capable driver."

"Any money about?"

"All the money he had with him, and some checks in his possession, were found in his pocketbook."

"Luggage? Samples?"

"Untouched, lying with the wreck of the car."

"Anything in the man's private life to suggest an enemy?"

"Not a chance of it," she answered. "He was a dull little man, living a dull little life."

"It sounds queer," Daniel admitted.

"It is queer," she agreed.

"It's a police job, anyway," Daniel concluded, as he passed on into his private office. Miss Lancaster resumed her study of the Salisbury Plain mystery.

The young man got off his bicycle and stared at the signpost.

"BRUNTINGFORD 7 MILES," he read. "Well, I'm damned!"

HE DREW a map from his pocket and sat considering it. When he had folded it up, he was still in doubt. It had been raining off and on, but the sun was shining now and the air moist and hot. He took out a handkerchief which had seen much service, and wiped his forehead. He eased the knapsack on his shoulders and mounted his bicycle again. He took the road which, according to the signpost, led to Bruntingford.

"I'll stop at the first farmhouse I come to and see if they'll give me some tea," he decided. "I shall know for certain where I am then."

The first house he came to stood some distance back from the road and was very much larger than the ordinary farmhouse. It had once, without doubt, been a mansion of repute, but it had apparently fallen now upon evil days. The young man, whose name was Harry Dawson, was not of the genus who are afraid of snubs, so he wheeled his bicycle up to the front door and rang the bell. His hopes were a little dashed, however, when he found himself confronted, a few seconds later by a

well-dressed and very beautiful woman, not at all a likely dispenser of cheap hospitalities.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure," Dawson declared. "I was looking for a farmhouse where I could get a cup of tea."

"Pray come in," the lady invited, smiling. "I will give you one, with pleasure."

The young man hesitated. He was a Cockney, and he was nearing the end of his holiday.

"I was thinking of something about ninepence," he explained, "with plenty of bread and butter."

"That will be quite all right," the lady promised him.

He leaned his bicycle against the outside wall and followed her into the house. She led him into a large, partially-furnished room. A man, apparently of her own station in life, who was writing at a table, looked up inquiringly.

"This young gentleman," she announced, "wants some tea, with plenty of bread and butter. You can sit down here," she told him, "while I go and get it for you."

"Look here," Harry Dawson queried, twirling his cap in his hand, "something a bit wrong, ain't there? Making fun of me, eh? This isn't a farmhouse or an inn."

"Never mind," the lady answered, with a smile, "you shall have your tea."

He looked at her in silent admiration. She had the most amazing eyes he had ever seen, and the most beautiful deep golden hair. Then he unslung his knapsack and hung it over the back of a chair.

The woman had left the room, presumably to get the tea. The man rose to his feet, insisted upon his visitor taking an easy-chair, and seated himself opposite.

"Are you on a bicycling tour?" he asked.

"You've got it, guv'nor," was the prompt response. "I've had a fortnight's holiday, and this is my last day but one. Name of Harry Dawson. I've a berth with Townem and Gillard, wholesale drapers in St. Paul's Churchyard."

"I trust," his temporary host remarked, "that you have enjoyed your tour?"

"Pretty fair," Mr. Harry Dawson acknowledged. "A cycling tour ain't what it used to be, though. These cars have come along, and the prices of everything's gone up on the road. It will have to be the roadside for yours truly tonight, unless I can find a cheaper pub."

"How much farther did you think of going before you put up for the night?" the other inquired.

"Another ten or a dozen miles," was the unenthusiastic reply. "Place called Bruntingford, a bit farther on, I thought I might get to. . . ."

THE TEA was a wonderful success, and after the tea came a whisky and soda. The visitor rose to leave with the utmost reluctance.

"I'll have to toddle on a bit," he announced. "It's almost dark now. What's the damage?"

The woman with the wonderful eyes laughed at him.

"My dear young man," she remonstrated, "we don't want any money. We've plenty of our own. It's lonely here and we're glad to see anyone."

"If you put it that way, ma'am," Mr. Harry Dawson acquiesced promptly, "it suits me down to the ground."

"Why not stay with us for the night?" she suggested. "We'll give you some dinner and a bed and charge you nothing."

"Is this on the square?" the young man asked.

"Absolutely," she laughed. "You'll enjoy it, I promise you."

The invited guest unslung his knapsack.

"I'll promise you that myself," he declared. "This is the biggest stroke of luck I've had, these holidays."

The statement was, in view of later events, a little rash, but, nevertheless, Mr. Harry Dawson fared well that night. He ate food which was strange to him, ate it with appetite and in prodigious quantities. He drank wines which had been only a dream. He smoked cigars. When he went to bed after a final whisky and soda, he was most certainly unsteady on his feet. He slept at first deeply. Afterwards, he must have had a nightmare. He fancied that he awoke to find himself being carried by the dark, strong-looking man who had been his host, across the landing into another room—a bathroom.

He was stretched upon a long trestle, and before he knew what was happening, he was being tied to it. Even for a nightmare this was too much. He began to scream. Then he felt something pushed into his mouth and the screams were choked.

His host was standing over him in a long, white coat. He held something in his hand which he had taken from a case—a short knife. The lamplight flashed upon its blue blade.

"You need not be alarmed," his host assured him courteously.

"You have something which I need and which is of little use to you. Better close your eyes for a moment."

It was a very horrible nightmare.

ANN WAS standing by the side of her employer's desk. The fingers that clutched the newspaper which she laid down before him, were trembling a little.

"Is this still only a police job?" she asked.

Daniel adjusted his tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles and read. The paragraph was headed—

ANOTHER TRAGEDY ON SALISBURY PLAIN SECOND UNDISCOVERED MURDER WITHIN A MONTH

It went on to describe the finding of the body of a Mr. Harry Dawson, the youth whose disappearance had been recorded a few weeks ago, partially dressed, and with terrible injuries to the head, recalling in a most amazing manner the conditions of the man Bryan whose corpse had previously been discovered within a few hundred yards of the same spot.

The body was found under a clump of bushes, some distance from the road, in one of the loneliest parts of the Plain, visited only occasionally by shepherds or cattle-tenders. It might have remained there, indeed, for months, the paragraph went on to say, but for the intelligence of a sheep dog which, by prolonged howling, brought his master from a quarter of a mile away to the spot. . . . Daniel took off his spectacles and reached for the telephone.

"This must be investigated from our point of view at once," he admitted. "Please step out to the bookshop next door, Miss Lancaster, and buy me a map of Wiltshire. I will telephone for the car."

"Shall you communicate with Scotland Yard?" she asked.

He considered the point for a moment.

"I think not," he decided; "not just at present. They would probably take a purely official view of the matter, and would not approve of any independent investigations. I shall just look round myself first."

"We," Ann murmured.

Daniel frowned.

"Salisbury Plain is a very lonely place," he objected, "and the man we are in search of is dangerous. I think it would be better for you to wait here."

"That is a pity," she remarked, "because I am coming with you."

He frowned again.

"I am starting in half-an-hour," he warned her.

"I shall be ready in less than half that time," she rejoined.

They lunched at Amesbury, and, after a further inspection of the map, Daniel decided to make it their headquarters. There were a few traveling Americans and English tourists in the room, and a sprinkling of archaeologists, of all of whom Daniel took note with interest. After lunch, he went himself to fetch his car from the garage, and spent a few minutes in the yard of the hotel and in the smoke-room.

WHEN they started on their afternoon's expedition, he was a little preoccupied. Ann asked no questions. She sat quite still, looking ahead. He pointed out Stonehenge to her, and the two big military camps.

"The local impression," he confided, "is that one or more of the soldiers from that further camp are responsible. They have the reputation in the neighborhood of being rather a tough lot."

"That is of course possible," Ann admitted.

They drove on for a considerable distance. It was an afternoon in late May, and the lassitude of springtime lay upon the far-spreading country. The atmosphere of tragedy was entirely absent. Nevertheless, Ann was conscious of a tremor when her companion brought the car to a standstill behind two others already drawn up by the side of the road, and pointed to a little group of three or four people about a mile away.

"That, I suppose," he said, "is where the young man's body was found."

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his motoring-coat, drew



*Dawson's hostess
in nurse's uniform
hovered near.*

out a pair of field-glasses and scrutinized the little group for a moment. Then he replaced them in his pocket and drove slowly off. About a mile farther on, he halted at some crossroads.

"That is the ditch," he pointed out, "where Richard Bryan, the commercial traveler, and his overturned car were found."

"How do you know these things?" she asked curiously.

"I made inquiries at Amesbury," he told her. "It was very simple to recognize the spot, just short of these crossroads."

HE DESCENDED from the car and strolled on toward the signpost. He examined this for a few moments carefully. The turf around it was disturbed, and the signpost itself had evidently been blown down and replaced.

"If anyone desired," he remarked, "to have a practical joke with travelers, it would be quite easy. See!"

He swung the post round. The way to Bruntingford now—the village through which they had recently passed—was apparently down the lonely track which seemed to lead into the heart of the Plain and nowhere else.

"Quite simple, you see," he went on. "Below, in the dip there, is a house. Any man who was not quite sure of his way would naturally call to inquire there. That, I should imagine, is what Mr. Richard Bryan did, and also, probably, this Mr. Harry Dawson. Unless I am very much mistaken, that house is tenanted by—"

"By whom?" Ann cried.

"By Sir Joseph and Lady Londe!"

She started down toward the spot where the road suddenly fell out of sight.

"Are we going there now?" she asked.

"Not I!" was the gruff reply. "I've had a taste of that lunatic's methods."

"Then what are we going to do?"

Daniel led the way back to the car.

"Drive around a little and think things over," he answered.

"There's plenty of time."

"Don't leave it too long," Ann advised anxiously.

"We'll do something tomorrow," he promised. . . .

During their drive, however, Daniel changed his mind. He called at a local police station of importance and asked to see the chief. He was received by a tall, stiff-looking personage,



C Harry Dawson felt something pushed into his mouth and his screams were choked. His host was standing over him in a long white coat, holding in his hand a short knife.

with a fair mustache and an exceedingly self-assured manner. "What can I do for you, Mr.—er—Rocke?" he asked, glancing at the card.

"Do you remember the outrages at Dredley?" Daniel inquired. "The criminal was supposed to be a famous Australian surgeon—Sir Joseph Londe."

"Quite well," the Inspector acknowledged. "The police down in Surrey weren't very smart."

"You have a chance of atoning for them," Daniel observed. "Sir Joseph Londe and his wife are living at Homans Hall, about fourteen miles away, close to the scene of these two murders. He is probably responsible for them."

The Inspector smiled.

"We have already solved the mystery of those murders, Mr. Rocke," he announced. "I can put my hand on two of the men tomorrow. I am waiting to try and get the third."

"Indeed?" Daniel murmured.

"Soldiers from the barracks," the Inspector went on. "I knew that from the first. Fitting things together wasn't quite so easy,

but we shall be taking the men to Salisbury within the next few days."

"Dear me!" Daniel exclaimed, under his breath.

"As regards the occupants of Homans Hall," the Inspector continued, twirling his mustache, "you are mistaken in this matter also. Their name is Charlton, they come from Tunbridge Wells, the man is an antiquarian and a scholar, and I happen to know that the lady was in Amesbury, looking for servants and shopping, only yesterday. You'll excuse my suggesting, sir, that you should be a little careful before making such statements."

"I do not make them without conviction," Daniel replied. "I was in the Foreign Office for some years, I have been a King's Messenger, I have served in the Secret Service and in the Intelligence Department, and I am now attached to the new department which you may have heard of—Q 20."

The Inspector was unperturbed and unimpressed.

"Quite so," he murmured. "All the same, you have got hold of a mare's-nest this time, Mr. Rocke. You have been chiefly concerned, no doubt, with foreign [Continued on page 152]

The author of Friend Al says the last word on

The Big DROUGHT

By Ring Lardner

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE EDITOR asked me would I write him a few tidbits for this mo. and I says what subject and he says you can pick out your own subject provided it is a new subject which people ain't sick in tired of reading about it. So I thought a long wile and then I says how about Prohibition?

You are a wonder said the editor slapping me on the back till it hurt.

So I will try and tear off a few 100 wds. in regards to different phrases of Prohibition but for the benefit of the majority of my readers who probably have not heard of same, I may as well exclaim the meaning of the verb Prohibition. Well the dictionary says it is the forbidding by law of the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages. Well they was a lot of people in the U. S. that was in flavor of such a forbidding and finely congress passed a law making the country dry and the law went into effect along about the 20 of Jan. 1920 and the night before it went into effect everybody had a big party on acct. of it being the last chance to get boiled. As these wds. is written the party is just beginning to get good.

Now they's a little group of wilful men that keeps hollering that the law ain't no good and please modify it so as to give us light wines and beer but the gen. attitude in regards to this plea as revealed by a personal souse to souse canvas is who and the hell would drink them?

They's another group that squawks because they half to walk sometimes 3 and 4 blocks to get from one buffet to the next whereas in the old days you could visit 5 and 6 saloons without being annoyed by hardily any fresh air. This group has no

doubt got a serious grievance because fresh air is bound to raise havioc with a man sooner or later but the writer can state for the encouragement of New Yorkers at lease that several big reality men is way behind a plan to tear down some of the skyscrapers which don't seem to be doing nobody any good and erect saloons on the site of same so as they will be fewer stretches of wasteland for the wanderer in what I jokingly call Gotham.

Reclaim and irrigate the land is the slocum of these realtors and one of the prime movers in the scheme has paid a fablous sum for a plot which is considered the ideal site for a saloon, namely the corner of 42nd st. and Broadway where the Prohibition enforcement officers ain't libel to notice it. This man's first move after securing a clear title to the property will be the tearing up and carrying away of three hydrants belonging to the fire dept. which the public mind has condemned as producing nothing but water ever since they been there.

THIS NEW saloon when completed will be strictly modern and up-to-date namely it will cater to both sexes as the prop. realizes that from now on we have got to share all our institutions with the feminine gender. They will be a few men's bartenders to mix cocktails, fix up highballs and serve soft drinks and plenty of lady's bartenders to dispense the strong straight stuff like whisky, rum and vodka. In order so as the female clients can keep their mind on their work, they will be no mirror behind the lady's section of the bar.

The free lunch counter will have a special area for the women



“Well, Minnie, you certainly look terrible.” “Well, it ain't like I didn't have no reason. I was out to Ethel's last night and I certainly did get boiled.”



The vintage is always 1911. That will go down in history as the greatest bumper crop we have ever drunk and a person can hardly realize how we done anything in 1911 but stumble over grapes.

folks where the maitre de hotel will be bon bons, French pastry, fruit salad, lettuce sandwiches, luxuro chocolate ice cream cake and sweetbreads.

A good many of my admirers who seems to take a delight in looking on the gloomy side of all subjects has wrote in recently to express their views that the 18th amendment has wroughten nothing but harm. Nothing could be farther towards the truth. Like for inst. look at the beneficial effects on social life. Without bragging I suppose I am invited to as many swell parties as anybody else without no bringing up and I can say without no fear for continuity that the Volstead Act has revolutionized small chitchat in the best homes. In the old days it was a notable function that at big parties the men done all the talking on acct. of the women not having nothing to talk about. The women was known as the silent sex. Now days what Fifth Avenue kitchen can one breeze into without immediately recognizing that the bulk of the badinage is the mouths of mine hostess and her fair ill-wishers? You can't hardly help from walking in on some such repartee like as follows:

"Well, Minnie, you certainly look terrible."

"Well, it ain't like I didn't have no reason. I was out to Ethel's last night and I certainly did get boiled. Sam was threatening to beat me up all the way home. A fat chance, I told him."

"What was you drinking?"

"Me? You know I don't never touch nothing only straight Scotch. And they certainly had some wonderful stuff—two months' old McAllister and only \$80 a case. I got the 'phone number of the man where you get it."

"Oh, tell us!"

BUT THE chief benefits is what is done for the poor working man and in this connection I will relate an incidence which come off this last winter in regards to a man in Cleveland who can't stand the riggles of a northern winter. Well this man had it made up in his mind that he was going to half to spend the entire winter in Cleveland as he could not afford to take a trip south. He was voicing his consternation one night in the oriole room of the Forest Club, one of Cleveland's most exclusive clubs as it is limited to a 100 members of which only two are people and all the rest trees. The other human member happened to be there on this occasion and noticing my friend's plight made the following remark:

"What is the matter, Jerry?" for it was he.

"I was just thinking, Frank," replied Jerry "that I will half

to stay in this climate all winter and probably die from exposure, whereas if I could afford to go south I would probably live another 2 or 3 years."

"Well," replied Frank, "I don't want to encourage you in no such a project as that, but I do think I could give you a suggestion that might prove a eye opener to you."

"What do you mean?" inquired Jerry, flicking a sapling oak off his wrist watch.

"Well," said Frank, "as I understand it, you are a man who can't drink nothing only Stuart Scotch which in our climate costs \$120 a case. Well I understand that you can go to a certain town in Florida and get the same brand of Scotch for \$48 a case. Now the best hotel in this Florida town charges you \$20 a day for a room including meals which of course you won't need anyway. Now \$120 a case is \$10 a bottle, whereas \$48 a case is \$4 a bottle. So if you go to this hotel in Florida and drink six bottles a day instead of the two you drink up here, why you would not only pay your hotel bill but have \$4 a day left over for getting your garments pressed."

It may be recorded that Jerry took this advice in a literal way, stayed in Florida from the 1 of February till the 1 of April and figured out when he got home that the entire trip had not costed him a cent and he was in pretty near as good shape as if he had stayed in Cleveland.

Another benefit which the Act has reeked on our country is in the incidence of the wine growers. In former days every lover of champagne scoffed at the home grown article, because it was so frank and earnest. The label used to say this champagne was brewed from the best selection of grapes plucked from the vineyards surrounding What Cheer, Iowa, the great wine producing center of the south. The vintage was 1917 and the price was \$2 per qt. Now days you buy the same joy water at \$10 and \$20 a bottle but the boys has plastered it with names like Moet and Chandon, Veuve Clicquot and Mumm and etc. and the vintage is always 1911. That will go down in history as the greatest bumper crop we have ever drunk and a person can hardly realize how we done anything in 1911 but stumble over grapes either here or in la belle France.

Now they's a few puny men that is still wailing in regards to another subject namely the habit of highway garages of putting up signs that gasoline today is 22 or 27 cents per gallon. The big kick is that they can't tell how much is a gallon. Will state in behalf of these cases that they's a movement on ft. in many states to compel all garage owners to tell how much their gasoline is per case so a person will know how if they are getting a bargain.

Born for

By
Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by
David Robinson



Her very look silenced him. Never had he suspected such a flame of amazement, hurt and anger could blaze up in those humid eyes.

WHEN on that dreary October afternoon his Aunt Emily brought Steve Steadman the verdict of the Winkler-Heffelbower trial, Steve knew that what would become of Blanche Stormer still hung in the balance.

He had not dared hope Blanche would be absolved. But whichever way the issue went, it would for her remain cruel. Poor, defenseless, solitary girl—by just closing his eyes he could see her. Himself weak and wasted, just out of the grip of that slow and dangerous illness, he fumed at his own uselessness.

Brooding over her story, with nothing yet decided—nothing vital, real, or ultimate—he could see it all from the start with its devilish intricacy weaving itself out of Fate, out of ill circumstance and dim dark forces, as though the stars had, indeed, set themselves against that poor girl who, the town had long said, was “born for trouble.”

IT WAS late August when, as young Steve Steadman sat in his law office one sultry afternoon, he heard a slam of the outer door and then a peremptory knock at his “private” one, and Harvey Heffelbower came striding in.

“Hello,” greeted the visitor. “Well, for all the amount of

work you’re said to get through, seems nobody ever catches you at it!”

Though there were papers on the lawyer’s desk they had been pushed to one side and Steve’s swivel chair was faced toward the drowsy square below and he was just sitting there, looking out and smoking his pipe, with an air of gentle abstraction. He had a good-looking face with quiet, pleasant eyes, and a tall, lanky figure in clothes of a rather baggy tweed—clothes of a kind not common in Blue Mound. Young Steve had gone to college back East and in many ways was considered “different” by the townsfolk. But he was rated an “A-1” lawyer.

He didn’t respond to his caller’s twitting sally—he didn’t like Harvey; but he said pleasantly enough:

“Sit down, Heffelbower. What’s on your mind?”

“Well, there’s plenty on my mind.” Then, bluntly: “I’m thinking about getting a divorce.”

“Ah!”

STEVE looked, with his meditative eyes, at the other. Harvey was good-looking in a blond dandified way that appeals to women more than to men; he had rosy, plump cheeks and soft, full lips—altogether he gave an effect of soft plumpness—and prominent, rather bulging eyes and pomaded, curly hair and a fancy silk handkerchief carefully displayed from his breast pocket. His manner was cocksure, swaggering.

Steve turned his eyes toward the window and in the swimming heat out there seemed to see another face, another figure—a woman’s. She had softly curling black hair, large humid dark eyes and skin dead-white and velvety like the waxen petals of that southern flower of cloying sweetness. Her body was slender, with soft warm curves. Steve’s eyes flickered just a bit; with mysterious and uncomfortable sensations he brought his gaze back to Harvey, the woman’s husband.

“A divorce?” he repeated. “That’s a pretty serious thing, Heffelbower. It requires a pretty serious—cause.”

“Well, you don’t take me for a fool, do you?” And the husband went on: “Al Winkler’s been home three months now—and for three months Blanche’s been dragging my name in the mud. The whole town’s wagging its tongue off.” He repeated: “You don’t take me for a fool, do you?”

Steve didn’t answer at once. Again he seemed to see the soft-eyed, languorous-lidded creature that was Blanche Stormer—Blanche Heffelbower. And seemed to see the darkly handsome, roystering scamp that was Al Winkler. Yes, it was all of three months since Al had returned home—in blossoming May. Three months since the highly respected Winklers had set up their prodigal in that garage—across the street from the post-office . . . Al at first loitering at the delivery window just like many other men, only shooting more daring badinage at the postmaster’s pretty wife and helper. . . . Then Al beginning to stop by at suppertime to pick the Heffelbowers up in his car—Harvey, too, as well as Blanche, at first. . . . And then whispers of Al’s car being seen out on country roads after nightfall with a woman on the front seat beside him—Blanche Stormer!

Those stolen nocturnal rides—Steve could almost visualize them. The woman so fair and enticing, and that hot-blooded, devil-may-care Al Winkler. Racing through the throbbing night, the soft moon above and the world glimmeringly asleep, the dark-boughed trees tipped with silver, the faint scents of nighttime and summer, and all the while the strumming chords awakened in the air by their own swift passing. . . .

Yes, Steve could visualize those rides. And he knew very well the town’s tongue had been wagging—now, at last, gossip

Trouble

Q The precious thing
that was hidden
in the heart of Blanche
and cherished there

had found something to feed on in Blanche Stormer.

And Blanche's husband was asking: "You don't think I'm a fool, do you?"

When Steve spoke, it was in his quiet way. "Divorce requires some concrete cause, Heffelbower. Have you such a cause?"

"Well, I haven't caught her with the goods, if that's what you mean"—with blunt brutality. "But I know pretty well what's going on. The whole town knows—they know Blanche"—more brutally still.

Steve couldn't help thinking, "poor Blanche!" Why on earth had she married this fellow?

Steve tried to make his voice reasoning and equable.

"Look here, Heffelbower, that's not the way for a man to speak of his wife. Unless you have proof you shouldn't pay attention to gossip."

"I don't need gossip. Blanche's no good—the whole town knows that. I was a fool to marry her in the first place. Everybody——"

"See here——" Steve tried to cut in, but Harvey rushed on:

"She sets herself up to look down on *me*! It's been that way a long time now. Oh, she's soft enough in that soft way of hers! But she sets herself up to despise me—I know it. She shudders sometimes when I touch her—me, who *married* her!" Harvey's prominent pale eyes took on an ugly gleam. "And now she takes up with this Winkler fellow—seems to think she can get away with murder. But I'll show her," and those pale eyes gleamed more vindictively. "I'm not going to be made a fool of this way and that way at the same time. I'll divorce her and then she can see where she's at!"

All the enforced equableness in young Steadman vanished.

"If you came for legal advice," he said crisply, "I'd advise you to wait for grounds before you begin talking divorce—grounds that count in court."

"I'll have 'em—you'll see." And rising, with a short laugh, Harvey got up and went out.

STEVE drew a long breath. So! The mean streak in Blanche Stormer's husband was bent on mischief, on despicable revenge; how he loathed the fat-faced pup—her husband. Again there floated before him a pale face with great dark eyes and a frame of soft black hair; and, seeing, he thought of a line he had once somewhere read—"waiting the peril of Eve——"

Impatiently he brushed his hand across his eyes, stared down at the street. He hated Blanche Stormer, too—hated the extraordinary and frightening sensations she roused in him. From boyhood, since before he went away to college, he had avoided her—afraid of the secret and detested fascination she had for him.

As he stared he saw a car swing recklessly round a corner of the square—Al Winkler's car, a low, rakish affair he had built himself, constructed of odds and ends but fleet as the wind, a devil's contraption. Al, there at the steering wheel, was a buccaneer in grease-plastered denim. His body showed lean and strong and wiry, his black thatch of hair flared up crisply in the wind, his bold eyes shone vividly out of his dark face.

He saw Steve up at the second story window and genially waved a hand. Almost everybody liked Al, despite his quick temper and rash tongue and unruly, lawless ways. But Steve, as he waved back felt a wave of revulsion, hostility, against that genial scamp.

Then he caught himself up, straightened in his chair, reached for some papers. How did it affect him one way or another, the mess these people were getting themselves into?



Q Not till later did Steve think of the oddness of her manner.
He was much too full of embarrassment to think of anything.

Why, no concern of his at all. Naturally not. He, Steve Steadman, was a settled, substantial citizen. And he was engaged to Miriam. Miriam West was a fine, well reared girl. Generous, too; she had been exceptionally kind to Blanche Stormer this summer—uncomfortably he wondered whether he ought to warn her against going so often to Blanche's.

He decided to stop by Miriam's on his way home from the office. The Wests lived in one of the most imposing houses in Blue Mound—her father was a banker; they were well bred, respected people. The aspect of the dwelling seemed to calm somewhat the furtive uneasiness within him; and Miriam, so pretty in that cool, assured, smart way of hers, would be a reinforcement too.

But Miriam had gone out in her roadster. Mrs. West was sure she'd be home any minute—wouldn't Steve wait? Yes; but because there were a lot of women on the veranda—a Missionary Society or something—he made an excuse to get into the library.

But he didn't escape the babble. Through the open windows it penetrated, high-pitched with mounting eagerness.

"Oh, yes, she's pretty, and sweet enough in her ways"—that was Miss Delphia Lay talking, one of the town's most estimable

spinsters—"but she's *too* sweet, too soft. And that figure of hers!"

"I think Blanche has a real lovely figure." This was from his Aunt Emily, bless her heart. Aunt Emily, who had mothered him from his orphaned childhood, was the soul of charity always.

"She seems to bring out the worst in men," commented someone; and someone else said:

"I sort of wonder, Mrs. West, that you let Miriam go over there so much. Of course it couldn't hurt Miriam, being what *she* is, yet I'd think it'd sort of worry you."

"I do worry," Mrs. West admitted. "But Miriam's headstrong in some ways. She insists it's a shame the way Blanche is treated—like an outsider."

"Now that's fine of Miriam," Aunt Emily again. "And she's right; Blanche wants women friends—always has. It's downright pitiful the way she tries to be neighborly. She's always running in with a fresh pie or something after she's been baking—she can bake, too!"

"Maybe that's because you've got a nephew."

"Nonsense!" rather sharply. "Steve's one man in this town who's never looked at Blanche—except in politeness."

The eavesdropper's ears began to burn; but his aunt, more mildly, was continuing: "No, Blanche's really real domestic. She simply adores babies—you all know she's dropped her own work more than once to tend neighbor children when there was sickness."

"Pity she hasn't got any of her own!"

"And if she's so domestic why does she stay in the post-office, carrying on with the men?"

"As for the carryings-on," said Aunt Emily, "it always seemed to me that was the men's fault more than hers."

"She's been pretty careful, yes, but there was always something queer just the same. Something off color in her make-up."

"Well, Blanche's certainly inherited the off streak."

"Yes, if ever a girl was naturally born for trouble it's Blanche Stormer."

"She'll be finding it all right if she doesn't watch her step with Al Winkler!"

STEVE, unwillingly listening, could have told them Blanche's trouble was already gathering.

It was late when Miriam came home—nearly seven, the women dispersed and Mr. West home and waiting with Steve in the library. The father, slightly pompous but an indulgent parent, scolded a little at her tardiness.

"Oh! I went for a ride in the country—went farther than I realized."

"I don't like this late habit of yours—it's too hot for long rides in the sun," he chided. "You ought to save your riding for evening—eh, Steve?" with quizzing good humor.

Miriam answered.

"Oh, Steve's always too tired, or got a headache or something! And coughs in the night air—we'll be having to send him to Colorado!"

Steve didn't tell her that a Macon City specialist had advised this very trip several weeks before. He loathed physical weakness, especially in himself—tried not to think of his health. Miriam was proceeding:

"Steve wants to play cards with you and mother, or to sit on the front porch. We might as well have been married a dozen years."

There was a note of impatience in her pretty voice, high-pitched but carefully inflected. It was a Middle-Western voice, yet different from most intonations heard in Blue Mound. In appearance, too, Miriam was different—superior. She was a tall, very slim girl of the ash-blond type—regular features, a rather imperious mouth, cool blue eyes, fair hair fastidiously coiffed. She wore her clothes fastidiously also, even sport clothes such as she was now dressed in.

The town was proud of Miriam West.

Steve said, apologetically: "I'm sorry, Miriam. I've felt let down lately—the heat, I suppose. I'd like to go for a ride tonight if you wish."

"No, I've had my ride—am tired myself now." She wandered restlessly round the room, fiddled with some objects on the table. "This poky little town," she complained; "nothing to do—and if you'd ever try doing something, well, then watch out for the gossips! I hate little towns. Nothing to do but peer and listen and gossip!"

Steve thought: "She's thinking of poor Blanche Stormer."

She's indignant, and sympathetic! that's why she's so irritable. I'll tell her what Harvey's up to, later."

Out on the porch after dinner Mr. and Mrs. West, thoughtful of the lovers, made an excuse early to go indoors. And Steve, oddly reluctant, took the opportunity to broach the subject of his secret and disturbing preoccupation.

"Overheard the women on the porch out here this afternoon," he began. "They were on their pet topic—Blanche Stormer."

"Were they?" She didn't turn her head.

He was surprised at her indifference. "Why, yes." He made himself persist: "And speaking of gossip, the womenfolks certainly don't leave Blanche a leg to stand on."

"Well, I doubt if she's got one to stand on." Miriam's tone was cold. "I've tried to be nice to Blanche—but what's the use? She'll go her own way." Miriam shrugged. "What men see in her I can't make out—she hasn't a brain in the world. But that kind of girl—I happen to know she's made a date with Al for tonight. I'm about through with Blanche."

THERE was actual hostility in her manner. Steve couldn't rightfully censure her attitude—Miriam was a carefully reared girl, and self-respecting.

But he decided not to unbosom himself regarding Blanche's precarious situation.

He reached for his sweetheart's hand to warm her coldness—perhaps to assuage that something uneasy and unsatisfied within himself. But Miriam was aloof, unresponsive.

Steve went home early. He didn't sleep well.

The next morning he did an unprecedented and unpremeditated thing.

He had to return home in the mid-forenoon for a forgotten brief case. He must pass the Hefelbower cottage, and caught a glimpse of Blanche on her back porch—she sometimes remained home from the post-office mornings. And a quick impulsive thought came to him that he might go in—talk to her. He scarcely knew whether his motive was born of pity, a desire to warn, or of those thoughts and imaginings so long concealed and so ignobly tormenting—a craving to ascertain for himself just how the land lay in this matter.

Hardly taking time to think, just obeying that rash impulse, he went swiftly up the walk and rang the bell and stood waiting, uncertain.

Blanche herself answered the ring; she kept no maid.

And at the first sight of her, whom he didn't respect, he felt a tingling tide, an agitation he had never experienced with Miriam, whom he respected so much.

Blanche gave a startled exclamation:

"Oh!" she said. For a moment she just stood looking at him.

Perhaps, as he gazed back, Steve could have answered Miriam's querulous question as to what men saw in Blanche Stormer, though she "hadn't a brain in the world." And it wasn't entirely because she was so pretty, either—so pretty in that too sweet, too soft way condemned by Miss Delphia.

For a second they stared at each other, she with that startled look and he trying to find his bearings. She spoke first, to invite him in.

IN THE little front room he glanced round curiously; he had never before been inside the Hefelbower cottage. Though cheaply furnished everything was scrupulously neat, and little touches showed a striving for beauty—spotless muslin curtains were looped back, and a bowl of freshly cut flowers stood on the table. A pleasant spicy odor wafted in from somewhere back.

"If you'll excuse me a minute," Blanche said, "I must run out to the kitchen." She had a low, soft voice, not cultivated like Miriam's, but singularly seductive. "I have some gingerbread in the oven."

And he heard himself saying, "Let me go, too—we can watch it while we talk." He had a sudden desire to see Blanche in her kitchen.

She seemed a little surprised, but led the way back. Never, surely, was there such a gleaming kitchen. And before the oven knelt Blanche, morning-bright and warmly moist. He looked down at the little curls damply caressing her neck.

"It's coming out fine," she announced as she drew out the pan, smoking hot. "I think I'll give your Aunt Emily some—maybe you'll have it for your supper."

"I'd rather have some now—if I might."

"Of course! Do you really want some?" She seemed pleased.



C In the hot consuming anger of outraged love Steve clutched Miriam's arm. "Who are you?" she cried in fright. When he told her he could hear defiance through her fear as she gasped: "I suppose you want an explanation."

Blanche always responded to friendly advances as simply and eagerly as a flower turns toward the warming sun.

She cut him a generous slice. Handing him the plate, her hand brushed his hand; he hated his own for trembling—a witch's power in her mere touch! But he didn't want to think along that line. He said, trying for casualness:

"You like cooking and things like that, don't you?"

"I simply love to cook; to make tasty things and see people relish them," she answered.

"Too bad you must be so much downtown," he couldn't help saying. "Do you enjoy the post-office work?"

"Oh, yes! At first I didn't, but there's so many people coming and going—it keeps you from getting lonesome."

So she got lonesome!

He stood munching his cake. Now that he was here, in her house—in her kitchen!—he felt a growing sense of awkwardness, constraint. What was he going to say to her? He fancied there was questioning in her eyes. He could see now that those soft dark orbs were too brilliant, strained, and violet shadows showed underneath; she had been losing sleep, worrying—and he felt a curious sensation at once protective and hostile. She pretended to fuss over the cake on the table; her movements were jerky, her glances indirect—she too seemed nervous. Queer; self-conscious embarrassment wasn't in line with Blanche Stormer.

"Well, hadn't we better go in the front room?" and she turned toward the door.

"Yes. No—let's talk here."

Then she faced him full.

"What is it you want to talk about? Why have you come here?"

"Why—I hardly know how to put it." He shifted his weight unhappily. "Maybe I'll seem just a meddler to you, and offensive," he stammered. "But I've known you since we were children, Blanche—I've none but friendly motives—"

"What do you want to say? Why don't you say it?"

"Well, your best friends are worrying about you," he blurted out then. "My aunt's worried—she's very fond of you. You ought to know, Blanche, of the dangerous ground you're on. You ought—"

He halted; her very look silenced him. Never had he suspected such a flame of amazement, hurt and anger could blaze up in those humid eyes. She made a quick step forward.

"You're meaning the talk about Al Winkler and me?" bluntly.

"Yes, that's why I came—in part. I—"

"Well, you have your nerve! For you to come here—you!"

Not till later did he think of the oddness of that emphasis. He was too full of embarrassment.

"If your aunt's so worried," she went on hotly, "why didn't she come?"

WHY, indeed? Why hadn't he confided in Aunt Emily, sent her instead? But he knew the reason: something in him shrank from any intimate discussion of Blanche Stormer, even with one so close to him and so sweet-hearted as Aunt Emily.

Steve found his tongue at last.

"Blanche, I know I must seem a cad to you. I don't want to seem a cad. But—I hardly know how to express it. If your husband should turn jealous—if he should—"

She looked at him quickly.

"Has Harvey been to see you?" Then, before he could speak: "No, don't answer that. You couldn't very well, and anyway I wouldn't want to talk about it."

There was another little pause. Steve thought of a dozen things to say and didn't voice any of them. Blanche, standing with downcast eyes, was the first to speak.

"Maybe I shouldn't be seeing so much of Al"—slowly, meek and submissive again; that unwonted quick fire seemed to have died as quickly out. "But there have been so many things—some that I couldn't tell you about." She glanced up fleetingly, and then, swiftly down again. "Maybe I shouldn't go out in the car. Maybe—but I love auto-riding. And Harvey's away so much evenings—"

All he could find to answer was:

"Yes, riding at night is very agreeable." Then, hunting for reluctant words: "But Al Winkler, he's impetuous, you know, hot-headed and reckless; is he the kind of man for a woman to go with—on such rides?"

She looked at him oddly. Afterwards he remembered that strange look which for a moment lingered in her eyes. Then her expression changed. She flared up a little again.

"For all you can say against Al, he's out-and-out! He never wants to play the sneak—if he had his way he'd be out with

everything!" Steve wondered just what she meant by that, but she was rushing on: "He doesn't hang up a curtain in front of himself, pretending to be one thing in front of it and being something else behind. Some men—but whatever Al is he is—that's why I like him!"

"Then you do like him," said Steve. And as he spoke he realized he had received the answer he had really come to ascertain.

"Of course I like him"—not brazenly, but straight enough. Straightforward simplicity was characteristic of her—no meanness or guile, at any rate, in her make-up. Yet she had the air of forcing her eyes to meet his. "I like Al, and he likes me."

SHE HESITATED. Then: "A lot of men have seemed to like me; I wish—" Her eyes were pathetic somehow, as if struggling to convey some message her tongue could not. "Men are all right, of course, but—"

"Why, don't you like men?" he couldn't forbear asking.

"Oh yes, of course! But sometimes I think it would be nice to live, if you could, just in a world of nice friendly women, and children. Men some way make a lot of bother—don't you think so?"

He could have told her, looking at her then, that men would always like to bother her; but a rush of pity was his paramount emotion. He moved swiftly forward, bent solely on comfort, but his impulsive approach brought something like fright to her eyes; and a quick, brushing gesture arrested him.

"Let's not talk about it any more," she said. "We've talked too much already. I know you meant it in kindness—coming here—"

"Oh, I did—I do!" earnestly.

"I'm sure of that, and I'm grateful." She was looking at him squarely again. "And Miriam's so kind to me, too—I couldn't begin to tell you how I appreciate Miriam."

Miriam! He had all but forgotten Miriam. Dismay added itself to the pity, humility and all the other emotions conflicting within him. Blanche was proceeding:

"Miriam's always been a sort of ideal of mine. When we were little girls—well it seemed to me she was everything a girl would most like to be. And then after she came home from college—well, she was simply wonderful."

"Yes, Miriam's a wonderful girl," he repeated inanely.

"You must love her very, very much"—softly.

"Of course."

"I hope you'll be happy together, so very happy—of course you will be."

"I'll try my best to make her happy."

"And you love her so much," Blanche went on. "I'll pray for your happiness together. I'd do anything—anything I could—"

Her soft voice seemed to grow more soft and warm. Steve could have smiled, almost, at the very pathos of her ever being able to do anything for Miriam West.

And as he went on his belated way home for his brief case, pity was still the paramount sensation in his queer, seething jumble of emotions.

It was this pity that brought his decision to mention his morning visit to Aunt Emily and the mentionable occasion for it. Aunt Emily was concerned to hear about Harvey's threat, but her perturbations included an angle for her nephew.

"Oh, I wouldn't have gone there, Steve! You might get mixed in the mess—that would be dreadful."

"Why, nothing could happen to me"—forcing himself to meet her eyes very straight. "Nothing in comparison with what that poor girl may have to go through. She ought to be on guard."

AUNT EMILY nodded. "She is a poor girl—the odds always against her somehow. That husband of hers! And if only she'd had children—It's queer how she can handle babies—better than their own mothers. No woman can be *all* bad when children take to her like that."

She let her knitting fall in her lap.

"Well, anyway, I think I'll run over there tomorrow or next day. Maybe Blanche will let me talk to her a little."

But by the next day things had begun to happen, and by the next Blanche's tragedy was upon her.

That night Harvey Heffelbower accosted Al Winkler in Bachman's pool room.

Steve didn't see the encounter, only got the news by hearsay next morning, but there was quite a crowd there to see it. Harvey, as usual, after supper was showing off his skill at one of the



Q It required nearly all the spectators to drag Al Winkler and Harvey Heffelbower apart once Al had got his hands on his enemy's windpipe.

pool tables, when Al entered. Al, despite his type, was not a habitu —this summer he had been otherwise diverted. Even this evening he seemed not to have come for entertainment, for he made his way to the side counter.

Al ordered something to eat without noticing particularly who was there. And as he sat there at the counter, munching his sandwich, Harvey Heffelbower, glancing up from his game, saw him. All of a sudden, yet so easy-mannered as to rob his movement of abruptness, he walked over to the counter.

"HELLO, AL," he greeted suavely, but with a wicked sort of leer in his eye. "Funny to see you here."

"What's so damned funny about it?" retorted Al, ugly-toned but still munching his sandwich.

"Well, I'd think you'd be out riding—that's what you like to do evenings—ain't it?" And the leer crept out over his face, slick and insinuating, yet tinged over with threat.

Al didn't reply, but those who were looking on said his face

went livid with anger, his eyes blazing out like live coals of fire, and that his hands were clenched till the knuckles went white.

Then suddenly Harvey threw off his suavity like a coat. He stepped up close to the seated man.

"See here, fellow!" his voice high-pitched and choppy with passion. "You may think you can play me for a sucker. But I ain't blind. I'm warning you. Just let me catch——"

He got no further. With a snarl Al was off his stool and his brawny mechanic's hands were on the other man's soft windpipe.

It required nearly all the spectators to part the two men. About half of them had to sit on Al Winkler, while another group got Harvey safely out of the pool hall.

Next day the whole town knew that Blanche's husband had accosted Al Winkler. What would happen next?

And that was what Steve began to wonder, acutely, as soon as he heard the news. He burned to go to the post-office—at least to see, with his own eyes, whatever might be seen there—but strangely shrank from going.

At noontime he made himself go over [Continued on page 130]



1. The peasants are making vodka and it is impossible to use repressive measures on every house.

1. In Russia, booze-advocates are called counter-revolutionists.

2. One-fourth of the court cases in Moscow are against bootleggers

RUSSIA'S

By Anna Louise Strong

HAS Russia gone back to vodka? The rumors fly this way and that way. You hear them in the cafés of Moscow. On January first, they say, the State Monopoly opens and vodka becomes legal. "There is a secret mobilization of empty bottles and corks, so that the State can get them cheap and undersell all competitors!"

Rumors and whispers like this leak out to the world. Sometimes in very official guise, such as a decree about the State wine trust or a license to make cherry liquor. And questions are constantly arising in Moscow, from temperance organizations all over the world, who want to know the facts.

"Has Russia gone back to vodka?" I asked Semashko, the People's Commissar of Health. He is the Pussyfoot Johnson of Russia, the man who runs the anti-booze propaganda. He does it as an official of the government which has pronounced against booze.

"Certainly not," he told me. "We shall never go back to vodka. What is more, we shall go forward, as soon as we are financially able, and forbid even the wines that are now allowed."

"Has Russia gone back to vodka?" I asked a jovial American, who had been doing the cafés of Moscow in late December.

"Gone back," he laughed. "You can buy it in every café."

"But is it legal?" I persisted.

"Not so you could notice it," he said. "A billion rubles was the fine he paid—the restaurant owner who runs the joint where I got mine last week. They raided his place; I go somewhere else now."

"You've got to hand it to these Moscow police," he went on. "They do a neat little job. We were sitting in a private room

and we told the waiter to bring it along and make it plenty 'krupki' (strong). He made it krupki, all right, so that we had to sip it. And there we were with the stuff on the table when bang, goes the door, and in comes a hand and grabs our glasses off the table and pours the stuff into a big bottle."

"What did they do to you?" I asked.

"To us? Nothing. Just took our names from our passports and jotted them down. It was the restaurant man that got it. He had to pay a billion rubles."

"They are edging up on it all right. It has to be done on the blind, as we used to in Kansas years ago. The waiters now protect themselves by bringing it hidden in a napkin and stand holding the door while you drink it."

There you have the different sides of the question, which are, after all, not contradictory. For Russia is in a state of struggle with the booze question, a struggle which sprang almost full grown into existence in the last two months of 1922.

Before the war, in the Russia of the tsar, vodka was a state monopoly and brought in a large part of the state budget. The peasants bought it in the little state shops, and then, going outside, struck the tops off the bottle and drank it.

But when the war came, with its vast increase in expenses, met chiefly by loans from the Entente, the proportion borne by vodka was not so important, while the demoralizing effect of the drink became still more noticeable. As a war measure the tsar abolished vodka, but allowed the finer grades of alcohol which were consumed by the richer sections of society.

Everyone knows how the Revolution smashed the wine-cellars of the tsar, and poured the wine into the gutters. It is



C. Trials of bootleggers in Russia are interesting affairs. The prisoner pleads guilty but he makes the excuse of extreme poverty which is a recognized plea in the courts of that country.

WAR on BOOZE

not so well-known, perhaps, that this act was not a mere protest against wine, but an act of desperate self-defense, in order to preserve discipline in Petrograd.

"We should have preferred to save the wine and sell it abroad," said Trotsky to me, "for it was valuable stuff. But it was a definite policy of the counter-revolution to try to create disorder and anarchy and wreck the discipline which we were seeking to establish. That kind of thing is dangerous in a revolution. It starts with the dregs of the population, but it draws in next the less stable of the workers, until a whole population is corrupted."

With peace came relaxation of tension. Vodka and all strong liquors over twenty percent alcohol content were still prohibited, and the scarcity of grain through famine acted also as an automatic prohibition. But wines were allowed; they were manufactured by a state trust.

Then suddenly last fall, a reasonable harvest, with the increase of grain in the villages and of money in the cities, let loose an epidemic of bootlegging and moonshining.

I talked with Semashko about it. No one could have looked less like a violent propagandist on any subject. A little short medical man, with a ruddy beard, he received me in his large well-lighted office in the Health-Commissariat, in that central section of Moscow which is reserved for government buildings. He never raised his voice; he put no passion and hardly any emphasis into his remarks.

"In our campaign against booze," he said, "health is our only aim. Alcohol is bad in any form. In some forms it is worse than others. We can't do everything at once, so we start with the worst forms.

"If we have a typhus epidemic, and insufficient doctors, we don't bother to invent new quarantines for measles. So

we are not bothering with wine and beer yet, because our worst enemy is samagonka, this vile, illicit drink that is being made so widely now in Russia.

"Wine is not a workers' or peasants' drink; it is too expensive. It makes a show in the cafés of Moscow and it brings in money to the government. But only the profiteers and rich can buy it. It is not undermining the health of the masses of the people. So it is not so dangerous as samagonka. But wine also must be stopped eventually. As soon as we can afford the means for handling it. One thing at a time."

So the fight just now is with samagonka. You hear little in Russia of general questions of total abstinence, or booze as a moral problem. But all the papers are full, even in the front pages, with "The War on Samagonka."

In the month of December there were 2,412 police raids in Moscow, of which 1,175 were successful. In the first ten days of January, the police carried out a special ten-day campaign, concentrating on booze. They made 1,846 raids in those ten days, three-fourths as many as in the whole month of December; and found evidence in 782 cases.

Strong and picturesque and definite are the letters of complaint that come in from workers all over Russia to help on the fight. "Smolensk is an ocean of Samagonka," writes one. "They are even using their coöperatives to buy extra-size kettles. The village named 'Good Inn' has apparatus to distil a ton at one time and is supplying booze over the border to the provinces of Gomel and Briansk. There are cases of police protecting it."

Another writes with stinging irony from Rostov in the far southeast of Russia: "There is a Chemical Drug Trust here with a factory named Veritas which manufactures a good and gladly drunk eau-de-cologne! But this method is not of great significance. Eau-de-cologne after all is a drink for intellectuals!"



☛ *The general police are charged with enforcing Russia's dry law—a task that keeps them busy.*

We are chiefly interested in what is used to poison the peasant and worker. That is bootleg. It spreads solely through negligence."

They carry on the fight in Russia by giving names in the papers. These names frequently lead to arrests.

Trials of bootleggers are interesting affairs, especially now that the feeling of the public is aroused on the subject. Here is a typical case: Two women sit in the tribunal of judges who hear the evidence—that is something new since the revolution. The bootleggers plead guilty; they were caught with the goods. But they make the excuse of extreme poverty.

THIS is a recognized plea in the courts of Russia. If you can prove that you have committed a fault under pressure of dire need, you can hope for more mercy than if you have done it for profit. But the working-women in the audience show scant mercy to the bootleggers.

"The valuable thing," writes a correspondent to the Pravda, "is that the campaign is developing from the depths of the factories and mills. From here start the protests and the plans, from here it goes into the soviets and the press. The workers understand what drunkenness means at present and are raising the alarm. This is our greatest guarantee that the struggle will be successful. But this is not enough; we must have drastic action by the state apparatus."

Last summer, when bootlegging was first beginning to be noticeable, a professor named Oserof published a long article in favor of a return to the state monopoly of vodka, or even to private trade in liquor under high taxation. He used the arguments familiar in all countries among advocates of booze, and a few drawn from the bankrupt condition of Russia.

"You have booze already illegally," he said. "Why not legalize it, control it and make money from it." He pointed out that the government of the tsar in 1912 made over 300 million dollars net profit from vodka, and that Russia is in dire need of money to stop the fall of her ruble, to start her ruined industries and even for the cause of education against alcohol. He spread alluring prospects of what could be done in the state budget with the money from vodka.

Promptly the official organ of the Communist party, Pravda,

retorted in a hot article entitled, "This Shall not Pass." They called Oserof a counter-revolutionist. They called attention to the fact that he had opposed the "drunken budget" formerly under the tsar; he was advocating it now, they said, in order to ruin the workers' and peasants' Russia.

"Now after our long strain of war and famine, when national health is at a low ebb, legalized alcohol would be infinitely more dangerous than it was before," they declared. "He proposes to get rid of the bankruptcy in our budget. But he would drive that bankruptcy into the bodies and minds and souls of our people. The party cannot overlook such suggestions even in the conversational stage. We understand what you have in view. We have made many concessions because of our poverty, but such concessions as the surrender of our national soberness you will not get. *This shall not pass.*"

The position of the government is clear. But how is it to be enforced? That is more difficult. There are no special dry squads. In the pressure of many other emergencies, booze has not been isolated as a special problem. Until the past winter it has not seemed to demand special attention.

The Health Commissariat was in charge of propaganda and organizing public sentiment against booze. Its health centers, scattered all over Russia and only a few miles apart, were also charged with notification of cases to the proper authorities. But the Health Commissariat has been fighting for four years the greatest epidemic known since the Middle Ages, the plagues of typhus and cholera against which it had no medical supplies and insufficient doctors.

The army has its own organization for fighting booze, under its "Political Department" which handles all questions of education and recreation and general cultural development of the soldiers. The general police are charged with enforcing the law among the civilian population, and the State Political Department in its investigations into smuggling and graft and spying, is also supposed to unearth booze.

But the bootlegging wave this past winter made evident the need for more organized action. This is taking place now in a temporary way in the special raids by the police. One-fourth of all court cases in Moscow are bootlegging cases. More correlated action may be expected as general organization improves in Russia.

[Continued on page 154]

Q In this Promised Land of Human Desire there was no knowledge of which Earth had not the Germ, no power that Earthlings might not use.

Q The ending of Mr. Wells's Utopian novel gives a great glimpse of wonders which are human and possible after all

Men Like GODS

By H. G. Wells

TOO SOON the morning came when Mr. Barnstaple was to look his last upon the fair hills of Utopia and face the great experiment to which he had given himself. He had been loth to sleep and he had slept little that night, and in the early dawn he was abroad, wearing for the last time the sandals and the light, white robe that had become his Utopian costume. Presently he would have to struggle into his socks and boots and trousers and collar; the strangest gear. It would choke him, he felt, and he stretched his bare arms to the sky and yawned and breathed his lungs full. The valley below drowsed still beneath a coverlet of fleecy mists; he turned his face uphill, the sooner to meet the sun.

Never before had he been out among the Utopian flowers at such an early hour; it was amusing to see how some of the great trumpets still drooped asleep and how many of the larger blossoms were furled and hung. Many of the leaves too were wrapped up, as limp as new-hatched moths. The gossamer spiders had been busy and everything was very wet with dew. A great tiger came upon him suddenly out of a side path and stared hard at him for some moments with round yellow eyes. Perhaps it was trying to remember the forgotten instincts of its breed.

Some way up the road he passed under a vermillion archway and went up a flight of stone stairs that promised to bring him earlier to the crest.

A number of friendly little birds very gaily colored flew about him for a time and one perched impudently upon his shoulder, but when he put up his hand to caress it, it evaded him and flew away. He was still ascending the staircase when the sun rose. It was as if the hillside slipped off a veil of gray and blue and bared the golden beauty of its body.

Mr. Barnstaple came to a landing place upon the staircase and stopped and stood still watching the sunrise search and quicken the brooding deeps of the valley below.

Very far away, like a swift arrow shot from east to west, appeared a line of dazzling brightness on the sea.

"ETERNITY," he murmured. "Beauty. All the works of men—in perfect harmony—expressing minds brought to harmony. . . ."

According to his journalistic habit he tried over other phrases. "An energetic peace . . . confusions dispersed. . . . This crystalline world of spirits—crystal clear. . . ."

What was the use of words?

For a time he stood quite still listening, for from some slope above a lark had gone heavenward, a fountain jet spraying sweet notes. He tried to see that little speck of song and was blinded by the deepening blue of the sky.

Presently the lark came down and ceased. Utopia was silent, except for a burst of childish laughter somewhere on the hillside below.

It dawned upon Mr. Barnstaple how peaceful was the Utopian air in comparison with the tormented atmosphere of Earth. Here

was no yelping and howling of tired irritated dogs, no braying, bellowing, squealing or distressful outcries of uneasy beasts, no farmyard clamor, no shouts of anger, no barking and coughing, no sounds of hammering, beating, sawing, grinding, mechanical hooting, whistling, screaming and the like, no clattering of distant trains, clanking of automobiles or other ill-contrived mechanisms; the tiresome and ugly noises of many an unpleasant creature were heard no more. In Utopia the ear like the eye was at peace. The air which had once been a mud of felted noises was now—a purified silence. Such sounds as one heard lay upon it like beautiful printing on a generous sheet of fine paper.

His eyes returned to the landscape below as the last fleecy vestige of mist dissolved away. Water tanks, roads, bridges, buildings, embankments, colonnades, groves, gardens, channels, cascades and fountains grew multitudinously clear, framed under a branch of dark foliage from a white-stemmed tree that gripped a hold among the rocks at his side.

"THREE thousand years ago this was a world like ours. . . . Think of it—in a hundred generations. . . . In three thousand years we might make our poor waste of an Earth, jungle and desert, slag-heap and slum, into another such heaven of beauty and power. . . ."

"Worlds they are—similar but not the same. . . ."

"If I could tell them what I have seen! . . ."

"Suppose all men could have this vision of Utopia. . . ."

"They would not believe it if I told them. No. . . . They would bray like asses at me and bark like dogs! They will have no world but their own world. It hurts them to think of any world but their own. Nothing can be done that has not been done already. To think otherwise would be humiliation. . . . Death, torture, futility—anything but humiliation! So they must sit among their weeds and excrement, scratching and nodding sagely at one another, hoping for a good dog-fight and to gloat on pain and effort they do not share, sure that mankind stank, stinks and must always stink, that stinking is very pleasant indeed, and that there is nothing new under the sun. . . ."

His thoughts were diverted by two young girls who came running one after the other up the staircase. One was dark even to duskiness and her hands were full of blue flowers; the other who pursued her, was a year or so younger and golden fair. They were full of the limitless excitement of young animals at play. The former one was so intent upon the other that she discovered Mr. Barnstaple with a squeak of surprise after she had got to his landing. She stared at him with a quick glance of inquiry, flashed into impudent roguery, flung two blue flowers in his face and was off up the steps above. Her companion, intent on capture, flew by. They flickered up the staircase like two butterflies of buff and pink; halted far above and came together for a momentary consultation about the stranger, waved hands to him and vanished.

Mr. Barnstaple returned their greeting and remained cheered.

The viewpoint to which Lychnis had directed Mr. Barnstaple stood out on the ridge between the great valley in which he had spent the last few days and a wild and steep glen down which ran a torrent that was destined after some hundred miles of windings to reach the river of the great valley. The viewpoint was on the crest of a craig, it had been built out upon great brackets so that it hung sheer over a bend in the torrent below; on the one hand was mountainous scenery and a rich and picturesque jumble of green vegetation in the depths, on the other spread the broad garden spaces of a perfected landscape. For a time Mr. Barnstaple scrutinized this glen into which he looked for the first time. Five hundred feet or so below him, so that he felt that he could have dropped a pebble upon its outstretched wings, a bustard was soaring.

MANY OF the trees below he thought must be fruit trees, but they were too far off to see distinctly. Here and there he could distinguish a footpath winding up among the trees and rocks, and among the green masses were little pavilions in which he knew the wayfarer might rest and make tea for himself and find biscuits and such like refreshments and possibly a couch and a book. The whole world, he knew, was full of such summer-houses and kindly shelter. . . .

After a time he went back to the side of this view place up which he had come, and regarded the great valley that went out toward the sea. The word Pishgah floated through his mind. For indeed below him was the Promised Land of human desires. Here at last, established and secure, were peace, power, health, happy activity, length of days and beauty. All that we seek was found here and every dream was realized.

How long would it be yet—how many centuries or thousands of years—before a man would be able to stand upon some high place on earth and see mankind triumphant and wholly and forever at peace? . . .

He folded his arms under him upon the parapet and mused profoundly.

There was no knowledge in this Utopia of which Earth had not the germs, there was no power used here that Earthlings might not use. Here but for ignorance and darkness and the spite and malice they permit, was Earth today. . . .

Toward such a world as this Utopia Mr. Barnstaple had been striving weakly all his life. If the experiment before him succeeded, if presently he found himself alive again on Earth, it would still be toward Utopia that his life would be directed. And he would not be alone. On Earth there must be thousands, tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, who were also struggling in their minds and acts to find a way of escape for themselves and for their children from the disorders and indignities of the Age of Confusion. Hundreds of thousands who wanted to put an end to wars and waste, to heal and educate and restore, to set up the banner of Utopia over the shams and divisions that waste mankind.

"Yes, but we fail," said Mr. Barnstaple and walked fretfully to and fro. "Tens and hundreds of thousands of men and women! And we achieve so little! Perhaps every young man and every young woman had had some dream at least of serving and bettering the world. And we are scattered and wasted and the old things and the foul things, customs, delusions, habits, tolerated treasons, base immediacies, triumph over us!"

He went to the parapet again and stood with his foot on a seat, his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand, staring at the loveliness of this world he was to leave so soon. . . .

"We could do it."

AND SUDDENLY it was borne in upon Mr. Barnstaple that he belonged now soul and body to the Revolution, to the Great Revolution that is afoot on Earth now; that marches and will never desist nor rest again until old Earth is one city and Utopia set up therein. He knew clearly now that the Revolution is life, and that all other living is a trafficking of life and death. And as this crystallized out in his mind he knew instantly that so presently it would crystallize out in the minds of countless others of those hundreds of thousands of men and women on Earth whose minds are set toward Utopia.

He stood up. He began walking to and fro. "We shall do it," he said again.

Earthly thought was only awakening as yet to the task and possibilities before mankind. All human history so far had been no more than the stirring of a sleeper, a gathering discontent, a rebellion against the limitations set upon life, the

unintelligent protest of thwarted imaginations. All the conflict and the insurrections and revolutions that had ever been on Earth were but indistinct preludes of the revolution that has still to come. When he had started out upon this fantastic holiday Mr. Barnstaple realized he had been in a mood of depression; earthly affairs had seemed utterly confused and hopeless to him; but now from the viewpoint of Utopia achieved and with his health renewed, he could see plainly enough how steadily men on earth were feeling their way now from failure to failure toward the opening drive of the final revolution, the Great Revolution. He could see how men in his own lifetime had been struggling out of such entanglements as the lie of monarchy, the lies of dogmatic religion and dogmatic morality toward public self-respect and clearness of mind and body. They struggled now also toward international charity and the liberation of their common economic life from a network of pretenses, dishonesties and impostures. There is confusion in all struggles; retractions and defects; but the whole effect seen from the calm heights of Utopia, was one of steadfast advance. . . .

There were blunders, there were setbacks, because the forces of revolution still worked in the twilight. The great effort and the great failure of the socialist movement to create a new state in the world had been contemporaneous with Mr. Barnstaple's life; it had been the gospel of his boyhood; he had participated in its hopes, its doubts, its bitter internal conflicts. He had seen the movement losing sweetness and gathering force in the narrowness of the Marxist formulæ. He had seen it sacrifice its constructive power for militant intensity.

In Russia he had marked its ability to overthrow and its inability to plan or build. Like every liberal spirit in the world he had shared the chill of Bolshevik presumption and Bolshevik failure, and for a time it had seemed to him that this open bankruptcy of a great creative impulse was no less and no more than a victory for reaction, that it gave renewed life to all the shams, impostures, felted corruptions, traditional anarchies and ascendencies, that restrain and cripple human life. . . . But now from this high viewpoint in Utopia he saw clearly that the Phoenix of Revolution flames to ashes only to be born again. While the noose is fitted around the Teacher's neck the youths read his teaching. Revolutions arise and die; the Great Revolution comes forever.

THE TIME was near—and in what life was left to him, he himself might help to bring it nearer—when the forces of that last and real Revolution would work no longer in the twilight but in the dawn, and a thousand sorts of men and women now far apart and unorganized and mutually antagonistic would be drawn together by the growth of a common vision of the world desired. The Marxist had wasted the forces of revolution for fifty years; he had had no vision; he had only a condemnation for established things. He had estranged all scientific and able men by his pompous affectation of the scientific and terrified them by his intolerant orthodoxy; his delusion that all ideas are begotten by material circumstances had made him negligent of education and criticism. He had attempted to build social unity on hate and rejected every other driving force for the bitterness of a class war.

But now, in its days of doubt and exhaustion, vision was returning to Socialism, and the dreary spectacle of a proletarian dictatorship gave way once more to Utopia, to the demand for a world fairly and righteously at peace, its resources husbanded and exploited for the common good, its every citizen freed not only from servitude but from ignorance, and its surplus energies directed steadfastly to the increase of knowledge and beauty. Such a vision sets no class against class but sets all to whom it comes against feuds, divisions and misleading shams, against parasitism and unrighteous appropriation, against gambling and every form of waste.

The attainment of that vision by more and more minds was a thing no longer to be prevented. Earth would tread the path Utopia had trod. She too would weave law, duty and education into a larger sanity than man has ever known. Men also would presently laugh at the things they had feared, and brush aside the absurdities that had tormented and crippled their lives and the impostures that had overawed them. And as this great revolution was achieved and Earth wheeled into daylight, the burden of human miseries would lift and courage oust sorrow from the hearts of men.

Earth, which was now no more than a wilderness, sometimes horrible and at best picturesque, [Continued on page 146]



Ethel Barrymore in a popular comedy of marriage

The Laughing Lady

By Alfred Sutro

LADY MARJORIE COLLADINE, left to her own devices by her mountain-climbing husband, was not above suspicion in the eyes of her mother-in-law and sister-in-law. So little did they trust her that they set a detective to watch her doings. When Lady Marjorie discovered this she was furious and in a desperate moment decided to give the good ladies a run for their money. She flirted outrageously with Bertie Welton, who, as everyone knew, didn't amount to much. But it was no joke to her husband's family who made the most of the questionable episode with the result that the husband, Hector, returning from his wretched mountain, filed a suit for divorce. He wouldn't or couldn't, at any rate he didn't, see her. He just pressed the suit. Lady Marjorie, on the stand, fought back, in an effort to keep her daughter. It was no use. The great Daniel Farr, brutally cross-examining her, made her appear ridiculous and the jury decided against her. The London papers were full of this scandal in high-life and Lady Marjorie found herself very promptly ostracized. Mr. Hamilton Playgate was one friend who stuck by her. When she got him on the telephone and asked

if she might come to dinner, he said, "Yes, certainly," entirely forgetting for the moment that the brutal Farr and his wife were to be dinner guests that evening. It was too late to help matters and Lady Marjorie arrived at Mr. Playgate's home shortly after the Farris. Apologies were made. Farr was very decent about it, and Marjorie was equal to the emergency. Sir Harrison Peters, a wealthy old profiteer of no morals to speak of, was delighted and praised Mrs. Playgate for having Marjorie and Daniel at dinner.

PETERS—This is our wonderful hostess's most wonderful achievement.

MARJORIE—Alas, I am painfully aware that I am only notorious—and in this house a prim line is drawn at notoriety! But I put it to you all—I couldn't—now could I—dine solitarily at home?

CAROLINE—Of course not, my dear—of course.

MARJORIE—And, Mr. Farr—no one would have me—but these dear people. It's silly, you know: till today—well, naturally, all my friends knew Hector and I weren't living together—

that the case was coming on—they knew what the case was about! And they were all as nice and charming as could be—understanding, sympathetic, sweet! “You were quite right, my dear,” they’d say—“Our silly Divorce Laws!” “The only way for a woman to get round them!” And there wasn’t a soul who didn’t believe—or profess to believe—that things actually were—as I said they were! But it seems—when there’s a Judge and Jury and reports in the papers—and a woman goes into the box and tells the truth—(she gives herself a little shake and quickly recovers control). With the result that I’ve provided a new sensation for the dear public. And I feel as though I had been bumped very hard—against something very rocky.

PETERS (to Daniel)—That’s you.

MARJORIE—Not Mr. Farr’s fault in the least; I don’t bear him the slightest grudge.

DANIEL—That’s good of you.

MARJORIE—Not the slightest. But it was a relief—when I got home—to find that my dog still wagged his tail at me! I rested for a bit; tried to collect my thoughts, to remember I still was I; sort of repeated to myself I am jolly, very jolly, getting jollier every day—and then my maid asked me, just about seven, what would I wear tonight—I was to dine at Lady Bloxam’s—and a message came through, from Lady Bloxam’s butler—her Ladyship is very sorry—but a sudden attack of influenza has compelled her to put off her party.

CYNTHIA—The old cat!

DANIEL—Disgraceful!

MARJORIE—I sat down and wrote Agnes Bloxam a letter—that I tore up and threw into the fire. What’s the use? I realized that I had lost my shell—and that the world was full of Bloxams. I rang up my cousin Julia: could I dine there? Julia lied unblushingly; I knew that she lied and she knew that I knew, but she didn’t care! I rang up my sisters; the one spoke of sackcloth and ashes, and the other declared, between sobs, that she was too much upset to dream of seeing me yet—her nerves gone to pieces! . . . So there I was, stranded, marooned: I could hear the gates closing, the iron doors coming down. . . . I dressed, just to do something—and the flat seemed to be growing emptier and emptier and lonelier and lonelier—and then I had the inspiration—it was just upon eight—I rang up—Hamilton!

HAMILTON—Caroline, you mean!

MARJORIE—No, by the great gods, I don’t: I meant *you*! I rang up you! Caroline dear, forgive me, but I was the least bit off women! And Hamilton, the good Hamilton, held out both his arms to me—and I just flopped into them! And Caroline, bless her—yes, my dear, bless you!—put a smiling face on it—and there you have my moving story—and that’s why I’m here—and now I promise you I won’t say another word about *me*—my wrongs—or my case! We’ll forget about it—put back the clock—and think it’s yesterday!

CAROLINE—Yesterday it shall be, my dear!

PETERS—We swear!

DANIEL — I wish — I do truly—

CAROLINE—And now we’ll go down. Cynthia, darling, I’m a man short.

MARJORIE—I am the culprit!

CAROLINE — Come along, come along!

PETERS (to Marjorie)—What shall we talk about, as the subject’s barred?

MARJORIE — What Every Woman Knows—about you!

AT DINNER Marjorie rather did her best to captivate Farr; and indeed, she seemed to have succeeded, admirably. Later, when a bridge game was made up, Marjorie and Farr sat out the first rubber and Daniel did his best to recapture the charm of their conversation at the table. He told her something of his life, of his family, and trusted her with the secret that he had been offered a seat in Parliament. He even asked her advice on the delicate question of going into public life. Eventually he asked if he might call on her the next afternoon. Marjorie gave a halting consent but insisted that he must tell his wife of his proposed visit. Their talk was interrupted by the butler who said Lady Marjorie was wanted on the telephone.

MARJORIE—I?

BUTLER—Yes, my lady.

MARJORIE—Who is it?

BUTLER—Sir Hector Colladine, my lady.

MARJORIE — What! Tell him—

FARR (interrupting) — One

Ⓒ Sir Harrison Peters (Kenneth Hunter) in his desire merely to be friendly, offered Lady Marjorie (Ethel Barrymore) a motorcar, an apartment and ten thousand pounds.





Q. "Honestly, truly, I'm done without you. I love you," Daniel Farr (Cyril Keightley) tells Marjorie; at which she cries: "But think—Sir Harrison Peters yesterday—you today!"

moment. (To the butler) There's an instrument here. Switch it up. (To Marjorie) Forgive this liberty. But you'd better hear what he wants.

MARJORIE—But this is too extraordinary. And I really can't speak to him—I can't.

DANIEL—There's the child. One had better—know. Shall I—

MARJORIE—Would you?

DANIEL—Of course. (He takes down telephone)—Hullo. Yes: she is here: will you give me a message for her? That is her instruction: will you give me a message? Very well: I will tell her. Please hold on. He asks, will you see him tomorrow?

MARJORIE—He wants to see me?

DANIEL—Yes.

MARJORIE—What can we have to say to each other, he and I?

DANIEL—You had better see him. His solicitor will be with him, of course.

MARJORIE—You think I had?

DANIEL—I strongly advise it. Yes.

MARJORIE—Very well. Say at four.

DANIEL—Tomorrow at four. Four. Yes: Beresford House.

SO THE NEXT afternoon at four, Hector called. But before him had come Sir Harrison Peters who was anxious to be of assistance to Marjorie. He had, already, he told her, provided her with a

little car and he wanted to give her a flat in which she could be very comfortable. He was ready, also, to deposit ten thousand pounds to her account. All of this, merely in a spirit of friendship, but Marjorie was not deceived by his friendliness and when Hector appeared she told him:

MARJORIE—Hector, I've been waiting for you. Let me introduce you to Sir Harrison Peters—who has been good enough to make me an—offer.

HECTOR—What!

MARJORIE—Ten thousand pounds, a motorcar—and a flat in Cavendish Square.

PETERS—Lady Marjorie—with your permission—

HECTOR—Stop (To Marjorie) Who is this man?

MARJORIE—I have met—it—once or twice. They say it made millions during the War.

PETERS—I don't know what you are doing here, sir. You will please let me pass.

HECTOR—And I suppose he has a flabby heart—and would die if one kicked him downstairs.

MARJORIE—He probably would. He doesn't look healthy.

PETERS—The King's Proctor will be interested to know of this visit. And let me tell you—Lady Marjorie encouraged me to—

MARJORIE—He bribed my maid to let him in. His five-pound note's on the desk. Let him—

[Continued on page 104]



IRVIN S. COBB and his daughter, ELIZABETH

Painted by WAYMAN ADAMS

MR. COBB likes this portrait. "We just sat down together," he said, "and were painted. There was no attempt at posing." Mr. Adams said that it was easy to paint the two together because they were so fond of each other. His portraits of Booth Tarkington, Agnes Repplier, Hamlin Garland, Kenesaw M. Landis, Meredith Nicholson, James Whitcomb Riley also show his remarkable ability as a painter of interesting people.

LENIN will be famous in history.
This is the first opportunity to
see him as a baby and a youth

Childhood & Youth of LENIN

By Ernestine Evans



C. As a child Nicolai Ilyich Ulianov Lenin looked much as he looks now.

THESE three pictures from the Lenin family album were obtained from Lenin's sister Anna, who rules the office of the Communist party newspaper—"Pravda." So far as she knows, they are the only early pictures of her brother, and the latest one of her mother. Russian revolutionists, once they were engaged in working against the Tsar, seldom went to the photographers. Tintypes of the comrades were too apt to be treasured highly by the police as the simplest means of identification.

Fifty-four years ago Lenin was this merry wilful child, with a large compact head, alert brown eyes, and a curl right in the middle of his forehead. They say telling the truth never embarrassed him even then. He cross-questioned his mother's visitors and blurted out his findings without fear. A



C. Lenin's mother—a strong personality.

curious likeness persists in the Lenin of today. Baldheaded, his neck deepset between his shoulders, he speaks from the Communist party rostrum, with sardonic humor pointing out the faults and failings of his party followers. Today he is the only man in Russia, who can, as one devoted Communist put it, "kick the Communist party in the seat of the pants." Deliberately and ruthlessly, with no care for "saving anybody's face," least of all his own, he still blurts the truth about party and personal mistakes.

The hardy twinkling baby, with his father's Tatar blood showing in his face, grew into the dreamy sickly boy, shy in his adolescence. Lenin's high school teacher in Simbirsk remembers him as his best student both in deportment and in his studies. Lenin at fourteen was goody-goody. He always wanted his examinations early. He

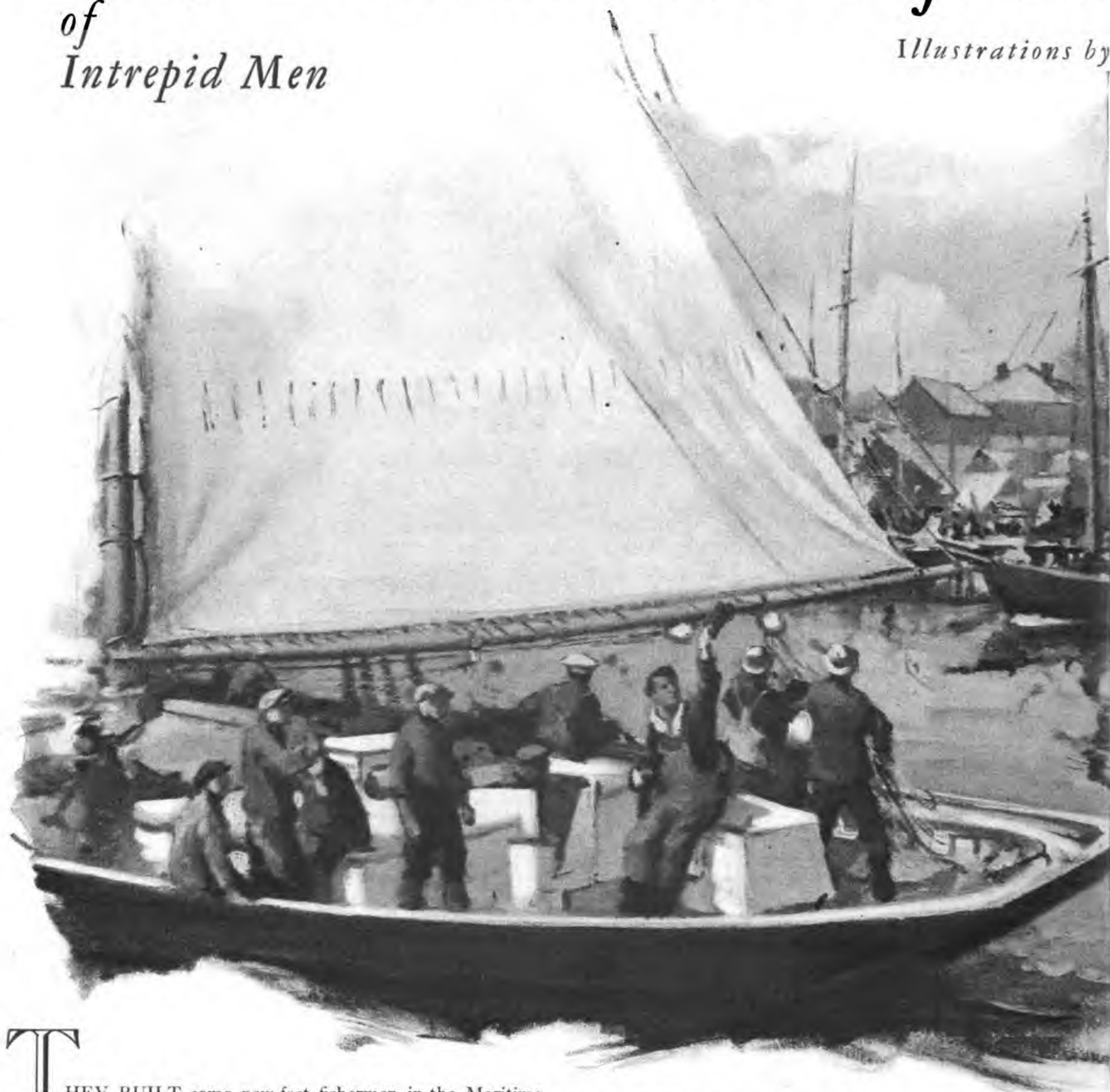
greatly overtaxed his strength. The days were not long enough for him to study all the things he wanted to study. He grew pale and ascetic. One hardly recognizes his kinship with the squat old man of the party, as Lenin is affectionately called by his Russian followers. He is leathery and brown after years as an exile in Siberia, where his open-air pastime was shooting rabbits.

LENIN's mother is the silent wonder of the family. The year after her husband died, her eldest and favorite son was executed in St. Petersburg for his part in a workmen's revolutionary demonstration. She was allowed to come to him in prison the day before his death and he tried to comfort her by saying, "You have Nicolai (Lenin) and Anna left." He had refused to ask the Tsar's government for pardon and Anna and her other child Maria did comfort her, but they too joined the ranks of the revolutionists. For months she did not hear from them. When she did hear it was news of their arrests, imprisonments, exiles. Her daughter Anna undertook to circulate in Russia the illegal Bolshevik party newspaper which Lenin edited in Switzerland. She has lived to see her second son play the greatest part in the Revolution for which her eldest died.



C. Lenin at 14 resembled the present ruler less than he did when a baby.

A Story *of* *Intrepid Men* HAILING *from* *Illustrations by*



THEY BUILT some new fast fishermen in the Maritime Provinces, and they sailed a race for the championship of Canada down off the Nova Scotia Coast. A Chebucto vessel ran away with the race.

The Chebuctoans must have thought they had a world beater in her, because right away they challenged Gloucester for the Fishermen's International Championship, giving us a week to say yes or no, and another week to have our vessel down there ready to race.

In Gloucester we had been drifting away from the racing game, and the time being so short most of us were for saying no right away. But others said: "Wait a bit. Let's talk it over. A fine pass Gloucester's come to when she'll say no to a challenge."

So a meeting was called to talk it over, and I'm going down the hill this morning with Mel Capron, the old halibut killer, and Mr. Norton to take in the meeting. Mel's daughter, Nan, who also happens to be my goddaughter, comes bouncing along after us, she having some women's meeting to attend to downtown.

I hook my arm into Nan's, letting her father and Mr. Norton walk on ahead, and we're passing Wonson's cigar store when out pops Bobbie Gill, a young skipper who was half owner and master

When Bobbie took the wheel, waved his hand and pointed her out to sea there was a mighty yell came from the crowd.

of the Indian Maid, an old vessel that I once sailed in. Bobbie raises his hat to Nan, and says: "Hullo, Captain Charlie?"—to me.

"Hullo, boy," I say; "When'd you get in?"

"Late last night."

"What kind of a trip?"

"Not too bad. Three hundred thousand cod and seventy thousand mixed."

"Good enough! How do you find she sails?"

"My first trip in her, and no good chance to try her out. But d'y know, Captain Charlie, a couple of times she acted as if she'd make the best of them go, if she was put in the right trim."

Bobbie is willing enough to talk about his vessel, but he's just in from three months on the Grand Banks, one of the husky, blushing kind, and there is Nan all youth and palpitation beside him. The talk shifts from talk with me about the vessel to talk with Nan about herself and himself and themselves which was

GLOUCESTER

Percy Cowen

By
James B.
Connolly



“Ob, Bobbie, show ‘em!” Nan said,
her voice half-whispering and half-crying.

all right enough. I’m getting old, but not yet so old as to have forgot how I used to feel one time myself. But Nan’s father, one ear being up to windward, hears Bobbie’s voice, and around he swings with never a hello or when’d you get in or go to the devil, to Bobbie, and he says to Nan that if she’s going to that women’s meeting, isn’t that the hall abreast of them and hadn’t she better go?

The pleasantest kind, Mel, if he thinks you’re all right, but the Lord help you and all belonging to you if he thinks you’re not. One time Mel and Bobbie’s father were fishing close together on Le Have Bank. Their trawls fouled, and there was an argument. Bobbie’s father ended the argument by cutting Mel’s gear adrift. That happened forty years back, but there never was a Gill any good with Mel since.

The other thing that Mel couldn’t abide was a vessel or man hailing from Chebucto way. There was a Chebucto vessel one time and Mel with his mainmast gone but it would take a day

to tell it. No Chebucto man or Chebucto vessel was ever any good with Mel since.

Nan heaves a light sigh, but being a good girl who loves her father, she skips dutifully into her meeting. Poor Bobbie, a bit discouraged, keeps on down Main Street to Fisherman’s Corner. The other three of us go on into the Chamber of Commerce where the meeting is being held.

There’s a big crowd there, and pretty soon the Mayor raps all hands to order, and after reading the challenge he calls on Mr. Norton for a few remarks.

This Mr. Norton is a summer resident, a good friend to Gloucester and owner of a shack over in Eastern Point, with forty-eight rooms in it, not counting sixteen bathrooms, and a cement wine room in the cellar. He’s always getting up what he calls Monographs on Gloucester’s history, thin little books that I guess aren’t fat enough for the market, because he’s always giving them away. Mr. Norton gets up, pulls out about forty pages of typewriting, and goes on to read:

“I recall the time, gentlemen, and not so many years ago it was, when the curious stranger in Gloucester could easily come to believe that the main interest of the people of this port was not so much the catching and curing and marketing of fish as

it was the designing and building and racing home from the banks of fast fishing schooners. Pretty nearly every vessel in those days was intended to be abler and faster than the one before."

He looks around to see how we're taking it. Nobody saying anything, he goes on: "That time passed, gentlemen. Fast, weatherly sailing schooners were still wonderful and desirable possessions, but after all (for us here in Gloucester) fishing must be a business and not a recreation. We did not cease altogether to build fast vessels, but no longer was everyone obliged to be faster and more weatherly than its predecessor."

"The old traditions, it is true, did not altogether die with us, and now and again a Captain with the old sentiment still consuming him would insist on his new one being as fast and as able as any which had gone before, insist on it even when he felt that he might be, aye probably would be, installing a gas engine in her and cutting down her big mainsail to auxiliary size before the year was out."

He gazes around: Everybody's still looking friendly. He turns over another leaf and goes on: "Gentlemen, we may as well admit it. We have receded from the great sailing days of the fleet. Let a group foregather in the Master Mariner's these days, and what is it we hear? Isn't it more comparing of engines than of mainsails, more talk of the quality of the gas than of canvas? Alas it is so! At odd times, a sail carrying skipper with the salt sea smell still clinging to him may come in and revive the talk of real vessels and real sailing; but only for awhile. Let him leave the room and back to the talk of engines and gas it goes. Do I weary you, gentlemen? No? Thank you. I resume."

He resumes reading, and I resume looking out the windows out on to Fisherman's Corner, where there is always a crowd between seasons in the fall like now, but a bigger crowd than ordinary this day because all Gloucester is waiting to hear what we're going to do about the race challenge.

IN THE crowd is Bobbie Gill. He's like a dozen more of them, pounding his fist into his palm while he says what he thinks about the race, but not failing while he's talking to keep an anxious eye down the street. By and by I see him tacking through the crowd and across the street to the drug store where, when I look, I see Nan Capron's gray dress go whisking in ahead of him.

When I turn around to give attention to the things I should have been giving attention to all the time Mr. Norton is winding up: "In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that the fame of Gloucester's fleets, the deeds of her captains and crews have become more than a local glory. They have become an American glory, and now to accept a challenge for which there is no time to properly prepare, may be to dim the luster of that glory. Gentlemen, let us discuss all phases of this matter, I say, before we court defeat by accepting Chebucto's peremptory and arrogant challenge."

Mr. Norton is still bowing to the applause, when Mel Capron leaps up to say that he would go even further than Mr. Norton. "Refuse the challenge without even an argument I say. Why? I'll tell you." He tells them what he thinks of Chebucto vessels and Chebucto men. He has a great memory for details and he spins the whole history of the Chebucto vessel and his own dismayed vessel that day off Sable Island when the Chebucto vessel didn't see, or wouldn't see, his vessel drifting up on to Sable Island No'theast Bar.

Somebody in the back of the room asks how long ago that happened.

"Never mind how long ago!" yells Mel. "Plenty things I could tell you about them since then. There was never a Chebucto man any good. They're not going into any race now 'less they've got all the best of it before going in, be sure of that. They've caught us with our sheets flying in the wind and they know it. As Mr. Norton says, we been getting away from the racing days here in Gloucester. We been building steam trawlers. We have a few fast old sailing vessels left, but where are they? Out to sea. We got some good vessels with engines in 'em, yes, but where's the time to take the engines out, shift the ballast and cut new mainsails to make 'em fit to race? There's no time, not to speak of the expense in one of the dullest years Gloucester ever had."

"And then the way they challenged us! A week to say yes or no, and another week to be down there ready to race. Where's the vessel we can get in proper trim in that time? I'll go further than Mr. Norton. I'm fortelling them to go a-hell and racing

when we get good and ready," and Mel sits down with both hands waving.

The Mayor raps for order and has a word to say himself of the great old racing days and the great old racing vessels. The difference between the Mayor and Mr. Norton is that the Mayor don't have to typewrite his. He winds up with: "Who among us can ever forget the peerless Flamingo and the honor she brought to Gloucester? As it happens, tucked away in a corner by the window, I see the Flamingo's old racing skipper, and so I call on that nestor of Gloucester's racing captains, that wizard of sailing schooner masters, Captain Charlie Farley, for a few words;" by all of which the Mayor, who never believed in sparing the salve, means me. And I rise to remark:

I'M WITH my old friend, Captain Capron, in one thing. I don't like the short time to get ready, but—I looked at Mel knowing what I'd ketch from him soon's I sat down—"I am for accepting the challenge. Why am I? For years Gloucester has stood before the world as hailing port of the fastest sea-going schooners afloat. We've been given that credit and taken that credit before the world, and alibis won't go with the world now. Mr. Norton speaks of Gloucester's record being an American glory, and how a defeat now would dim the luster of that glory. I'm one of those who believe to refuse to race now, because we're afraid we're going to be beat, would be to dim the luster of that glory as no beating ever could."

"If we are not ready to race it is nobody's doings but our own. It means that we have been neglecting the old-time sailing spirit, which maybe never made any millionaires among us, but which did train up the best fore and aft sailors the world ever saw. It may be that they haven't given us time enough to get ready and it may be, as Mel says, that they've caught us with our sheets flying in the wind, but I say race 'em, and take our beating if we have to!"

I begin to see I've said about enough, but sitting down I have to add on: "But I'm not so damn' sure we're going to get a beating!"

The air is blue with the arguing fore and aft and to both sides of the floor, and then the vote is to accept the challenge, to make Mr. Norton, Mel Capron and myself a committee to find a vessel to race the Chebucto champion.

After lunch on the day of the meeting the three of us on the Committee start for a look along the wharves. Mel asks if I have any particular vessel in mind for the race. I had a vessel in mind, but not wanting to break the news to him too suddenly, I answer: "Mel, we always claimed in Gloucester that we could go any day and dig a fast vessel or two out of the mud along the wharves. Let's see what there is."

We look at three or four old seiners hauled up for the season, two or three halibuters having their topmasts sent down for the winter, and we stroll along. At Duncan's wharf there is a vessel with the crew hoisting fish out of her.

"One year when my own vessel was being overhauled I had that one there for a trip seining. She was new then," I says.

"Must have been some years ago by the looks of her," says Mel.

"It was sixteen years ago. She was built in the days you spoke about in the meeting, Mr. Norton, when every Gloucester vessel was built to sail, when no self-respecting skipper would go to sea in a vessel that couldn't sail."

WE ARE looking down at her from the head of the slip. Her mainsail has been left up to dry and there's a staysail hanging out to dry over bow so her name is hid.

"What vessel is she?" asked Mr. Norton.

"The Indian Maid."

"The Indian Maid!" says Mel. "Ain't she Tom Gill's son's vessel?"

"She is."

"Got any notion o' picking her for this race?"

"M-m—I don't know, but why not?"

"Why not? Look at her! Look at that mains'l! I'd be ashamed to say she hailed from Gloucester if t'was on a vessel o' mine. Four years old I'll bet, and all patches! And look at that torn gaff tops'l! And that old sail dryin' over her bow! Look at where the salt's dried into her top plankin' till she's most gray. And down lower—look! her oak planks showin' if she ain't had a coat o' paint in a year. I'll bet you'll find seaweed on her bottom's a foot long from where she's been layin' to anchor all summer out on the Banks. And look at the loose gear around her decks."



C. Down into it she dived and up from it she lifted, Bobbie to the wheel! and no check to her. Going ahead, always going ahead, she was.

"Never mind the loose gear around deck, Mel. They're hoisting out a big trip of salt fish. They'll clean that up in good time, and never mind the busted sails—they can be patched up and her planks can be painted again, and her bottom scrubbed. Never mind all that, Mel. Look, and you, Mr. Norton, look at the sheer of that bow," I said. "And when we go to the other end of her take a look at her lines aft. A sweet looking vessel. The little time I had her I found out she could sail."

"How is it nobody's heard of her sailing since?" asks Mel.

"Because nobody took an interest in her sailing, and she's been salt fishing most the time since. Salt fishing, Mr. Norton, means a run-off to the banks when nobody's ever in a hurry, and a passage home with her loaded to her scuppers most likely, and where's the sense driving a vessel for the salt fish market which don't change overnight? And you know, Mr. Norton, how vessels have their little qualities like running. The

littlest thing will sometimes throw the finest man in the world out of tune, won't it? Sure it will. Say Chebucto or mention the name Gill to Captain Capron there on the pleasantest morning he ever saw and it will be cloudy weather for him for the rest of that day. Trim a vessel by the stern when she was meant to trim by the head and she's not the same vessel at all. Get that vessel there in trim and I tell you she'll make anything ever sailed out of Gloucester look to her sheets."

"You don't mean you got her in mind for the race?" asks Mel.

"If we can't find a better, why not?"

"H-m, will you sail her, Charlie?"

"Mel, it's most ten years since I put hand to the wheel of a vessel. I'm climbing on to seventy years of age with a case of lumbago that—no, no. I won't sail her."

"And who'll you get to sail her?"

"What's the matter with the Captain she's got now?"

"You expect me to recommend a vessel that Tom Gill's son is going to be master of?"

"I expect us all to recommend the best vessel and the best captain we can find."

"But a son of Tom Gill's, Charlie!"

"Tom Gill's son, yes. And Gloucester's son, and America's son, going to a foreign country with our flag to his main peak, sailing a vessel that's battled through a hundred Grand Banks storms before the keel of that new one down Chebucto way was laid."

MEL HAD an awful battle with himself, but when the time came he stood with me and Mr. Norton in recommending that the Indian Maid be Gloucester's choice, and that she be put in what trim we could get her in for the time that was left.

It took two days to hoist the fish out of her, and then we started on the job of making her ready. We gave her all new running gear, and some new standing gear, because it's no place to have anything parting, a race of this kind. So the riggers went to her.

The excitement about the race was already rolling up, and everybody wanted to be helping out on her. To see Sam Reed, eighty years old, swinging to a bosun's chair 120 feet above the deck and reefing a halyard through a topsail block, or setting a dead-eye into the lower rigging down on deck—man, you'd think he was setting a crown jewel into some queen's bonnet.

Then the lumpers! A man naturally expects a rigger in Gloucester, where a rigger has always been a kind of an artist to put all he's got into his job; but to see the lumpers scraping and slushing down her masts! Gimpy Avery laid on the vaseline as if the missing of a square inch meant losing the race. "You bet Bobbie won't find any drag to the hoistin' or lowerin' of them sails," said Gimpy.

There were the lumpers who re-stowed her ballast, ninety tons of pig iron. A hundred pound pig of iron is no hat feather to be holding up in the air while Bobbie and myself would be deciding just where the last few tons ought to go, but Bernie Griffin would be stepping softly around behind us with never a yip out of him, hugging that pig of iron to his breast, and when he set it down it wasn't set a half inch more for'ard or aft or to port or starboard from where we said to set it.

Every half dozen pigs or so we'd go on deck and have another look at her, Bobbie trying to remember about how she trimmed one particular day when she showed great life on the Banks, and I trying to remember about how I had her trimmed one trip sixteen years back. When we had her to our liking everybody else in Gloucester said she was too deep by the head, but so she'll stay, Bobbie and I said; and so she stood.

It was rush, rush, rush to have her ready in time, with all hands heaving their Union cards into the harbor when the Indian Maid called to them.

The day we run her up on the railway, the scrubbers were there with their brooms and their little rafts, like a row of sprinters I used to see up in the athletic oval, waiting on the mark for the starter's pistol. All set they were, and went at her as if they were afraid it would never be low water again. They'd have polished off her bottom paint with chamois skins if we'd given them time. Most men are content to go home when

their day's work is done, but this gang on the marine railway stood around after they finished till it was so dark nobody could see any more, squinting, and getting everybody else who come along to have a squint at the beauty of her lines. "Fine lines, hah? And look at her quarters! Something to hold her up there, boy, when down she rolls."

There was never one of those tea-cup defenders that ever I read about which got the loving care the Indian Maid did. A hundred times more money, yes, but loving care, no! There were the painters! A vessel can maybe sail as fast and stand up to a breeze and she be gray and rusty to look at as some old collier, but that would never do for a Gloucester going abroad to race. She had to go looking pretty, and she did go looking pretty. A white deck she had, with blue trimming around the hatches and under the rails, and shining black topsides with a gold stripe, that gold stripe being almost a religion in Gloucester, and the old red underbody.

There hadn't been time to cut and fit any new sails for her. And so the old mainsail stayed, and the foresail which bellied a little; and her balloon which ought to have been a bit bigger. She had to borrow a gaff topsail from the Athlete, and she took a staysail off the Pelican, both her own being split; but for all that she was something for the bright sun to shine down upon that last day at Duncan's wharf. She was in trim without having any chance to try her out, not even for a little run outside the breakwater.

We could tell by the feel of her deck under us. She set there atop of the water, lifting to every pulse of the tide and seaway chafing her wharf lines as if she were saying: "What's keeping us? Why don't we go?"

It was a great day in Gloucester, the day she sailed. They didn't declare it a school holiday, but there were certainly a few boys and girls of school age along the docks to see her off. At her wharf they were pushing each other off the caplog into the slip, and every now and then two or three would come rolling off the sloping roof of the store and shed on to the heads of the crowd that was jammed in solid below.

Only the cripples who couldn't get out of bed stayed at home that day. Firemen who should have been in their firehouses and policemen who ought to have been walking their beats came down to see her off. From every wharf it was cheering crowds; from every factory ashore and from every steam craft in the harbor came the shriek of whistles. The fire whistle was blowing, the old bell in the town hall was ringing, when she began to move out.

Any old hull, steam or sail, that could float carried loads outside the breakwater to see her off. A wonder the half of them didn't capsize with the crowds that rushed to the rail on the side where the vessel was. They climbed shrouds, and shinned up topmasts on the vessels; they jammed the roofs of wheelhouses and straddled smokestack guys on the steamers; wherever a monkey could have hung on there was a man, or boy, or girl hanging on to see her go.

When Bobbie took the wheel, waved his hand and pointed her out to sea there was one mighty yell came from them.

"Fair wind, Bobbie. Go on down there and show 'em," we hollered from the Committee tug.



It had been strong headwinds, all easterly gales on the way, and he's in love with his vessel. "She's certainly a horse in a gale to wind'ard, Captain Charlie!" And he's running on talking more of hopes than happenings when I remind him that "every vessel sails fast alone, and that the Chebuctoans no doubt think they've got a good vessel too."

He admits that I'm probably right, and then asks me if Nan and her father had come. I have to tell him that they haven't come yet. He goes along and he's barely out the hotel when along comes Mel and Nan. Changed his mind at the last minute Mel said, which didn't surprise me as much as he thought it would. Mel could nurse an awful grouch sometimes, but not against Nan.

"WHAT A HOLE, what a hole!" said Mel. "And excited? Barbers, bartenders and hotel clerks the only people I see workin'. Everybody else is either goin' or comin' in a solid stream to the harbor front to have a look at a vessel, their own, that they've already been lookin' at for weeks."

"We passed a crowd out to the curbstone one place

Q. "Mel," said Captain Charlie, "shake hands with Bobbie. Is it fair to hold a grudge against the son of a man you quarreled with years ago?"

"Oh, Bobbie, show 'em!" Her voice was half-whispering and half-crying, and her hand was gripping my arm. Nan of course.

Mel said he'd be pickled in salt brine before he'd go to Chebucto for the race. In the first place he wasn't pining to ship with any gang to cheer Tom Gill's son; in the second place he had no notion of paying any four or five days' board and lodging money to any robber of a Chebucto hotelkeeper, and in the third place he never did want to set foot in it since he'd been there forty years ago and had put in then only because his vessel was leaking and he had to run her up on the ways somewheres for an overhauling.

Nan could go with me if she wanted to, Mel said. But Nan said she wouldn't go if her father didn't go, so I left them and heaved my old carcass aboard the destroyer that the Navy sent on to take our party along.

It was easterly gales all the way, and I want to say now that they can keep their jumping, rolling 35-knot knife-blade destroyers and give me a fisherman for comfort. Fishermen jump and they roll down, yes, but they don't snap the head off a man's shoulders coming back.

The run down in the destroyer didn't help my lumbago any, so I slip up to the hotel and there I stay in my room. The Indian Maid wasn't yet in. She didn't get in till that afternoon, when Bobbie comes up to see me.

on the main street shouldering each other to get a peek into a window. Nan looks—I wouldn't—and it's a couple of silver cups. One about four foot high for the winnin' vessel, and another one for the winnin' vessel's captain. Cups, Charlie! Cups! In our day, Charlie, the champion of the fleet lashed a broom to her masthead to tell all passing vessels who she is, and there that broom stayed till somebody comes along and licks her. Who wants to lash a cup to a vessel's masthead?"

That was the day before the race. Next morning didn't break out like the best kind of a day for a vessel that wanted heavy going. There was wind enough, when Mel and Nan and myself left the hotel to go aboard the destroyer, to straighten out the flags flying from most of the roofs in town, but no more. Out in the harbor it was still light air, though the sky by then did hold a look of something better to come.

The two vessels came out of their slips almost together, and they begin to stretch themselves across the harbor and back again. The Chebucto vessel got a great reception from the sail and steam craft there, but they were decent enough to our one too, especially somebody down by the coal hoist. The Maid never tacked anywhere near that dump of coal that it wasn't a terrible busting out of the steam whistle there.

"There's one Chebuctoan, Mel, that's got some sporting blood," I said.

Original from [Continued on page 144]



Q. That oil man's gorgeous prospectus guaranteeing to make us rich in two weeks sounded alluring. We were half inclined to hunt him up at once.

That Green Taste at Dawn

By Walt

I ATTENDED the Old Timers' celebration at Sacramento some time ago and placed the seal of my approval upon it. The Leading Citizens had made an earnest effort to restore the atmosphere of Forty-nine and every hour something happened to remind one of Bret Harte and Truthful James.

Some weeks before the celebration the leading citizens decided that the jamboree wouldn't be true to life without plenty of whiskers, for in the old days, the days of the Outcasts of Poker Flat, everybody was bearded like the pard. So the citizens were urged to grow whiskers; and in order to encourage this industry, several valuable prizes were offered for the best display of alfalfa when the celebration opened.

The citizens of Sacramento became excited when they learned that a handsome stuffed alligator would be given to the man possessing the most umbrageous beard on the date of the celebration; the second best would win a steel engraving of the Seven Sutherland Sisters, and the third best would capture a can of clam chowder, and so on. So many generous prizes were offered that even the man with a poor stand of whiskers might hope to be a winner.

Then for weeks the growing of whiskers became the chief industry in Sacramento. Men neglected their business to devote all their time and energy to the staple crop. Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed or waked to ecstasy the living lyre were busy pouring hair restorers where they would do the most good. The drug stores were ransacked for whiskers fertilizers.

As the fateful day approached it became evident that Major Spindlehoff would probably win the first prize. His beard was a triumph. The major had devoted his entire time to it for a month, building smudge fires under it to protect it from frost, spraying it with Bordeaux mixture to preserve it from insect pests and San José scale; and now at the eleventh hour his beard almost reached his waist; it had the hue of the raven's wing, and when the wind passed through it, it sounded like an Aeolian lyre.

The major was proud and happy. All his life he had been trying to achieve distinction in one way or another and seemed unable to escape mediocrity. But in this whiskers competition he had shown positive genius, and the competing beards were tawdry by comparison. The day before the celebration opened the major was strutting around all swollen up with pride. In twenty-four hours he would have the stuffed alligator, to have and to hold, to pass down to his children and their children as a souvenir of his glory.

But, behold! Who is this coming down the street, pushing a wheelbarrow before him? A stranger with a beard twelve feet long! The news of the prizes had penetrated to the remote fastnesses of the Bret Harte country, and had stirred to action a venerable hermit who hadn't shaved for twenty-five years, and whose beard was so copious he had to roll it up and carry it before him in a wheelbarrow when he traveled. He made a greater sensation in Sacramento than any circus parade ever did.

The hermit was the hero of that event. Everybody tried to

do him honor. They put him on a float and fourteen white horses hauled him through the principal streets. One evening I sat before the Travelers' Hotel and watched the hermit pass in a blaze of glory, his whiskers spread on a sort of trellis, so everybody could see them. Beautiful damsels were throwing roses at him, and the band was playing "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and everybody was cheering and waving flags.

Like the major, I have always wanted to be distinguished. I'd like to be world famous, like Laddie, the White House dog, or like Peruna, or anything that's a household word. I have made many desperate efforts to attract public attention, as when I kidnaped Charlie Ross, and later struck Billy Patterson, but all my attempts were failures. Gazing upon this hermit, it seemed to me I beheld the royal road to greatness. I'd grow fourteen feet of whiskers and my name would thunder down the ages.

W C THE SAGE

WHEN THE cold gray dawn is breaking, and the the night's illusions gone. In the morning I am saner plainer that all pipedreams are a crime. In the morn the grateful heart rejoices that the snares of evening pass. deck, there's no salesman who can sell me oil wells in I would buy a crippled whale, but the morning finds me save my kale. Oh, the morning is the season when and dead, and I use whatever reason has been planted

I spent the rest of the evening visiting the drug stores and buying up all the hair growers they had left. When I went to bed that night I had rosy dreams of appearing before the crowned heads and gaining gold medals from the learned societies, and lecturing on whiskers in the British museum.

Everything seemed possible and easy of accomplishment as I sank into slumber. But how different everything seemed in the morning! Then I realized that, even with the most favorable crop conditions, it would take me forty-three years to grow fourteen feet of whiskers. And even if I grew them, they would be a nuisance. I'd either have to carry them in a basket, or forever be getting my feet tangled in them. And, while learned men and crowned heads might view them with respect, even with admiration, the common people would regard them as a joke, and would take every chance to set fire to them. No, the whiskers graft wouldn't work.

I have related this harrowing story merely to show the difference between that glad exultant feeling in the evening, when the

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Q Settle it
at Sunrise—
says the
Wise Man
of La Jolla—
and be safe!

Illustrations by
H. T. Webster



Q Thank St. James of Compostella, we
decided to wait until morning before trading
our Liberty Bonds for wildcat oil shares.

Mason

lights are burning and the band is playing, and that dark green taste in the morning.

Superficial thinkers always associate that green taste with beverages which are in defiance of the eighteenth amendment; but the green taste has been an early morning institution ever since Adam blew the foam from the babbling brook and quoted the remark of the governor of North Carolina to the governor of South Carolina. Nature wisely arranged things so that we always have a green taste early in the morning, and we have it, no matter how wisely, how cautiously we have observed the rules of health. It is a protective measure; it is given us to guard us against vain enthusiasms and foolish ambitions.

In the evening there is music, and the lights are glowing, and the air is full of strange scents from Araby the blest, and we hear the laughter of fair women and brave men, and the world seems a pretty good place after all, and we are convinced that all

our mouths. As we don our flowing draperies all the illusions of the night before are gone. The lights are dead, the garlands withered; the phonograph has run down, the slot machines are stilled. All the sensuous sounds of the evening are missing, and we hear the crowing of a rooster, or the gong of a milk wagon. There is no romance in the world, under the gray light of morning. The green taste suggests that we need a bottle of something that should be well shaken before taken. As we claw around under the bathtub, trying to find the collar button that got away, we recall the events of the evening before.

Great Scott! Is it possible we seriously considered paying out real money for some bedizened shares in a wildcat oil outfit? Were we so close to the brink of insanity that we figured on trading our Liberty Bonds for an interest in a hole in the ground? Thank St. James of Compostella we decided to wait until morning before signing anything! Thus the green taste saves us from countless follies, if we'll only wait overnight until it comes.

The other day I met Jim Fadeaway. He was in a great hurry, and when I tried to discuss the crops, he kept edging away, saying he had important business uptown. I held him with my glittering eye and asked him what the business was; for there was a guilty air about him. He said he had made up his mind to buy a car. All the neighbors had cars; why shouldn't he have one?

"James Aurelius Fadeaway," I said, more in sorrow than in anger, "you can't afford a car just now."

"I intend to put a mortgage on the house," he replied, defiantly.

"Far be it from me to hand you wise counsel and admonition," I said; "but your wife is my aunt's daughter's stepsister, and so I take an interest in your welfare. Therefore, I beseech you to wait until tomorrow before you put that mortgage on your home. Get up early in the morning and go out and sit on the cowshed roof, and commune with your soul. You probably will have a green taste in your mouth, and it will be a great help. It will enable you to see things in their proper proportions. Promise me this."

He seemed rather indignant and much discouraged, but he gave his promise. The next morning I saw him pondering deeply. After a while he came over and thanked me for suggesting a day's delay.

"I see now," he said, "that I can get along without a car very well for a while. It is true that a man can't crank up a house and go joyriding in it, but it's a good thing to own unencumbered."

Now the moral of all this is easy enough to remember: Make haste slowly.

Before you marry a female, or take a partner in your business, or open a branch store, or do anything of importance, wait until morning, and then sit on the woodpile and think it over from A to Izzard, and the green taste, which some attribute to biliousness, and others to bitters, may save you.

There is no foolishness in the early morning; the birds are singing, but they are not jazzbirds.

AT SUNRISE

dew is on the lawn, I, from helpful slumber waking, find than at any other time, and the truth grows plain and fakers' voices are to me as sounding brass, and my When the crimson banners tell me that Aurora is on the Vale of Heck. When the garish lights are burning yearning for a plan to vain dreams are cold in my head.

Walter Mason

men are bully good fellows. There is something sensuous in the music, and something voluptuous in the lights, and our hearts expand with well-being; and when the oil faker pleasantly backs us into a corner and produces a gorgeous prospectus, and guarantees to make us rich in two weeks if we'll sign on the dotted line, we fall easily, unless experience has taught us to wait for the green taste before we do anything definite. If we are easy marks we sign, and hand over our checks; if we are as wise as so many serpents, we say we'll sleep on the matter, and invite the oil man to see us at 9:23 the next morning.

As we retire to our respective roosts we feel we may have made a mistake in postponing action. The oil salesman's spiel certainly sounded alluring; hundreds have become millionaires by investing in oil wells at the proper time. Why shouldn't we? We are half inclined to go and hunt up the oil man and close the deal right away; but haply we have made it a rule to sleep on such propositions.

When we rise in the morning the protective green taste is in



Q. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has added another to her list of splendid novels.

Here in brief
form is one of
the most talked
of books of the
season—a novel
of renewed youth

BLACK OXEN

By
Gertrude
Atherton

CLAVINGER opened his weary eyes and glanced over the darkened auditorium, visualizing a mass of bored resentful disks: a few hopeful, perhaps, the greater number too educated in the theater not to have recognized the heavy note of incompetence that had boomed like a muffled fog-horn since the rise of the curtain.

It was a typical first-night audience, assembled to welcome a favorite actress in a new play. All the Sophisticates (as Clavinger had named them, abandoning "Intellectuals" and "Intelligentsia" to the Parlor Socialists) were present: authors, playwrights, editors and young editors, columnists, dramatic critics, young publishers, the fashionable illustrators and cartoonists, a few actors, artists, sculptors, hostesses of the eminent, and a sprinkling of Greenwich Village to give a touch of old Bohemia to what was otherwise almost as brilliant and standardized as a Monday night at the opera.

He sighed and closed his eyes again. It was not unpleasant to feel himself a slave, a slave who had forged his own gilded chains. But he sighed again for his lost simplicities, for his day-dreams under the magnolias when he had believed that if women of his class were not obliged to do their own housework they would all be young and beautiful and talk only of romance; when he had thought upon the intellectual woman and the woman who "did things" as an anomaly and a horror. Well, the reality was more companionable, he would say that for them. . . . Then he grinned as he recalled the days of his passionate socialism, when he had taken pains, like every socialist he had ever met, to let it be understood that he had been born in the best society. Well, so he had, and he was glad of it, even if the best society of his small southern town had little to live on but its vanished past.

The play droned on to the end of the interminable first act. Talk. Talk. Talk. He'd go to sleep, but would be sure to get a crick in the neck. Then he remembered a woman who had

come down the aisle just as the lights were lowering and passed his seat. He had not seen her face, but her graceful figure had attracted his attention, and the peculiar shade of her hair; the color of warm ashes. There was no woman of his acquaintance with that rare shade of blonde hair.

He opened his eyes. She was sitting two seats ahead of him and the lights of the stage gave a faint halo to a small well-shaped head defined by the low coil of hair. She had a long throat apparently, but although she had dropped her wrap over the back of the seat he had no more than a glimpse of a white neck and a suggestion of sloping shoulders. Rather rare those, nowadays. They reminded him, together with the haughty poise of the head, of the family portraits in the old gallery at home. Being dark himself, he admired fair women.

Then he closed his eyes again and forgot her until he was roused by the clapping of many hands. Then the woman two seats ahead of Clavinger did a singular thing.

She rose slowly to her feet, turned her back to the stage, raised her opera glasses and leisurely surveyed the audience.

"I knew it!" Clavinger's tongue clicked. "European. No American woman ever did that—unless, to be sure, she has lived too long abroad to remember our customs."

HE gazed at her eagerly, and felt a slight sensation of annoyance that the entire house was following his example. The opera glasses concealed her eyes, but they rested upon the bridge of an indubitably straight nose. Her forehead was perhaps too high, but it was full, and the thick hair was brushed back from a sharp point.

In spite of its smooth white skin and rounded contours above an undamaged throat, it was, subtly, not a young face. The mouth, rather large, although fresh and red had none of the girl's soft flexibility. It was full in the center and the red of

the underlip was more than a visible line, but it was straight at the corners, ending in an almost abrupt sternness.

At last she lowered the opera glasses and glanced over the rows of upturned faces immediately before her, scrutinizing them casually, as if they were fish in an aquarium. She had dropped her lids slightly before her eyes came to rest on Clavering. Her glance did not linger on his for a moment before it moved on indifferently, but in that brief interval he experienced a curious ripple along his nerves—almost a note of warning. . . .

Suddenly she seemed to sense the concentrated attention of the audience. She swept it with a hasty glance, evidently appreciated the fact that she alone was standing, colored slightly and sat down. But her repose was absolute. She made no little embarrassed gestures as another woman would have done. She did not even affect to read her program.

Thus Mrs. Atherton presents Mary Ogden to New York in all the beauty of her early youth. Mrs. Atherton's place among American novelists has been secure ever since the appearance of *The Californians* in 1898. This was followed by such nationwide favorites as *Senator North*, *The Aristocrats*, *The Conqueror*, *Ancestors*, *Tower of Ivory*, *The White Morning*, *The Avalanche*. But in nothing has this versatile author been more daring than in her present story of renewed youth—which, probably, should be taken as a romantic allegory rather than a realistic novel. Clavering, brilliant and self-centered, was stirred out of his introspection by the appearance and personality of the mysterious Mary Ogden. She was more of a mystery than he at first realized. The strangeness of it all was brought home to him when he ran into Mr. Charles Dinwiddie in the foyer. Dinwiddie looked as though he had seen a ghost and indeed he thought he had done so. Many years before he had known Mary Ogden and here she was risen again in all her charm and youth. He had no explanation to give; he could only suggest that the somewhat wayward Mary had been the mother of an illegitimate daughter who had now suddenly returned to the scenes of her mother's early triumphs. The explanation was not satisfactory. After Clavering met Mary Ogden, after he became intimate with her way of living, the mystery, the secret, persisted. The young woman spoke of the elder Mary as her cousin, still alive but at present ill in Austria. Clavering doubted and his doubt haunted him so that one evening Mary told him:

“There was a period—after my husband's death—when I hated growing old with the best of them. I made the terrible discovery that the heart never grows old. I fell in love four times. They were all years younger than myself and I'd have opened one of my veins before I'd have let them find it out. Even then I had as little use for old men as old men have for old women. Whatever it may be in men, it's the young heart in women. I had no illusions. Fifty is fifty. My complexion was gone, my stomach high, and I had the face of an old war horse. But—and here is the damned trick that nature plays on us—I hoped—hoped—I dreamed—as ardently as I ever had dreamed in my youth.”

“YOU THINK I am an adventuress of some sort.”

“The word does not apply to you. There is no question that you are a great lady.”

“Of course I might be an actress,” she said coolly. “I may have been on the stage in Vienna when the war broke out, become associated with Countess Zattiany (the first Mary Ogden) won her confidence, owing to the extraordinary resemblance, stolen her papers, led her to talk of her youth, forged her power of attorney with the aid of an infatuated clerk, poisoned her—and here I am.”

He laughed. “Bully plot for the movies. And a good actress can put over anything. I once heard a movie queen who was the best young aristocrat, in looks and manner, I ever saw on the screen, say to her director—repeating a telephone conversation—‘I says and he says and then I seen he hadn't heard me.’”

For the first time since he had known her she threw back her head and laughed heartily. Even her eyes looked young and her laugh was musical and thrilling.

Then she demanded: “And do you think I am an actress—who got an education somehow?”

“I think you are an actress, but not that sort. Your imaginative flight leaves me cold.”

“Perhaps you think I had Mary's personality transferred and that it exists side by side with my own here in this accidental shell. There are great scientists in Vienna.”

“Ah!” He looked at her sharply. “Button button—I feel a sensation of warmth somewhere.”

She laughed again, but her eyes contracted and almost closed. “I fear you are a very romantic young man as well as a very curious one.”

“I deserved that. Well, I am curious. But not so curious as—interested.”

“I hope you are not falling in love with me.” Her deep voice had risen to a higher register and was light and gay.

“I am half in love with you. I don't know what is going to happen—”

“And you want to protect yourself by disenchantment?”

“Perhaps.”

“And you think it is my duty. . . .”

“Possibly I'd fall in love with you anyway, but I'd like to know where I stand. I have a constitutional hatred of mystery outside of fiction and the drama.”

“Ah.” She gazed into the fire. “Mr. Dinwiddie, no doubt, is making investigations. If he verified my story, would you still disbelieve?”

“I should know there was something back of it all.”

“You must have been a good reporter.”

“One of the best.”

“I suppose it is that.”

“Partly. I don't think that if you were not just what you are I'd care a hang. Other people's affairs don't excite me. I've outgrown mere inquisitiveness.”

“That is rather beside the point, isn't it? It all comes back to this—that you are afraid of falling in love with me.”

“You don't look as if it would do me any good if I did.”

“Why not let it go at that?”

“I think the best thing I can do is to get out altogether.”

She rose swiftly and came close to him. “Oh, no! I am

not going to let you go. You are the only person on this continent who interests me. I shall have your friendship. And you must admit that I have done nothing—”

“Oh, no, you have *done* nothing. You've only to *be*.” He wondered that he felt no desire to touch her. She looked lovely and appealing and very young. But she radiated power, and that chin could not melt.

He asked abruptly: “How many men have you had in love with you?”

“Oh!” She spread out her hands vaguely. “How can one remember?” And that look he most disliked, that look of ancient wisdom, disillusioned and contemptuous, came into her eyes.

“You are too young to have had so very many. And the war took a good slice out of your life. I don't suppose you were infatuated smashed-up men or even doctors and surgeons.”

“Certainly not. But, when one marries young—and one begins to live early in Europe.”

“Suppose—suppose that something should occur to arouse the suspicions of the Countess Zattiany's old friends and they should start investigations in Vienna?”

“They would not see her—nor their emissaries. Dr. Steinbach's sanitarium is inviolate.”

“Steinbach—Steinbach—where have I heard that name lately?”

Her eyes flew open but she lowered the lids immediately. Her voice shook slightly as she replied: “He is a very great doctor. He will keep poor Mary's secret as long as she lives and nobody in Vienna would doubt his word. Investigations would be useless.”

“She is there, then? I suppose you mean that she is dying of an incurable disease or has lost her . . .”

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F. Britten Austin's Story of a Singer's Great Love—Continued from page 51

Milk of Paradise

"It is the only time I have experienced it," he said. "But nothing happened to me that morning at Posilipo. I did not speak to a soul, except to the waiter at the little trattoria where I lunched. He told me of an old temple of Venus away up on the hill above, and I scrambled up to it, looked away over almond-blossoms across the bay. Perhaps it was the wine, but, if I had known the trick of it, I could have written poetry that afternoon."

He looked at me as though wondering whether this was going too far in self-revelation. I nodded.

"When I got back to town I was in no mood to spend the evening on shipboard down at the docks. I felt that only music would satisfy me—good music. There was a blind craving in me for something I thought was music. I dropped into a café and told the waiter what I wanted—I had been pretty often to Genoa and my Italian is quite understandable. The waiter lit up at once. *La Bohème* was being played at the San Carlo, and if the Signor—? I did wish. He came back a few minutes later with a ticket for a box.

I WENT back to the ship and, I don't exactly know why, changed from my shore-going clothes into my newest uniform. I suppose I had an obscure idea that a box at the opera called for a bit of a show.

"You know the opera. The curtain went up on the garret scene. Bohemians fooled with the landlord. It was good, adequate, without being distinguished. The audience was restless. They were waiting for Mimi.

"She appeared. You remember—she comes into the artist's garret to get a light for her candle—"

He broke off for a moment, while I heard the creak of the ship as she sidled on the swell. There was a manifest control over his voice as he resumed.

"I can see her still—" the control was not too certain,—"a pale slip of a girl, with a wistfully pathetic little smile—and eyes—eyes that gave you a lump in the throat before she uttered a sound.

"The first notes came from her. They were pure magic—a magic that thrilled right through you."

He stopped again, poured himself out some more whisky.

"I don't want to weary you with details," he resumed. "For me the opera ceased to exist. I saw and heard only Mimi—I don't even know if I joined in the storm of applause when the curtain fell.

"Directly the last act finished—while the house was still raving and shouting—I went straight around to the stage door, scribbled '*molto urgente*' on a visiting card and sent it up to the Signorina Marchetti. The doorkeeper pocketed the biggest tip he'd ever had in his life and told me to wait. I waited in a fever.

"The doorkeeper came back after a few minutes. The signorina would see me.

"I was ushered into a cell-like dressing-room. It was heaped with flowers and filled with people. There was a fat, greasy-looking gentleman in a silk hat and evening dress who scowled at me evilly. I guessed him to be the impresario. Beyond him

was Mimi, radiant, more beautiful even than she had been behind the footlights, more *real*. A horrible old woman was adjusting a cloak about her shoulders.

I pushed myself forward. She looked up from my visiting card to me with a puzzled smile.

"Signor?" she said in a voice that thrilled me.

"My Italian is not glib enough for the conventional compliments. I didn't even try them. I made my best bow and asked the signorina whether she would honor me by coming to supper with me.

"I suppose that was one of the things that isn't done. There was a ghastly silence for a moment. The impresario made a movement toward me, commenced an expostulation. Mimi, however, with perfect poise and courtesy, merely indicated the horrible old woman. '*La mia madre*,' she said. I bowed to the old woman, repeated my request. The old hag added me up—it is the correct word; I could feel that she knew my bank balance to the last cent—scowled and said that they had not the honor of my acquaintance. The impresario chipped in again, protesting with volubility and what he imagined to be authority.

"Then I had a brain-wave," he said, with his little smile. "I turned to the still expostulating impresario and invited all the principals of the company out to supper.

"That settled it. I gave the impresario carte blanche to make arrangements. He and the horrible old mother were of the party, of course.

HE WAS oilily polite to me now, that greasy impresario. I could see that he was in some way afraid of me. He had telephoned up to Renzo e Lucia, if that pleased the Signor, he informed me. We would have a private room.

"You know that steep hill that rises sheer up out of Naples? There is a fort on the top of it. Our restaurant was right up on that lofty height, on the very edge of the cliff. Through the windows one saw the myriad lights of the town, far below, as from an airplane.

"The company had interpreted my invitation generously. Every Jack had his Jill. And they enjoyed themselves. They were genuine bohemians. And after supper, riotously merry, my guests pushed away the tables and danced as though the evening were just beginning.

"Mimi—I could never give her any name but Mimi—had been silent all through the meal, replying only in monosyllables to my efforts at Italian conversation, but as often as I turned to her I found those disturbing eyes of hers fixed upon my face. I could not even guess her thoughts. But the nearness of her exquisite beauty, the feel of her personality that seemed charged with a subdued electricity, made me tremble. I lived in a dream.

"I don't know what hour of the night—or the early morning—it was when I found myself with her on the balcony outside the windows. Behind us, the company forgot

us as they danced to the twanging of the guitars. We peered over at that world of lights below as though from another planet. I put my arm about her to steady her, drew her to me. As her face came round to me uncertainly—she was biting her lip, I remember—I bent and kissed it without a word. The next instant she was clinging to me with arms and mouth. The unexpected fierce ecstasy of it startled me to the depths.

She held me as though she would never let me go, and then a chill little wind blew upon us suddenly and she shivered.

"*Il vento del mar!*" she said—and I can't give you the tone of her voice, 'the sea that will take you from me, amor mio!'

"NOTHING SHALL take me from you!" I said, as I kissed her.

"She looked at me searchingly, throwing back her head.

"Niente?" Her voice was challengingly significant as though it questioned the very soul of me.

"She turned from me, looked out over the void below us to the colored harbor lights distant on the blackness of the sea, raised her fist in a fantastic challenge.

"Ah, ship of the sea!" she cried. "You brought him to me, but you shall not take him back! I defy you!"

"It was childish, but oddly impressive.

"I was waiting for you, principe mio!" she murmured in that intoxicating voice of hers. "You came to me as I had dreamed that you would come—at the great hour of my life, the hour of success—to make it perfect!"

"I glanced up to see the impresario looking at us from the long window like a fat Mephistopheles. The dreadful old mother was with him. Mimi turned to them, with the dignity of a young queen just come into her kingdom.

"We wish to be alone!" she said.

"What a creature she was! There was magic in her beauty, magic in those eyes she would fix upon me, magic in her voice when she spoke—and when she sang to me, as she would when I hated myself, it was more than magic. One went into another world where such love as ours was eternally right. She held me bewitched.

"On one point only she was a she-devil, flaring up into a fury that was capable of murder. She would not hear of me going back to the ship. She wanted to install me in a villa up on Posilipo. It was a place in which to forget home and duty, everything except the witchery of the woman who laughed to me there in the sun. I felt that if I stayed there I was lost. A last vestige of sanity in me refused stubbornly. We compromised on a hotel on the front, overlooking the Castello del Ovo.

"Here, though I did not go to the ship, I was in touch with her. One of the officers came out to me and reported every day. And day after day those confounded consignees failed even to begin clearing their coal. It was as if they were in league with the clinging arms of Mimi.

"This, however, was not the real difficulty of my position. That performance of *Bohème* was the last of that company's season. Mimi sang no more at the San



The enterprise and perseverance of Richard Arkwright, who gave the world the cotton spinning machine, enabled this man of humble origin to revolutionize a whole industry. Forced to carry on his work secretly at night, under fear of persecution and theft of his ideas, his tenacity of purpose carried him to ultimate success and lasting fame.

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Carlo. But—what I had not at first realized—with that one performance she had leaped into fame. Naples buzzed with the talk of her. Rome heard it—Milan and Paris. She had hit success—the big success that all these operatic artists dream of and that not one in twenty thousand achieves. The dazzling career of a great prima donna waited for her.

"It waited. That fat Mephistopheles of an impresario got haggard as he fought off his rivals day by day, outbid them with ever more marvelous offers. She would sign nothing. Unless I would come with her. That horrible old mother—she never left us, of course—glowered at me balefully, hated me for this spoiling of her daughter's prospects.

AND MIMI herself sat with tears in her eyes as she crunched in her hand the latest telegram offering her sums undreamed of. I did not love her, she said, I could not love her—or I would come with her.

"I did love her. I loved her as I had never loved any human creature in my life. Somehow the sea, the movement of it, the bigness of it, had always satisfied my deeper feelings. It is like a living thing, you know—the sea. And it had got hold of me as a boy. And I loved my ship. I could feel the pull of them still, but when I looked at Mimi something came up in me like a great wave and drowned the very memory of them. She waited and I waited—for heaven knows what. And they began to clear the coal.

"Handling cargo is the mate's business, of course. It did not matter whether I was there or not. And day by day the second or third officer came up to the hotel to report progress. The day came when they reported all clear, the ship ready for sea.

"I went back into the private sitting-room where I had left Mimi. The impresario was with her. He turned round on my entrance, flung his fat hands up to the ceiling, his greasy features contorted with a rage of exasperation.

"Ah, Signor Capitano!" he shouted at me. "The Signorina is mad—mad—mad! Look!" He thrust a long typewritten document under my nose, a contract evidently. "Look!—Paris—London—New York—all the world!—they will star her as not Tetrassini—as not Caruso even was starred!—they will pay a fortune—a fortune!" He waved it at her in a frenzy of rage. "There is no artiste who had such a chance—for who is she?—she is not yet—if she takes not this she is nothing! I—I who made her—I wash my hands of her!—I leave her to go back to the gutter. I tell her all this—and she will not sign! She is mad—mad—mad!" He dropped his voice suddenly, came up to me like a conspirator. "Signor Capitano—I put you in the contract—we call you business manager—for what sum you like!"

I looked at him without a word. Mimi rose from her seat, came across to me.

"David mio," she said, her eyes searching mine, "what is the matter?"

"My ship is ready to sail."

"She swayed a little, mastered herself. Her eyes never left me. She reached out blindly for the contract the impresario thrust into her hand.

"David!" she said, in her Italian pronunciation, "David!" Her voice was uncertain. I could see her trembling all over

"We sign this contract, you and I together?" She was curiously, pathetically childlike. "We sign!—say we sign! It is there waiting for us—riches—love!—waiting for that word from you!"

"I don't know how I spoke. 'My ship is ready to sail.'"

"She startled me with a sudden wild gesture, a passionate cry. In an instant she was transformed from a child into a woman whose eyes flashed fire.

"She is ready to sail—your ship? Ebbene! Then I come too! She shall not take you away from me—your ship! I come with you—all over the world!"

"I went all to pieces in the immensity of her proffered sacrifice, out of the question though it was. For a second the vision of her cooped-up on board ship—cooped-up later on in one of those little suburban houses where the wives of sea-captains live—flashed upon me in all its grotesque impossibility.

"I could scarcely speak.

"Sign!" I said, in a voice that was strange to me.

"She looked at me, wondering, not yet sure. Her beauty in that moment was a thing miraculous as she drew herself a little away from me in her doubt.

"I—I sign too—God forgive me!" I got the words out with the biggest effort of my life.

"She flung her arms round me with a wild cry of triumph.

"Dio! te ringrazio!"

"There was a tap on the door. I went to open it. It was the impresario.

HE WAS all oily obsequiousness, cringingly apologetic.

"Signor Capitano, a thousand pardons for disturbing you—but I am afraid you will not sail on your ship."

"What do you mean?" I asked roughly.

"He smiled hypocritically.

"They have just telephoned, Signor Capitano, to say she is on fire."

"I heard no more. It was as if he had touched a spring in me. I went out of that room and down the stairs, like a mother told that her child is in danger, without a conscious thought. In a second I was in the street. In another second I was in a taxicab racing for the docks.

"It seemed an eternity to me but it could not have been more than minutes before we swung in through the dock gates, ran along the quays. I strained my eyes for my ship in an agony of self-reproach. This was retribution for my treason to her. At last I saw her, curiously normal, the Blue Peter flying from her signal-halliards.

"I leaped out of the taxi, flung the driver a handful of money, ran up the gangway. The mate was waiting for me.

"All correct, sir," he said, coolly.

"I stared at him. 'But the fire—?' I stammered. 'Isn't there a fire on board? They told me at the hotel—'

"Must have been a mistake, sir," he said. "We're all clear and shipshape. You'll be taking her out this afternoon, sir?" he added in a tone of confident certainty. "The pilot's standing by."

"The ship's people of course knew nothing of my hesitations. They thought I was merely staying at the hotel to enjoy the change of a spell on shore. We had no freight to pick up, and the owner's orders had been received long ago. Forward of

the funnel the steam escaped in a hissing drone. The punctually efficient chief engineer had full pressure in his boilers.

"The mate waited for my answer, but I gave him none. My head was in a whirl. Automatically, I went up the ladder to the bridge. I looked down at the ship—my ship! And then I saw Mimi's face. I turned to the mate who had followed me. My order was like the breaking of a spell. 'Send for the pilot!'"

"We were absolutely ready for sea, had only to cast off. A quarter of an hour later we were sliding through the water, the docks receding behind us. We passed out beyond the long mole and, at a gesture from the pilot, I rang down for full speed ahead. I glanced behind me to the semicircle of the city, the great hill rising steeply out of it with the fort on top—the height where under the stars Mimi and I had peered over the balcony to the lights below as from another planet and she had shivered in the wind from the sea. I crushed back the vision, did not dare to contemplate myself. The die was cast.

WE WERE WELL out at sea, Capri standing up big on our port bow, when the second mate reported to me.

"Motorboat coming up astern, sir. They seem to be making signals to us."

"I did not need to look back. I knew. 'Keep her as she is,' I said between my teeth. The ship slid swiftly onward through that strangely blue water as though she escaped. I felt like Ulysses trying not to remember the feel of Calypso's arms.

"Once only I glanced back. The motorboat was overhauling us fast, the foam flying in a sheet over her bows. Someone was waving to us from her.

"Suddenly there was a hail from alongside. The motorboat was abreast of us. I saw a woman in her—a woman who waved frantically. The second mate looked at me as though expecting an order. 'Keep her full ahead!' I shouted angrily.

"The motorboat tried a last desperate maneuver to enforce attention. It shot forward in a smother of spray, swung across our bows. In a flash, I saw what was going to happen. I sprang to the telegraph, clanged it down hard astern, yelled to the steersman.

"Whether he wasn't quick enough or whether—as he asserted—she refused to answer her helm, I don't know—"

Captain Bruton stopped, his teeth hard on his pipe.

"You ran them down?" I said.

"Went right over them."

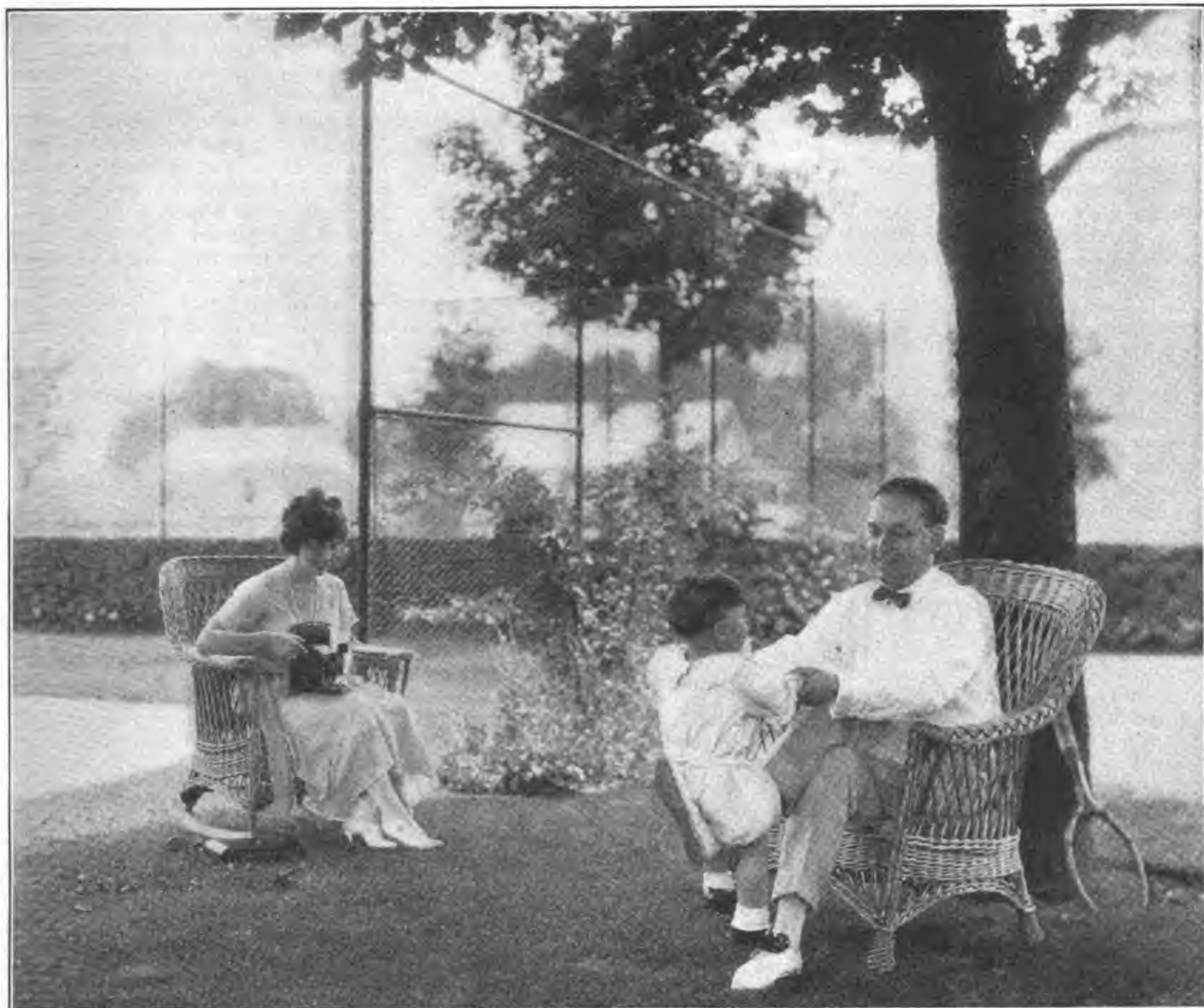
There was a strange look in his face as he stood up and knocked out his pipe.

He opened the cabin door, went out into a black night of stars. I followed him, bracing my legs to the heave of the decks.

"It was this ship?" I queried on a sudden thought.

"Yes," he answered, curtly brief.

She nosed her way comfortably over the dark ocean, flinging the swell from her in a long surge of white foam that glimmered in the night. Into my head, rhythmic with the throb of her engines, the recurrent lash of the sea against her flanks as she wallowed, came that measured sensuously passionate melody which is the leit-motiv of Bohème. A moment later I heard the captain humming it.



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Ethel Barrymore In the Play of the Month—Continued from page 87

take it away—just as a memento of a pleasant call.

HECTOR—Take your—unpleasant—note, and go.

PETERS—A bit hard on the maid, eh? Probably the first time she's seen a fiver.

HECTOR—Take the note. And quickly, please—I'm getting impatient.

MARJORIE—He's a dreadfully bad-tempered man, Sir Harrison—and so strong!

PETERS—You're discovering qualities in him, Lady Marjorie!

HECTOR—Take the note—and go.

PETERS—Oh, by all means, since you both wish it.

HECTOR, it developed, had fallen in love all over again with Marjorie. He had forgotten her beauty and when he saw her in the box, in her own divorce case, the magic was rewoven and he wanted her to take him back. Marjorie, of course, wouldn't hear of it. He was a good fellow but stupid, and besides they were no longer married; as Marjorie told Hector, "My dear fellow, you can't have your cake and divorce it too." The former husband was still pleading when Mr. Farr arrived and Hector put his case in the attorney's hands with the words, "Do what you can for me—she'll listen to you. Get her to come back to me, Farr." Left alone with Marjorie, Daniel tried to keep his promise to Hector. In the course of his argument, he told her, "Women are bored by merely good men and made unhappy by merely clever ones. Marriage is often a condition of brilliant misery or happy dulness." It was no use. Lady Marjorie would not take Hector back and so they fell to talking of themselves—a conversation that eventually led to Farr's declaration:

Daniel—As a fact—a plain and sober fact—whatever that malady may be that's known as love—I've got it, I've caught it! Lady Marjorie, it's gloriously idiotic—but true for all that—I love you!

MARJORIE—You don't! You're just making fun of me!

DANIEL—Don't you know? Of course you do. Say something. You ought to.

MARJORIE—I'm grieved—I'm unspeakably grieved! But—truly—is it possible? Come—is it? We've been together—four or five hours in all! Two days ago—you weren't even aware—of my existence. Tell me—oh, I do beg of you to tell me—that you're only trying to punish me now—that you're merely pretending!

DANIEL—Very well—let's call it that. Let's say it's merely pretense that, when my finger touched yours, as I held the match for you just now, every nerve in my body tingled. That I'm only pretending when I tell you that I'd give—oh, what wouldn't I give—to put my face close to that marvelous face of yours—and my lips on your lips!

MARJORIE—Mr. Farr! Think, think! Your wife and your children!

DANIEL—And myself—a highly respectable, elderly K. C.! Oh, yes, I've been thinking of all that—it's thumping against my ribs! But there seems to be two me's now—as there were in you yesterday.

MARJORIE—Yesterday—that was yes—

The Laughing Lady

terday! We'll blot it out—forget it! And I beg of you to forgive me. You can't imagine how I hate myself for what I have done—or rather, tried to do. Because I still won't believe that you're serious. Remember that—when you think of today—I don't—shall never—believe you were serious!

DANIEL—That's the best, of course—that's the best. Well, I've made sufficient exhibition of myself. Good-by. *(He holds out his hand; she gives him hers. Losing all control, he flings his arms around her—and kisses her passionately.)*

MARJORIE—We're absolutely mad. Go! Go quickly.

DANIEL—But, Marjorie, you love me.

MARJORIE—No, no, I don't. Not another word! You must go.

DANIEL—Yes. But—you do love me, Marjorie. *(He looks quietly at her and goes.)*

MARJORIE—I let him kiss me. I kissed him. Great heavens, I did!

FARR was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. Now that he had discovered Marjorie, he meant to have her. So he made his plea to his wife, telling her all and she, sensible woman, agreed to divorce him. But however quietly she may have yielded to Daniel she was not disposed to give him up without a struggle. So having got Mr. Playgate to arrange an interview she went to Marjorie's apartment and the two women talked of the one man. Mrs. Farr was very frank and very much in earnest as she told Marjorie:

Esmee—You love him, of course; you can't help loving him. And here he is at your feet. There is an element of wild romance in him. He wants to throw up everything—go away—with you.

MARJORIE—That's the first I've heard of it.

ESMEE—He's coming today—he'll tell you; urge you. Why should you go away?

MARJORIE—Mrs. Farr! Mrs. Farr!

ESMEE—Of course, I'm ready to divorce; but it would do him great harm in his work, in his career—and is it necessary that he should be—divorced?

MARJORIE—Oh, oh, oh! This is intolerable!

ESMEE—Why? You laid yourself out to captivate him—and you've done it. I, his wife, hand him over to you. All I ask is—don't harm him more than you must. Because he's worth—so very much more—than you.

MARJORIE—You're an extraordinary woman. Don't you love him?

ESMEE—With a love that you can't even begin to understand.

MARJORIE—And yet—you actually suggest—

ESMEE—What can I do? You are beautiful: you have wit, you have charm. What weapons have I? So I say to you, you who have angled for this man, and got him: I say to you, when you have done with him, let him come back—to me. What need is there for a divorce? Do

what you can for him—you who have won!

The announcement of Mr. Farr's arrival ends the interview. Daniel, as Mrs. Farr had predicted, urged, entreated, resorted to every argument to induce Marjorie to accept him, his love and his wild scheme. But evidently the plain Esmee had made an impression and Marjorie was adamant. Gradually it dawned on Daniel that this beautiful young lady meant what she said and this realization drew from him the exclamation:

Daniel—In that case. . . . If you've made up your mind. . . . You say it's mad: I dare say it is. Ridiculous—I see that. But it's terribly real to me. Honestly, truly, I'm done—without you.

MARJORIE—Daniel!

DANIEL—I can't fight against it—there's no fight left in me.

MARJORIE—You realize—what a load you'd be putting on me? I'd be breaking your life—and hers.

DANIEL—I love you.

MARJORIE—No.

DANIEL—What!

MARJORIE—No. . . . That isn't love. No. There's an ugly word for it. . . . But if that's all I mean to you—take me!

DANIEL—Marjorie!

MARJORIE—Yes. Why go away?

DANIEL—Marjorie, Marjorie!

MARJORIE—Yes. We'll be vulgar sinners—like the other vulgar sinners. We'll hide in some corner—as they do.

DANIEL—So *that's* what you think of me?

MARJORIE—Since you say you can't live without me!

DANIEL—No, I can't, I can't!

MARJORIE—Very well, then! You'll get a little flat somewhere; we'll meet furtively, slyly.

DANIEL—My God! my God! And you say that you love me!

MARJORIE—Yes. Only—not *that* you. . . . But it's my fault—I lured you, enticed you. . . . Very well then! But think—Sir Harrison Peters yesterday—you today!

DANIEL—Peters!

MARJORIE—He—offered me money.

DANIEL—The foul, unspeakable brute! And you compare me with him!

MARJORIE—You want—to take me away.

DANIEL—*(after a pause)*—I'll go back.

MARJORIE—You will!

DANIEL—Yes. . . . You've said dreadful things—they may be true—I don't know. I'll go back.

MARJORIE—Oh, Daniel, Daniel!

DANIEL—Yes. I'm not like Peters. And I'll never see you again.

MARJORIE—Yes, you will. I'll do what's right too. Hector shall have the decree annulled—he shall take me away for a year. And when I come back we shall be friends, you and I—and your wife.

DANIEL—You'll go back to Hector?

MARJORIE—Yes. Why make people suffer? We'll do the fine thing, the big thing. We love each other, Daniel, but there's life—and it's greater than love. Oh, my dear, my dear, good-by.

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Vingie E. Roe's Story of Human Salvage—Continued from page 37

The Rider of Rand's Run

smoked and listened a deal, spoke up here.

"Yes, an' that ain't all. That cream-colored leader killed th' best horse in Bob Thomson's string last year just for th' pure love of fight. He's fine as silk, an' handsome, an' fast on them shinin' hoofs of his, but th' devil himself must've made his heart. He ain't all horse—he's part fiend."

For the first time in years a quick interest in an unfamiliar subject flickered in Milholland's eyes. It seemed somehow as if this idle speech concerning a band of wild horses held something vital for him.

"BUT THEY can't go on forever," the first narrator went on, "many a man's tried to catch th' palermino an' failed. Th' very romance of him is an appeal. But it ain't romance that'll get him. There's a new state law just passed, so I heard down at Quintana, which offers a bounty on every wild horse killed."

For a time the circle smoked in silence.

"Seems too bad," said a grizzled old cow man who had spent his life in the saddle, "there ain't so many bands left any more. With their goin' it'll seem—yes and will be—one lap nearer th' passin' of th' herds. I'd hate to see a range rider shoot a wild horse. There ain't no purtier sight to my mind than a bunch of mustangs sweepin' down across th' open in full run. No, sir, nothin' purtier."

Milholland drifted from the round-up and on down the Basin. He asked for work at the first ranch house he encountered and was told to unsaddle. Carson of the Circle Shoe was a man of quick decisions and flaming temper, though just when he could see reason.

"You don't look like a cow-hand to me," he said frankly, and Milholland as frankly answered, "I'm not, only trying to be."

"Enough. We don't question any man's motive here nor criticize his honest efforts. But we're hard on four-flushers."

So Milholland became a range rider on the limitless floor of the Broken Basin.

And to add to this new well-being there sprang up between him and the Boss one of those quick friendships which sometimes obtain between men of such widely divergent temperaments.

The Circle Shoe was a big outfit and Milholland found his time well occupied. He cared little for his wages. It was the riding that he liked, the long days on the levels, the quiet of the sun-drenched land, that were getting into his blood with insidious peace.

It was along in June when he heard again of the Horses of Rand's Run. He had come in from a long ride to look at a certain water hole, and found a puncher unsaddling in the north corral, while Carson swore roundly.

"If that ain't the limit!" he fumed with his quick temper rising, "that's the third mare this Spring! If I ever set eyes on that damned yellow stallion I'll fill him so full of lead he'll sink in sand. I think I'll take up that bounty stuff anyway and

clean the band. They've been out in the Basin five times since March that I know of and it's about time to call a halt."

At mention of the palermino leader Milholland felt his blood surge in him with something of the wistful protest voiced by the old timer at the round-up.

Then on a day when he had gone south on some mission for the Boss another cowboy came in with word of the band—and this time it was a weird tale which the youth carried to the home ranch, for he said there had been a rider in the herd.

"You're crazy, Bob," Carson cried.

"All right," said the young puncher, grimly flinging down his chaps, "call me a liar if you want to, but you go take a watch yourself."

"Yes, I think I see myself wasting time like that," returned Carson sarcastically, "but you're darn' right I'll fix up a time to collect that bounty soon's we get through with the work on hand."

Once more Milholland, getting down from his own mount, felt that surge of sympathy.

AND THREE DAYS later he saw the horses of the Run!

Streak of light was his first swift comparison, because these horses were all fair colored—pink of roan, bright red-and-white of pinto, and the gleaming silver of pure white which shot them here and there—and all this seeming of light found its point, like an arrow its head, in the pale, golden-white creature which streamed in the lead!

The horses of Rand's Run!

Milholland saw them at last; but his eyes widened, for there, mounted on some indistinguishable runner in the center of the herd, was indisputably a rider!

A dark form rode in the rushing band, like a ship on a flowing sea, its arms outspread and swinging, its torso swaying as if in the very intoxication of that headlong flight!

The herd sailed round the point and into the Gap, and the man on the rock watched them in a sort of stupefaction until they disappeared in some cup of the hills inside the distant valley.

He, too, went home to Carson with the strange news.

The men of the Circle Shoe began to keep a lookout for the marauding band. Carson was making preparations for a systematic slaughter.

"Outside of ridding the Basin of a nuisance," he told his punchers, "we'll clean up a pretty little piece of money, which we'll split even."

"But, Carson," said Milholland uneasily, "do you mean to shoot them out from under that man's very hand?"

"Well——" said the Boss, "I don't just fancy that procedure, but there's many a trip when they run alone. We'll watch for one of those."

Milholland soon found himself chief watcher, but with a different motive. There was a longing in him to warn that spectacular master of the wild herd against

the danger; and he realized acutely the change which the empty years had wrought in him, for once he had drawn his nets about wrongdoers of his own kind without compunction.

Justice—that had actuated him always.

Now, he sometimes recalled other words that seemed to follow naturally and they were—"tempered with mercy."

So he watched for the horses of Rand's Run and once again he beheld them sweeping home to the Gap in a purple twilight and gave chase, but he soon saw that there was nothing in the Circle Shoe strings which could keep them in sight.

"Only a gun'll get to them," he reflected sadly as they thundered far and away up the narrow neck. He couldn't be sure whether or not the mysterious rider was among them, for the shadows were falling.

And then there was a stretch of time when no one saw the band. They seemed to have deserted the range of the Basin and Carson grumbled, since he could have spared his men that week.

At its end young Bob came sailing in at midday and hunted up the Boss.

"The horses are out on the floor again," he said, "they're coming south. I saw them from the top of Round Head."

Carson snapped his fingers.

"Alone?" he wanted to know.

"Can't say. They were too far off."

But Carson scarcely heard him. Excitement was rising in his eyes.

"Makes no difference," he said, "they're a bunch of thieves and destroyers. Get all the boys and saddle up. I'll look to the rifles."

Milholland felt a cold hand grip his heart but he went silently to the corral for his horse—and this time he took the fastest one in his own bunch.

THE RIDE that day was hard and enlightening. It served to show the Circle Shoe what sort of free things it was after, for at its end the outfit came in with weary animals and had nothing to its credit save and except the knowledge of two wounded horses in the palermino's band.

That night Milholland did not sleep.

He sat out under the stars and smoked interminably, and there was a keen ache somewhere inside him for those two wounded horses.

Next day the Circle Shoe rode provisioned. It was a splendid day, warm with sun, tempered with sweet winds that swept up from the south over miles of small blue flowers on the Basin's floor.

At the mouth of the Run the party swung in and jogged up between the steep walls that rimmed it. Here there was grass in plenty and a little shallow stream slipped along its flat bed.

But nowhere was there a sign of outlet other than the cut itself. The walls were blank as a dead face. They had reached the end of Rand's Run—and it was empty.

But young Bob's eagle eyes had been busy with floor and rock-face and he pointed back across his horse's rump.

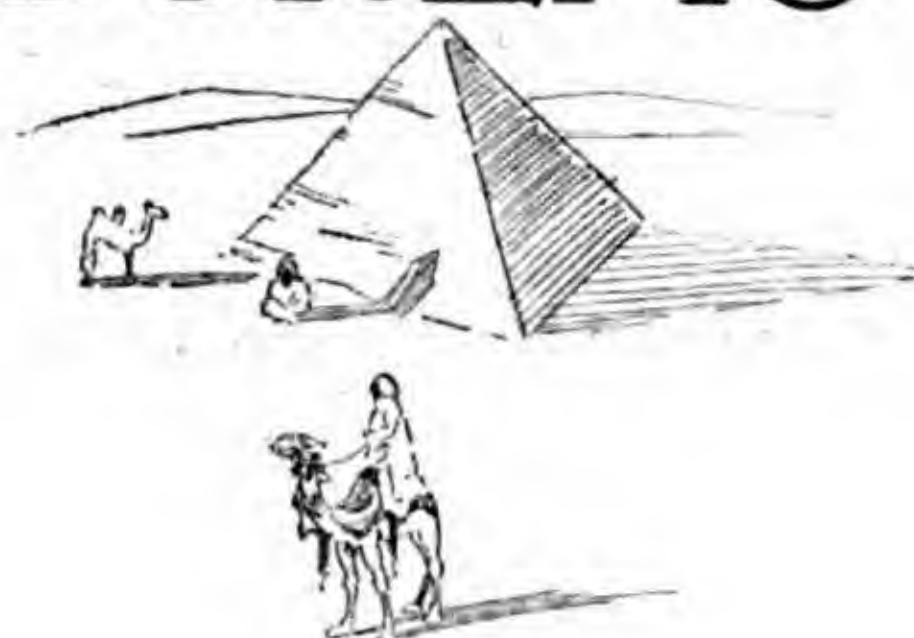
"It looks to me," he said, "like a mighty

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big knife had sliced into that cliff yonder, and th' grass is thin at its foot. Let's ride over."

With one accord they turned, circling back—and the secret of Rand's Run was theirs. A narrow cut came into the larger one from the left, running diagonally in the same direction, so that one coming up the Run would pass it by unnoticed.

"Well, what d'you know!" said Carson, "now I guess we're right. Come on in, boys."

In single file, headed by the Boss, the riders of the Circle Shoe rode up the narrow defile. Its walls were so close that a man might almost touch them both with outspread hands.

The cut was widening a bit, becoming lighter, while the floor was lifting sharply. They were approaching some sort of opening.

And then, suddenly, Carson swung round a turn and uttered an exclamation. His horse had stopped and Milholland forged up beside him. There, in the flood of purple light which heralded the twilight, they beheld an amazing sight.

Set among the hilltops was a meadow, green and round and watered. There was smoke ascending from a cabin, fenced-in gardens where gay flowers bloomed, and all the signs of home.

Two cows cropped at the far edge and hens scratched in the small corral about the barn.

But that which held them in open-mouthed astonishment was the brilliant beauty of the herd of horses which grazed on the meadow—pink of roan, splotch of pinto, snow of the silver-white—and the slim figure of a man who, with rag and basin, tenderly washed the long red wound on a patient pink roan's hip!

And close beside him, watching the operation with starry eyes, stood the palerminó stallion which they had come to kill!

Carson's horse flung up its head and squealed—and tragedy attended. The man with the basin dropped it and whirled; and a rifle swung from his back to his hand in one motion.

The stallion stiffened; the wild herd leaped and bunched behind him; and the whole thing seemed like the set action of a play.

Without a hail the man in the meadow drew down and fired, the ball whining by Carson's head to *phwit* against the rock.

THE MASTER of the horses moved out before them and there was deadly menace in the act. Once more the rifle came up along his arm, slowly, carefully, as if this time there must be no miscalculation; and then Milholland found his tongue.

"Stop!" he cried in his deep voice which carried across the distance, and flung up both arms in the gesture of truce. There was no change in the other's attitude but the expected shot did not come.

As if drawn by some invisible cord Milholland rode forward, his hands still up—rode straight across the meadow and up to the mouth of the covering gun. His lips were dry as ashes, his heart beat in great smothering leaps, his face was slowly going gray as death.

And there, in the pink and purple sunset half across the world, he looked down into the upturned face he had hunted for

seven years—a face with a delicately-molded chin, with scornful lips that quivered now, with a shock of gray-streaked hair above it which had once been shining black; and with long black eyes, one of which drooped drowsily because of the livid scar which ran from brow to chin across the oval cheek!

Those eyes stared at Milholland like the very soul of tragedy.

"Kismet!" said Honey Belle Carmody hoarsely, "I thought—I'd done with—you! With everything! I thought I had found peace in which to salvage what was left of life! But Samson grows his locks again!"

Slowly Milholland swung from his saddle, his hands still over his head. Slowly he walked forward until he could look more closely into those black eyes under the iron gray hair.

"Honey," he said tremulously, "I've hunted you all this time—"

"Sure!" she broke in savagely, but the man went on as if she had not spoken.

"I've hunted you in every town I knew to ask you a question. One question which has stayed with me always. I've got to know now—*why did you take that knife for me?*"

ACROSS the gun barrel pointing straight at his heart he looked at her and held his breath for the answer.

For a long moment this wreck of Honey Belle Carmody returned that desperate gaze. Then the lips that had quivered at his recognition began to shake again, though the old scornful smile struggled for the mastery.

"Why?" she said presently, "Why? Have you never figured that out in all these years, Milholland? You were so dull, I know—it was because," the shaking conquered the smile here, "because Delilah belonged to Samson."

The man dropped his hands, holding them out to her.

"And it was because I figured so that I've hunted all these years!" he said.

But the woman moved back a pace.

"Your wife?"

"I never had a wife," said Milholland, "your letter broke me there, too. Why did you implicate me?"

"For that!" she cried, "for just that!"

"Amen!" said Milholland and sweeping off his hat he looked up at the sunset sky.

Then he picked up his horse's rein and handed it to her.

"I'll walk across," he said quietly, "and tell my friends good-by. Also to send up the justice from Quintana with a marriage license."

The woman slowly dropped the gun and took the bit of leather.

"But these," she said distressedly with a motion toward the horses of Rand's Run, "they've been my salvation, my cleansing, Milholland. Those men mean their destruction. I'll fight to the death—"

"That word is done with us," he said, "we'll fence the mouth of the Gap, and forget the world outside."

And as he turned and walked swiftly away toward Carson, sitting where he had halted with his riders grouped behind, the woman looked after him with eyes in which the immortal fire flamed like a deathless beacon, while slow tears dimmed her vision.

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18 Countries in One Cruise

MADEIRA first, an ocean oasis. Then Gibraltar. Algiers, an ivory city beside a sapphire sea. Monaco's luxurious gaiety. Italy, with glowing civilization amid memorials of ancient glory. Egypt, on perhaps the very day old kings are newly brought to light. Port Said. Suez—Bombay and Colombo, the gorgeous East. Kipling's India throbbing with mystery under the Southern Cross. Rangoon, Singapore, Java—with the splendor of jewelled temples. The Philippines—America in the Orient. China, Japan, Hawaii, Vancouver, the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

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Everything will be Canadian Pacific standard—there is none better. What golden experiences, what priceless memories these four months will give you—four months that yield a lifetime's travel!

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CANADIAN PACIFIC OFFICES ALL OVER THE WORLD

Louisiana Outrages of the Ku Klux Klan

Norman Hapgood Shows the Work of this Secret Society—Continued from page 59

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| Membership at close of meeting | |
| March 27 | 522 |
| Obligated April 3 | 3 |
| | 525 |
| Resignations | 8 |
| Total | 517 |

On October 6th, 1921, the Klan at Bastrop, Morehouse Parish, Louisiana, received its charter. Some of the members of this Klan were charged with the Mer Rouge atrocities committed in that parish. The Kleagle's report showing the names of the officers follows:

"This report MUST be made immediately after the institution of a Klan and sent to the Imperial Kleagle, by him approved and sent to the Imperial Palace without delay.

To the Imperial Wizard, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan:

I have this day instituted a chartered Klan at Bastrop, County of Morehouse, State of La., with 57 Charter Members. Name of Klan Morehouse, 1st, and 3rd Tuesday.

OFFICERS APPOINTED

| Title | Name | Address |
|----------------|---------------------|--------------|
| Ex'd C., Capt. | J. K. Skipwith, Sr. | Bastrop, La. |
| Klalliff | W. T. Smith | " " |
| Klokard | O. G. Skipwith | " " |
| Kludd | T. H. Milliken | " " |
| Kligrapp | John T. Hood | " " |
| Klabee | J. F. Carpenter | " " |
| Kladd | T. H. McCreight | " " |
| Klarogo | A. B. Calhoun | " " |
| Klexer | J. D. Higginbotham | " " |
| Klokann | J. N. Jones | " " |
| | A. B. Conger | " " |
| | Winsor Pipes | " " |
| Night-Hawk | Geo. T. Madison | " " |

Dues 6.00 per year, Quarterly in advance
Signed:

R. H. Moodia

K. O. I. E.

Date: Oct. 6th, 1921.

Approved:

Imperial Kleagle

N.B. Be sure to write name and address plainly."

An old mailing list used by the Imperial offices in Atlanta contains among others the names of certain former Exalted Cyclops in Louisiana. These are:

Rush H. Davis,
657 Wichita St., Shreveport, La.
Jno. T. Bryant,
701 Oak St., Monroe, La.
Col. L. A. Toombs,
729 St. Charles St., New Orleans, La.
Dr. E. S. Fulton,
(New Iberia Klan) LaFayette, La.
Judge A. V. Hundley,
Alexandria, La.
Jno. R. Parkerson,
Baton Rouge, La.
J. B. Lindsley,
Bogalusa, La.
Paul D. Perkins,
Lake Charles, La.
M. A. Cooper,
Rayville, La.
A. H. Gay,
Plaquemine, La.

John T. Bryant is the Postmaster at Monroe, the largest town near Bastrop and Col. L. A. Toombs, another name on the list, is the Adjutant-General for the State of Louisiana, and the officer in charge of the soldiers sent to Morehouse Parish to preserve peace during the public hearing. A number of the soldiers sent to Bastrop and Mer Rouge were also Klansmen. The Dr. E. S. Fulton mentioned in the list is a surgeon of the National Guard of the State of Louisiana. Judge A. V. Hundley is the City Judge of Alexander, La. John R. Parkerson, formerly a member of the State Senate of Louisiana. Paul D. Perkins, Farm Demonstration Agent of a Louisiana Parish and a member of the State Pink Boll Worm Commission. A. H. Gay is a brother of former United States Senator E. J. Gay. Ex-Senator Gay has been mentioned as a candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

Most of the names on this mailing list are listed by States, but it includes under *Miscellaneous* the following:

Dr. A. S. Baster,
Masonic Temple, Springfield, Ill.
Mr. Thornton,
P. O. Box 257, Aurora, Ill.
F. J. Edwards,
1001 Real Estate Exch. Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
G. A. Reem,
1001 Real Estate Exch. Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
G. A. Price,
519 Haas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
Capt. W. S. Coburn,
519 Haas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
J. G. Tripp,
74 N. High St., Columbus, O.
Col. C. S. Bryan,
78 Irving Place, New York City.
Edw. E. Noble,
325 Illuminating Bldg., Cleveland, O.
Robt. C. McClure,
Scottish Rite Temple, Indianapolis, Ind.
Joe M. Huffington,
Vendome Hotel, Evansville, Ind.
Col. J. H. Parker,
Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.
Hon. T. Lothrop Stoddard,
Beacon St., West Winthrop Road, Brookline, Mass.
Hon. Telfair Minton,
c/o Howard Club, Boston, Mass.
A. A. Hayden,
Auditorium Hotel, Denver, Colo.
Dr. Jno. Gailin Locke,
Denver, Colo.
T. J. Shirley,
Birmingham, Ala.
Putnam Dye,
226 MacLemore Ave., Memphis, Tenn.
P. E. Rothe,
1520 E. Illinois St., The Marne Apt., Indianapolis, Ind.
H. A. Moore,
P. O. Box 117, Wheeling, W. Va.
F. W. Atkin,
225 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Lloyd P. Hooper,
P. O. Box 77, Sta. G., New York City.
Arthur E. Wooden,
Hotel Norwich, Columbus, O.
Frank Starr,
5647 Leland Ave., Chicago, Ill."

Most of these are or were former high Klan officials. On this list appears the

name of Hon. T. Lothrop Stoddard and Hon. Telfair Minton, both of Boston, Mass. Stoddard needs no introduction to our readers, as his membership connection has been already fully established in previous articles. Minton is Secretary of the Loyal Coalition, whose offices are at 24 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. The Loyal Coalition is an organization whose avowed purpose is to combat the Irish Catholic element in Boston. Stoddard was at one time President of the Loyal Coalition, and many other Klansmen are also Coalitionists.

In a letter from a King Kleagle we hear about the Morehouse Parish murders in Louisiana, which is interesting because the Klansman says the Bastrop Klan is not at all worried about the outcome of the prosecution. He says:

"I am writing from Bastrop, La., where I have spent several days in making a personal investigation of the allegations recently brought against the Klan in Morehouse Parish in connection with the supposed murder of 'Richards and Daniels,' during last August. And, I will say the story is too long to outline here but I will be able to give the facts about the matter to my Klans, when I return to Mississippi. I have not seen or read a single article published by the subsidized press that there was enough truth in regarding the matter to make a decent lie. . . .

This Klan is not disturbed one particle over the situation, for they know if right and truth prevails, and we believe it will, the Ku Klux Klan will come out under flying colors as they have always done in the past."

Conditions in Georgia are much the same. Four citizens of Smyrna, on February 13, 1922, wrote in for advice:

"Rte. 1.
Smyrna, Ga.
2-13-23.

We the undersigned Citizens being thoroughly acquainted with the surroundings of Chas. Hagan located at Floyd Ga., Cobb Co. 15 miles from Atlanta on Seaboard R. R. Mableton & Marietta Highway. Is absolutely gobbling up the earnings of their little Business. He is drunk 7/8s of the time and women seem to be all he cares about. He goes so far as to run his People out of their home and the neighbors haft to go to their rescue. His mother being on crutches. one Sister an Invalid & his father very disabled. He has one sister that is capable of seeing after this little Business they are running and has asked that something be done. We fully believe they would be much better off without his assistance than they are with it, as the Law don't seem to deal in this peticular case.

S. W. Argo
C. H. Gann
J. W. Connally
J. C. Hays."

On page 56 is reproduced the form of summons used by some Klans when an "Extra-ordinary Klonklave" is to be held. It contains the warning "COMPLETELY DESTROY." These special meetings were usually restricted to a few members—

those selected to take part in tar and feather parties, etc.

The acquittals in the Inglewood, California, trial, and the failure to convict in many cases which have been tried, have helped to make Klansmen everywhere confident of their ability to escape consequences. It is natural that the Klan displays assurance in having Chiefs of Police in their membership. This telegram tells of the Chief of Police in Oakland, Cal.:

"Los Angeles, Cal.,
August 24, 1921.

E. Y. Clarke,
501 Flatiron Building, Atlanta, Georgia.

Oakland affair. McRae and Caruthers arrested at their room Oakland Hotel by two K. C. Detectives and carried Police Captain in another K. C. and were told to leave town by nine next morning or go to jail for vagrancy period. They summoned membership who went to Chief of Police a Mason and he ordered their release and protected their papers and who investigated the organization and then made application for membership. The papers published first action and later made nice correction. Every thing running smooth in Frisco.

W. S. Coburn."

And here is some correspondence about Chief Edwards of Kansas City, Mo.:

"Chief Edwards signed an application for membership, but of course, is ineligible. Several big fellows here are writing to Mr. Crippen asking for dispensation which I have already informed them was useless, but I was very glad to know that his heart is with us."

Under date of October 11, 1921, the Grand Goblin stationed at Kansas City, Mo., writes to his Kleagle at St. Louis. He writes from the "Grotto of the Grand Goblin, Mississippi Valley Domain," in the "Alarming Month, Wailing Week, Dismal Day," from post office box 917, and says:

"I desire to commend you for your work in connection with the ordinance before the St. Louis Board of Aldermen.

I have before me the application of Dr. Philip Finot and will defer any request along this line until I hear definitely from Atlanta as to what action they will take upon other requests I have presented. I believe we had no more pressing case than that of Chief of Police Edwards of Kansas City, Mo., and I have just been advised that under no circumstances will a dispensation be granted. I am, however, insisting for the good of the Order that different action be taken. If I can secure dispensation in the case of Chief Edwards and also Billy Parker of the New Menace, who has proved himself a real friend of the Order, I shall then take up such cases as that of Dr. Finot."

Chief Edwards was ineligible because he was not born in the United States.

The July article will devote itself especially to the situation in Texas. The special candidate of the Klan for the United States Senate last fall, Mr. Mayfield, was elected, and the legality of his election has been disputed. His opponents charge that more money was spent in his behalf than the Texas election laws allow. Our article will, as usual, give documents and exact information about the Texas situation. See July Hearst's International.

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and return
May 15 to Sept. 30
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The enormously powerful electric locomotives that haul "The Olympian" through the western mountains pioneer a new era in railway operation

"The very last word in transportation"

—THOMAS A. EDISON

Edison is speaking of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. He had just experienced the delight of traveling through the American Rockies by electric power. In the smooth, smokeless and *electrically* driven flight of that incomparable train "The Olympian" across the mountains, he saw electricity's grandest application. Enjoying as you and every passenger must enjoy this pleasurable journey, he voiced the thought of that great body of accustomed travelers who regard the "Milwaukee" as the most progressive railroad in the world.

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The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between
Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma
The only line operating over its own rails all the way between
Chicago and Puget Sound
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GEORGE B. HAYNES, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



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C Blasco Ibañez's *Novel of a Dangerous Woman*—Continued from page 65

The Temptress

head was frightfully shattered by the explosion of the bullets at close range.

Watson flung himself down from his horse, and holding his revolver in his right hand, he made his way toward the house. When, on looking through the door opening into the living-room, he saw no one, he began to call.

The wicker chair in which Celinda usually sat lay overturned on the floor. The cover of the large table had apparently been roughly pulled off and lay on the ground while the papers and small objects that usually covered it were scattered about underfoot.

He continued shouting. "Where are you? . . . It's me, Watson!"

RICHARD came out of the house just in time to see young Cachafaz peer anxiously out from one of the corrals; and no sooner did the others see the boy than they all began giving their account of what had taken place; but the little fellow spoke with a certain authoritative air of knowing what he was about and Watson listened attentively.

He, Cachafaz, had been with his young mistress that morning and had seen everything! Three men had come galloping toward the house at full speed. Then he saw a peon running toward the horsemen, probably to ask them why they were coming into the ranch in that fashion; but before he could say a word they drew their revolvers and shot him down.

"I ran through the house," continued Cachafaz breathlessly. "The señorita was just going out to see what was happening when three men rushed in and threw a poncho over her head; then they picked her up and carried her away. It was Manos Duras . . . and I know where he took our señorita!"

Watson could not for several minutes coordinate his thoughts. It seemed to him that the first thing he must do was to go find Celinda and free her at once. And with the absurd self-confidence of lovers, who are incapable of perceiving the actual size of the obstacles placed in their way, he mounted his horse and beckoned to Cachafaz to come with him.

With a flying leap, Cachafaz landed on the horse's cruppers, and clutched Watson's blouse; then the latter spurred his mount, and they started off at a gallop.

The tumbledown ranch house, known as that of the Dead Squaw had a certain notoriety in the vicinity; it was rarely visited, for it was generally reputed to be the usual stopping-place of travelers wanting to cross that part of the country without being seen. It was toward this that Watson rode.

At the same hour, on returning to his house after a fruitless search, Robledo experienced a surprise no less disagreeable than fell to Watson's share when he arrived at the Rojas ranch.

On the threshold of the front door sat Sebastiana, apparently waiting for him, to judge from her grunt of satisfaction at sight of him.

"I couldn't sleep all night, and here I am waiting for you to answer a question for me, Don Robledo."

No sooner did the half-breed begin

talking, than Robledo's expression completely changed, and indicated the closest attention to what she was saying.

The woman finished her account of what she had seen and heard the night before.

"Why did the señora and Manos Duras talk so much about my little mistress? . . . what has my little white dove to do with them? . . ."

But Robledo was not listening now. Abruptly he turned his back on Sebastiana, and went rapidly back to the place he had just come from.

He began to shout and gesticulate to Don Carlos and the comisario who were still talking just where he had left them a few minutes earlier.

"Get on your horses . . . at once! That story about the cow was a ruse of Manos Duras to get you away from the ranch! I'm afraid something has happened to Celinda . . . we must get out there as soon as possible. . . ."

AT THAT instant Watson was crawling through the tough matorrales. The little half-breed had directed him to a sandhill on the edge of the plateau; and from this elevation he and his small guide could look down almost perpendicularly on the ruins of Dead Squaw ranch.

As Watson advanced catlike through the thick tough shrub-growths of the sandhill he felt an eerie fear at the stillness of the ranch below. Thrusting his head between the branches Richard made out a sandy elevation twenty yards below in the center of which was the ranch house. A man with a rifle laid across his knees sat on the ground keeping watch.

However much Watson might peer and stretch his neck to see, he could discover no one else below. He took out a pencil and bit of paper from his pocket. His bright animal-eyes shining as though he already knew what the mission was that he was to be entrusted with, Cachafaz watched Watson write.

Richard gave him the paper and pointed to the place where his horse was tethered.

"Get to the town as fast as you can and give this to the señor Robledo, or else to the comisario . . . whichever one you meet first."

Watson grew weary of wriggling about through the matorral bushes. He began to doubt that Celinda's captors had hidden her in the building opposite him. Then he saw something was moving on the horizon. . . . His eyes suddenly grew animated as he made out between the dark patches of the distant matorrales a small rider who grew larger as he steadily galloped toward the sandhill. In a few minutes Watson recognized Don Carlos Rojas.

Although the rancher was coming straight toward him, Richard thought it prudent to go to meet him, and began running.

As soon as Don Carlos caught sight of him, he reined in his horse and pulled his revolver from the holster. Then recognizing him, the rancher dismounted.

They walked along among the matorral roots following the path made by Watson, Rojas leading his horse. He tethered him at the bottom of the sandhill.

As they peered through the openings in the bushes, they saw Piola still sitting on the ground, just as before, but he was alone. Manos Duras had disappeared.

"Let's attack!" whispered Don Carlos.

Watson followed him down the side of the hill. They came out at the point where the horse was tethered; Don Carlos mounted him and felt of his revolver. Keeping close to the horse Watson moved forward with Rojas, and in this fashion they advanced quite openly toward the ranch house.

When they reached the open space in front of the building, they found themselves face to face with the two mountaineers still on their horses, and Piola, with his rifle in position. Don Carlos addressed him:

"Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

Imperturbably the gaucho listened to him, as though not understanding.

"There's no need of useless talk," Rojas continued. "If it's money you want, out with it, and perhaps we can come to an understanding."

Piola remained silent. Meanwhile, in response to an almost imperceptible signal from him, the other two gauchos removed themselves to a distance of a few yards.

Rojas continued his attempts to strike a bargain, at the same time making extraordinary efforts to control his indignation.

"But I don't know what you're talking about, señor," Piola replied finally. "You're on the wrong track. I never saw the young woman."

WHILE this was going on, Watson moved away from the speakers with the intention of getting around the ranch house to the front door. But the other mountaineer, guessing his intention, stepped in front of him, taking aim at him, on the point of shooting. Finally without having committed himself to any definite reply, Piola turned his back on Rojas and walked away, disappearing behind the corner of the building.

The rancher attempted to follow him and brought up short against the man who checked Watson. His rifle in position, he kept it pointed at both men, and they were constrained to stand motionless.

With a blow, Piola knocked down the poorly joined planks with which the door was patched, and came upon Manos Duras.

"Old man Rojas is here with one of the gringos from the dam. What are we going to do?" Piola asked him.

"Why not kill him?"

"And the gringo too?" inquired Piola ironically. "You have an answer to everything!"

The gaucho from the Andes moved uneasily as though instinctively he felt the proximity of danger. He could not believe that those two men had come alone. The best thing for Manos Duras to do in this situation was to mount his swift horse without further loss of time, and start off with his prize on the saddle in front of him. Certainly he ought to give up the idea of keeping any engagement in La Presa that

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night. While he was riding to safety with the girl, he, Piola, and his men, would remain to distract the attention of the pursuers. But he got no further. Close at hand, on the other side of the wall, a shot rang out, and then a cry. Manos Duras's trusted comrade uttered an oath.

"There! The party's begun!" he exclaimed, raising the trigger of his gun, and running toward the spot from which the sound had apparently come.

WHAT HAD happened was that while the man who checked their advance kept his gun aimed at Watson, who because of his youth seemed the more dangerous of the two, Rojas had cautiously removed his revolver from the holster and fired.

The man on guard fell over on his face, and Watson at once grasped his rifle but when he found that the mountaineer was aiming at him, the American stooped with a quick, instinctive motion, and the bullet, which would otherwise have hit him square in the chest, merely grazed his left shoulder.

Piola stepped toward him to make sure of his second shot; and at this point in the duel Manos Duras thrust his head out of the shelter of the corner wall.

"There's a whole bunch of them coming," he yelled.

And now events followed one another in such rapid succession that all that happened seemed to crowd with fantastic velocity on the heels of what was already occurring. . . .

With a rush Manos Duras mounted his horse and disappeared behind the ranch house.

A little after midday, as Elena was smoking her twentieth cigarette, there came a knock at the door. She concluded that the young servant-girls had left the house after lunch, to run about the town in search of news and gossip.

So she went to open the door herself, and was much astonished at sight of her caller. It was Moreno.

"I'm off to Buenos Aires by the afternoon train, señora," he announced with the gravity of a man who knows his own importance. "I must see the government representatives and give them an account of what happened here, and talk with the minister of public works about keeping things going on."

Elena received all this with nods of understanding and sympathy, her eyes all the while smiling maliciously. . . .

"But before I went away, I wanted to see you again to discuss a matter relating to my future responsibilities."

As he went on talking the malicious sparkle in Elena's eyes suddenly went out, and in its place came a look of avid interest that at moments increased to burning intensity.

Moreno, who was looking at her with more audacious eyes than in the days when he had no hope of ever being rich and powerful, saw a shadow on her face as though an invisible cloud were passing over her. Then the corners of her mouth quivered, perhaps with pain, and she raised her hands to her eyes.

Moreno got up from his chair to console her. He remembered, at sight of her mourning, that she must at that very moment be grieving over the death of her husband's mother. And in addition to that bereavement there was the death of

Pirovani, and Canterac's flight, and so many distressing occurrences in so short a time! . . .

"All these things are very sad, señora, but you must not weep, my friend!"

"I am not weeping for what is past," she sighed, "but for myself, for my misfortune. I am all alone in the world. You were the only friend left me . . . and now you are going away forever!"

Shaken by these words, the government employe began to stammer:

"But you must always count on me, señora. I am going away, but in reality I am not going at all, for you will have me in Buenos Aires, and. . . ."

"Now that you are going away, and that I am losing you, perhaps forever, I suddenly take account of the fact that it was always the two poor friends who have already left us who deliberately crowded into the front row, and in doing so hid from me the man who is really the one I am most interested in!"

Elena sadly threw back her shoulders. "But it is too late to talk of such things," she went on in a tone of discouragement.

A LONG pause followed, and finally Moreno plucked up the courage to stammer: "You might come with me to Europe, señora . . . to advise me."

Elena started, and then, with a proud gesture, repelled this suggestion.

"How could I accept such a thing! You are mad! . . . But, my dear Moreno, you would find me a terrible burden . . . and besides, I am a married woman, and if we traveled together, people would inevitably make the worst suppositions about us!"

Moreno assumed an imploring expression as he in turn protested; what could it matter to them what people said? . . . Anyway, no one knew them in Europe. They could live in Paris.

"Paris!" she murmured. "You know it from books, but they can give you only a feeble idea of what life there is really like. Oh, if you knew what a delicious experience is awaiting us there!"

Moreno took these words to be an acceptance of his proposals, and believed himself authorized by them to put his arms around her.

"You do accept then? . . . Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

"If I should come to the point of saying I accept it would be only on condition that we should leave this very day."

Moreno replied by nodding vigorously. They ought to take advantage of the train leaving that very afternoon.

"And once in Buenos Aires," he went on, "I shall assemble all the deposits Pirovani had in numerous banks there, and I'll also try to collect what the government owes him for the work here in La Presa. I know a lot of influential people who'll help me get that money."

[To be Concluded]

Blasco Ibañez concludes his novel of one bad woman and many men in Paris where it began. The wages of sin become apparent when Robledo finds Elena. See *Hearst's International* for July.



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The Inside Story of Dope in This Country

¶ *Sidney Howard Throws More Light on Drug Users—From page 28*

him on the next train going anywhere.

I protested that. I wanted to know if that were not a form of buck passing. I wanted to know where the unworthy individual had landed.

"It may have been buck passing," Dr. Butler admitted. "But, just the same, if every town had passed the buck that way, he'd pretty soon have landed in the river and that's as good a place as any for some I've seen."

IF YOU ask Captain John about things now and what he in Shreveport feels about the clinic closing, he silently bites off the sharpest corner of his plug and leads you to an ancient and dishonorable part of town where a new drug store has just opened to surprising prosperity.

"They started selling dope in that place," he says, "two days after the clinic shut down. I ain't caught 'em yet, but I will before I'm through."

Perhaps the effectiveness of medical treatment is still a good deal that of the medico's spirit. I felt this very strongly in Dr. Butler's little Shreveport hospital where the graduates of the dispensary went (and where addicts may still go) for treatment and cure. Austerity isn't the word for that hospital. Its simplicity baffles description. And yet it works.

Dr. Butler, undaunted by a complete (or nearly complete) lack of financial provision, has lodged it in a deserted residence. The kind of house, I should say, which was built after the Civil War as cheaply and as pretentiously as possible. It has been abandoned, long since, and business and the Baptist Church and kindred matters have absorbed the neighborhood.

Ten patients can go there at a time. Dr. Paul sits night and day on the job as Dr. Butler's assistant in charge. The patients stay upstairs, abjure visitors and attend to business. Dr. Paul keeps their attention at fever pitch. There seemed to be a few oddly assorted attendants. None of them nurses. Dr. Butler has had to do the thing too economically for nurses.

In the old days he ran the cure on the profits of the dispensary which were very low. They depended on the difference between the cost of the morphin and the selling price at six cents the grain aforementioned. In addition to the dispensary profits, he had three hundred dollars a month of official appropriation. Except for that sum, his entire scheme was self-supporting.

Now that he has lost the dispensary, he charges his patients one hundred dollars each for their cure. It isn't high, all things considered. But he used to cure them free. All they had to do was to convince him that they were in earnest about it.

He had a characteristic and representative motley of patients for me to interview. An ex-sporting lady who formerly operated one of those establishments. A second woman, also of dubious character, who was

addicted following a stirring series of major operations. An old lady who has been living with a boy of twenty-eight because she dislikes his mother. A juvenile dope pedler from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who began addiction on the opium pipe and now means to mend his ways. An up-standing young farmer who was discharged an addict from an army hospital. A lady of some mysterious and entirely worthy standing addicted fifteen years ago by a doctor. A lady of unblemished reputation who got to using it because her husband used it and anyway she had a ruptured appendix and needed something. A negro woman who jes' plain used it and has been sorry ever since. An oil promoter who has tried fifteen cures and is getting off at last. A sturdy westerner who owns a City block of Portland, Oregon, and who went to the bad in his youth and has been there ever since. His story appears later.

I saw a great deal of milk and eggs going the rounds and very little medicine. I heard a great deal of talk going on about how much easier Dr. Butler's treatment is than any other and how little you suffer and what a fine fellow he seems to be. I heard a good deal of talk, too, about junk. That is the way of addicts who have in common only this hideous, lonely business of morphin.

SOME patients good, some bad. The doctor is professional about the lot. I saw very little to remind me of any other drug cure and correspondingly little to distinguish it from any other hospital. Certainly the horror of dope was wholly absent. There stood out a kind of grim seriousness about the undertaking of getting well which made me think of tubercular people I used to see in Switzerland. Perhaps the bareness of the mise en scène at Shreveport impelled that seriousness or, at least, accentuated it.

I tried to get from the doctor some inkling of his secret. I got nothing. A former patient a banker and an oil magnate of distinction told a little, however, and that little seemed extraordinarily illuminating and inevitable. "I went there after eleven years of addiction," he said. "It began with me in an elevator accident in my bank in Chattanooga. My doctor addicted me. I never tried cures. I was too wise for them. What I attempted toward throwing the drug out myself almost killed me twice. I did stick it once for sixty hours and they did pull me through. I came to Shreveport on some oil business four years ago. I heard about Dr. Butler here. He took me on, fixed my teeth and some other things which had run down my general condition. Then he cured me.

"It was surprisingly easy, but I can't tell you why. They did very little except to make me comfortable. That place awakens one's sporting sense, I suppose. And he's decent—the doctor, I mean. I have often noticed that as soon as he decides that one of his dispensary applicants

is a worthy case, he begins to call him a patient, not an addict, and he doesn't speak of dope. He calls it medicine. He picks you up and stands you up. I think he has won half his cases before he even begins to take them off the drug. I don't think he has any secret but that. Perhaps it's out of your line to hear me say that an outcast wants self-respect rather badly. If you give him that you really exalt him. Something like a madman's strength, I suppose. Perhaps Dr. Butler knew that about some of us. It was a good thing, his dispensary, and his cure is a good thing. But all that either of them ever accomplished had already been accomplished by his point of view. Do you see what I mean? He's civilized about dope. Civilization's a more important affair than most of us recognize. . . ."

One night, seventy-five of Shreveport's leading addicts, actuated by heaven knows what combination of the macabre, the sentimental and the expedient, met in the City Hall and formed Shreveport's Society of the Addicted. I had the story from Captain John who was there. They bound themselves to see that no infringement (by them or by their less responsible fellow sufferers) of the dispensary rules should ever interfere with the dispensary's operation. They agreed to discipline their less responsible brothers. They pledged themselves to keeping their community clean of dope peddling whether by pedler proper or by pedler disguised as doctor. They swore to denounce the presence of any dope criminal and to bring any dispensary patient who sold or in any way disposed of his dope as it had been issued to him.

"I never held much with honor systems," said Captain John. "But those fellows knew what they were talking about and they meant business. They never came to me with an unproved accusation, they certainly helped a great deal in many ways and they certainly did behave themselves. All of us here in Shreveport have to acknowledge that. . . ."

A SMALL city's success in the teeth of metropolitan failure need not surprise anyone. Civic pride possesses an untarnished historical record for trying things and putting them over and civic pride is and has always been a small city monopoly.

The metropolis loses its civic pride and its civic self-respect and imagination as well in paltry confusions. The small city keeps its eye steadily on the ball of its own development. It objects to dirty politics. It insists on square policemen. These foibles give it an advantage over the larger center.

The small city may be conventionally and politically conservative, but you may quite often count upon it to take a social chance and, what is more, to bring said chance to a proper and uncorrupted conclusion.

When first the federal edict abolishing the clinics went forth, in March, 1921, the Louisiana State Board of Health bowed to

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uniformity and ordered Dr. Butler to shut up shop. But Dr. Butler had, in the meanwhile, convinced those civic fathers of his that his services and those of his clinic and his system had their very real values. He obeyed the State and Federal order on March 15, 1921. He did shut up. *And the next day his city reopened everything under its own auspices and on its own responsibility.*

In the end, however, Dr. Butler and the city fathers had to obey the final order from Washington and the clinic closed last month.

Yet it is better to care for addicts and keep them out of jail than it is to arrest them and throw them in. It is better and cheaper and wiser and more civilized.

AND SO I retell another story of the alternative as I got it from that Oregonian patient of Dr. Butler's who owns the Portland real estate and cannot be persuaded to leave the Shreveport Hospital and go back to his estates now that he is cured.

"I started smoking in 1898 and I kept at it until 1909 when my father died and left a lot of property. I said to myself: 'Buddy, here's where you right-about and get cured.' I took my first cure then and there in Portland. All that doctor did for me was raise my dose. I had to use more when I came out than I had ever used before. Morphin, too. Not pipes, but straight M.

"Then I tried a sanitarium in California and they wanted me for eighteen months and I got restless and quit in thirty days. I couldn't afford it anyway. I went to Chicago and got pinched with a pedler and took another cure in the Mercy Hospital there and went right back on again the day I came out. I walked into a drug store, and bought all the heroin tablets I wanted.

"I was broke and I bummed my way west. I remember that I bought dope on that trip three times; once in Omaha, once from a fellow on the street in Denver and once from a nigger in Pocatello, Idaho. Then I got stuck in Nevada. Dope's easy anywhere in Nevada. Wells and Elco and Reno. Reno's one of the best dope towns in America. Ogden's not so good, but you only have to run down to Salt Lake to buy all you want anywhere.

"I thought I'd try another cure in California, one I'd heard about. They told me it was in Sacramento. I never did find the cure in Sacramento but I found plenty of dope. I had a light habit all the way west, easing off between stops. Sacramento put me on as hard as I ever was in my life. I just naturally gave up being cured. I wrote my family to forget about me and I went to Frisco.

"Frisco's the junker's paradise. They use C. and M. together there. I've seen them selling it on street cars.

"I used to buy off a Chinese woman on Bush Street, just opposite the Hall of Justice. She had a lot of messengers delivering for her. And there was a dago, too, who sold everything in the world. Both of them paid protection. So did the Greeks at 3rd Street and Folsom.

"Do they sell openly in San Francisco? Why, they sell on 3rd and Market, even, and over by the famous flower stands, too. And they shoot in Paradise Alley. Paradise Alley is full of fellows shooting.

"And I can tell you how I made my living those days, because Frisco's an awful soft town for a junker. I didn't steal or peddle. I begged. Begging's just as easy and a lot safer."

And, ruminatively: "I wonder more of us don't do it.

"It cost me six bucks a day for junk and grub and a room. That isn't much. You don't eat much when you're on junk as bad as I was then. Well, I paid a doctor to write me out a lot of papers saying I was partially paralyzed and I got me a stick and I worked every business block in that town. I'd be hobbling there yet if one of my family hadn't come down.

"They made me try another cure. I committed myself to Ingleside Jail out by the race track. I stayed there thirty days and came out sicker than ever and went to the City and County Hospital for thirty more days and they had to put me back on junk to cure me of being sick and then I went back to Oregon and the family put me in the State Hospital but they didn't do nothing for me there except lock me up so I beat it out and went to Marshfield, Oregon, to the Sisters' Hospital at North Bend, but the sisters didn't know enough not to give it to me when I asked for it so I beat it out of there and went north to Vancouver and Seattle and Tacoma and got all I wanted everywhere.

"But I didn't like being so near my folks at home, so I started east again through Montana, riding beams and freights. Montana is a cinch on dope. All the northern route is. They bring it in at Seattle and it goes all along the Canadian border and leaks over every place. The northern route's much easier than the southern ones if you're a junker and after junk.

"But I got discouraged and went home again broke and they stuck me back in the Oregon State Hospital and I broke out six times and every time they caught me but the last. The last time I went south to southern California and I avoided Frisco because I had got my habit down light again and I didn't want that town to start me going like it had.

BY THE time I hit Los Angeles I was off it and I didn't get on till I caught a cold in Tucson, Arizona, where I had a good job. But the first place I saw was a barber shop. I always could buy from barbers and bootblacks and I still wanted the stuff anyway. . . .

"I was sorry I got on again. It kept me beating it along and every time the cops or the Federal men would knock off one town, I'd go on to the next with the rest of the junkies. I can't tell you all the places. El Paso—there was a Jap there—and I went over from El Paso to Jaurez and filled up. Most of the junkies from around here have beat it to Mexico. Mexico's good.

"I saved up some money and won some on the races and I went over to Del Rio, Texas, to quit, but the day I got there I spent all my money on C. and M. and I didn't have to buy any more until I got to New Orleans.

"I worked there and lived in a rooming house on Jackson Square and you could buy junk in that joint any time, day or night. At least you could before the Federal men knocked it off and I had

to beat it out a back window. But I wasn't so badly hooked on stuff when I left New Orleans. I went to Florida.

"Florida's the only decent state in the Union. At least it's the only state I've seen where you really have to look hard to find any dope. I couldn't find any, so I went back to New Orleans.

"They knocked off the Jackson Square peddlers again and I had to leave a week after I got there with a bad habit. I went to Morgan City and bought and got run out and to Lafayette and the same thing happened but a party made a doctor come through for me and then I worked another doctor in Alexandria and went to Arkansas.

"You wouldn't think it, but Arkansas is almost as good a dope state as California. I went to Texas and it was bad and I bought in Beaumont and Lake Charles and Houston from both doctors and peddlers and got into trouble and thought I'd try Shreveport on account of all the money being here and my begging and getting some of it for myself.

"I heard about Doc. Butler and I went to his clinic.

"'I don't think you're much good,' he said to me. 'You get a job and I'll see what I can do for you, but you've got to live here and work at something real.'

"I said: 'I don't want dope, Doc., I want to be cured.'

"But all he said was that he didn't bother with nobody, only residents of his parish, unless they could pay for their cures.

"That's where I surprised him. I telegraphed my family to send him a hundred bucks and the next day it was here and he shut me up and cured me.

"Now I'm off stuff three months and I'm not going to leave this place until I'm sure I'll never want to get on again. I've got a good bit of property in Oregon and I want to go back to it. But not until I'm sure of myself."

I have set this Odyssey of dope down just as its hero spoke it to a stenographer in the kitchen of the hospital that has cured him. Shreveport and Dr. Butler have, between them, found the way out as far as this country is concerned and Colonel Nutt, however successful he may be at catching peddlers and doctors and smugglers, cannot catch all of them nor prevent the uncaught majority from adding to our legion of the addicted.

One point more and we have reaped the lesson of Shreveport, La. Individual states are continually passing individual anti-narcotic laws for the criminal prosecution of narcotic offenders. Such laws may prove very satisfactory to state vanity, but I submit that they are a waste of time and money and a serious block to the general clearing of the issue.

If they contradict the federal law, as in some cases they have tried to do, they are not worth their print and paper.

I see no value in their duplicating the purely and technically revenue job of the federal agents. They work under the Harrison Act, are all powerful in their positions, gain them through civil service examination and fulfill their duties better than either copper or constable. I see a great deal of danger in creating any contact between the generosity of the drug



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criminal and the not too honorable traditions of state and municipal politics.

Every city and every state body of police should place certain officers at federal disposition in this matter and leave the crime end to the government. For the criminal aspect of the illicit dope traffic is still (and I hope will always be) the business of the Internal Revenue. Shreveport shows state and city what they may do about dope. I have already suggested that the federal government establish a dope sanatorium in every one of its narcotic districts, that the states concerned support the sanatorium and that the government agents supervise its administration. Then, if the cities follow Shreveport's lead and carry through sane and honorable dispensaries and clinics, the trick is probably turned as well as ever it can be turned before the millenium.

Job enough, in all conscience, for the cities to keep that much straight. What we have just uncovered in Nashville, Tenn., illustrates the havoc which ill-considered and worse administered state laws may bring about.

Once, many years ago, Frank Norris jeered: "Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee!" And like to died at the very idea.

O. Henry undertook Nashville's defense and placed to the town's credit a story about Azalea Adair, which same you will find in his volume, "Strictly Business" under the title, "A Municipal Report."

CHICAGO has long since contradicted Frank Norris. As for Buffalo, let us say, that these articles have done quite a bit in its honor. And now they turn back upon O. Henry's own trail and send Reporter Blood to Nashville.

Reporter Blood (who, by the way, has, in the course of this dope investigation brought enough dope criminals to justice to qualify himself as a class A Revenue Agent) went to Nashville for the uncovering ceremonies above-mentioned. With no more disguise than a razorless twenty-four hours will afford any healthy man, Reporter Blood walked out upon the Nashville streets and succumbed forthwith to investigators' horrors, fighting off addicts who sought to buy dope from him with one hand and fighting off pedlers who sought to sell him dope with the other.

"It is built on undulating ground:" thus O. Henry quotes his Municipal Report, "and the streets are lighted by electricity."

Reporter Blood adds items more pungent. One of them, that considerably over a thousand ounces of morphin are openly imported by the city every month. Another, that by federal estimate, over three thousand of its hundred thousand inhabitants are addicted to the use of said morphin. Chief of Police Smith mournfully admits the figure.

They come from all over, from North and South, so Reporter Blood deposes and says, "I couldn't walk a block in the afternoon without being stopped by them."

The *raison d'être* proves to be one of

those ill-conceived state narcotic laws, very ill-administered.

That law, which has been repealed during the public career of this series of articles, allowed the issuing, to resident addicts, of sixty day permits to buy almost any quantity of dope on physicians' prescriptions. If ever there can be any further argument either against the scientific dispensary or in favor of the unrestricted doctor, Nashville will answer it.

Reporter Blood's beard grows quickly. "I look right," he wires from the front, "and I'm on the inside. I know a lot of big street pedlers. I've been to one apartment where two pretty girls are in the business on a large scale. A good deal of cocaine comes in underground. But every one of the pedlers has half dozen or so of official state permits on

Hearst's International Magazine, in its April Issue, printed an article which contained statements to the general effect that there was an alliance between certain of the police of Buffalo and the sellers of dope, whereby the latter were being protected from arrest for their illegal acts. It contained also statements which could be interpreted to mean that Frank X. Schwab, the present Mayor of Buffalo, and John L. Kelley, his Private Secretary, neither of whom was named in the article, were cognizant of, if not parties to, the protection given, and that Frank X. Schwab's Administration either tolerated or connived at the unlawful traffic in drugs.

The article, in its original form, showed clearly that these statements were not intended to refer to either Mayor Schwab, to his Administration, or to his Secretary. Its meaning was changed by the inadvertent elision of two paragraphs.

There was no intent or purpose, on the part of Hearst's International Magazine, to imply that the present Mayor of Buffalo or his Secretary or his Administration had anything to do, whatever, with protection of John O. White, and this magazine takes pleasure in printing this statement for Mayor Schwab and his Secretary.

which he can draw morphin every day from any druggist."

Reporter Blood develops intimacy with one gentleman who operates five such permits, each under a different name, and all five over the high class and irreproachable counters of the Dean Drug Company. Reporter Blood, who will go into business for himself, ascertains that the source from which these blessings flow is a deputy medical examiner for the state, Dr. Charles Griffin, a physician and surgeon of unquestioned repute. Reporter Blood presents himself at Dr. Griffin's official office.

He finds a good many pounds of Dr. Griffin clad in quite an acreage of clothing and quite an impressive wealth of self assurance.

"What do you want?" says Dr. Griffin to Reporter Blood.

The worthy young man wants dope and admits it. Or, if not dope, per se, at least a permit to obtain it.

"Are you an addict?"

Is he not!

But even that vigorous growth of whiskers fails to conceal the blatant evidence of the applicant's good health. Dr. Griffin applies stethoscope to heart and lungs.

"Gassed in France, Doc." Reporter Blood whinnies. "The war made me an addict."

Dr. Griffin looks too cannily into a pair of wretchedly normal eyes. "You weren't gassed," he replies, "and you're not an addict."

Now it happens that Reporter Blood really was gassed. He is, therefore and quite naturally, a little hurt. He draws five dollars—five dollars, mind you, in a single bill—from his pocket and lays it on the doctor's desk.

"I want that permit, doctor," he insists.

The doctor smiles. "Permits are free," he answers, pocketing the fiver and reaching for his blanks. "You don't deserve a permit, but what's your physical ailment?"

You can see the five dollar diagnosis in the reproduction on page 27. You can also see the resident address with which to comply with technicality and make everything quite regular and legal, the doctor obligingly furnished our young New Yorker.

Next morning, Dr. T. A. Mitchell, in his mahogany furnished office, is very busy with ladies whom Reporter Blood describes as "nice Nashville matrons." Not so busy, however, that the new patient on such urgent business need be kept waiting. Obliging, the fatherly doctor writes a *forty-eight grain prescription*.

Reporter Blood, greedy for all the uncovering possible, begs for more—additional prescriptions to be filled at different drug stores.

"When I know you better," the fatherly doc. postpones.

WHERE the prescription is filled at the drug store, the sixty day permit must be filed. Reporter Blood's permit is number 3048 and good for a regular supply of the aforementioned quantity of morphin until the fatherly doc. knows him better.

Reporter Blood submits permit, prescription and dope one after the other, to the United States Attorney.

Which last, with no small show of delight, remarks: "A crime has most certainly been committed against both State and Federal Governments."

Nashville is one kind of law and one kind of administration. Shreveport is another. There is significance in the contrast. The law in Tennessee has, as I said, been repealed and replaced by a new one compiled by Agent Cunningham himself. Judge Fitzhugh in Memphis is establishing a farm for cure. There will be raids in Nashville and Chattanooga before long.

"I wonder," says O. Henry, concluding his defense of romance in Nashville, "what's doing in Buffalo?"

My notion is that O. Henry might well have stayed in Nashville a bit longer. Surely the official who, for five dollars, will put that much death and damnation into a reporter's hands is story enough for any man.

In the next and final instalment of the dope series Mr. Howard goes into the white poppy fields of Asia and shows how America is menaced by the dope lawlessness of foreign lands. See Hearst's International for July, ready June 20th.

*How to keep your hair
soft and silky, full of life
and lustre, bright and
fresh-looking*



Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

ANYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali

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Mulsified coconut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

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This solved for James the puzzlement of James.

It also opened for James two fields, the one of speculation, the other of experimentation, in each of which James very interestedly browsed.

In the first field, that of speculation, the herbage upon which James browsed or speculated was of the following kind. "This girl," reflected James, browsing, "delights my eye and soothes, pleases, comforts and altogether satisfies my mind. Much more than all this, she understands me. Am I," inquired of himself James, "in love with her?"

"Well, there's only one way," said James, "of deciding that"; and he reached out for his test and applied it.

"**W**OULD I care," said James, applying his test, "really and truly and deeply and poignantly care, if she died? If I went to the park tomorrow and I learnt that she was dead and that I never again should see her, I should be sorry; yes, by Jove, I would indeed be most frightfully sorry, but would I, would I go without my meals, would I chuck my work, would I feel that for me the end of the world had come and that I desired never again to eat, to work, or take my sleep? Now then, *would I?*"

"No," said James. "I would not."

"Obviously," said James, "I am not in love with her."

"Dash it!" said James, and came out of the field of speculation and turned into the field whose herbage was experimentation.

James, in all this time, had never communicated to Elsie his any other name than James, nor communicated to her any fact of or pertaining to his mode of life, his place in the scheme of society or the means by which he earned unto himself his daily bread; nor (and this is perhaps even more remarkable) had he associated with her anywhere but in the park, or vouchsafed unto her any entertainment such as a theater or any refreshment such as a box of chocolates or a cup of tea.

Now, however, coming to her on a day following his browsing in the field of experimentation, James, in order to propound unto her his experiment, opened a first stage of it by addressing to her the following words:

"There's a thing that I've been thinking about," said James, "and it is that I believe—I've never been about like this with anyone before so I don't know, but, as I say, I believe—I believe we ought to go and have some tea somewhere together."

"Oh, I'd love to," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James; and not more than two hundred yards further on sought her help in the new and unforeseen difficulties by this "Ah" expressed.

"Where?" said James.

"Well, where?" said Elsie.

Beginning with the Ritz and descending by stages to a coffee-stall known unto him in Camden Town, there passed through the imagination of James about two dozen houses of refreshment, but in none of them could James, unaccustomed to this kind of thing, imagine himself with Elsie. Ten minutes having passed in this desolating

The Love Test

review, "I tell you what wouldn't be bad," said James, "I've got the run of a man's studio not far from here where sometimes I go for tea, and where they give you not half a bad tea. What about that?"

"Oh, that would be lovely!" said Elsie, "Would he mind though, your friend?"

"Not a bit," said James, and they proceeded silently through the park to the main road, and thence to the house of James and to the studio attached to the house of James.

With his key James opened the private door of the studio and, as was to be expected, for it was a very comfortably furnished and tastefully appointed studio, Elsie expressed herself as enraptured.

"Oh, it's lovely!" cried Elsie, "it's perfectly adorable. I've never imagined such a place!"

"Not bad," said James.

"And are those," cried Elsie, looking round, "your friend's pictures?" She moved, obviously entranced, from canvas to canvas, some propped against the walls, some hanging, one or two on easels. "Why, they're wonderful, they're wonderful!" she cried.

"Not bad," said James, fidgeting. He had overlooked in inviting Elsie to the studio the possibilities now afoot, and the possibilities now afoot disquieted him and alarmed him.

ELSIE from the end of the studio turned very slowly toward James. She had taken root before a very large painting in a very noble frame, and she turned toward James as though she turned with difficulty on the root that she had taken. "Is *that* one of your friend's pictures?" asked Elsie.

"I think so," said James, "I believe so. Oh yes, it would be."

"Why, I saw it when it was on exhibition!" said Elsie. "I saw it three times. I would have seen it three hundred if I could have afforded it. Is your friend James Prince, *the* James Prince?"

This enormously discomfited James.

"Eh?" said James.

"*The* James Prince?" said Elsie.

At that moment there entered the studio a manservant bearing upon a silver tray the materials of a singularly delectable tea.

"Ah, here's the tea!" cried James, relieved; and, fussing with the teapot, "I believe," said James, "that is his name. Get out!" said James (this was in a hoarse whisper to the manservant who, accustomed to James, got out).

"You *believe* it is?" cried Elsie, gazing in great amazement at the richness and prodigality of the tea-tray, but regarding with much greater amazement the discovery which now, to the great embarrassment of James, she desired James to elucidate. "You *believe* it is? But you must *know*."

"Well, as a matter of fact, it *is*," said James. "Yes, he is James Prince. At least that's his name," said James, as if casting doubt either on the right of the

personality to the name or on the right of the name to the personality.

Elsie, however, to the chagrin of James, paid no attention to this sinister and mysterious inflection. "But I think he is perfectly glorious!" cried Elsie.

"Do you?" said James, pleased.

"I think he is the most glorious painter that ever lived!" said Elsie.

"Oh, I shouldn't say that," said James deprecatingly.

"But I do!" cried Elsie. "I've got a print of that picture hanging on my wall, and it's so wonderful to me that I can't bear to have any other pictures beside it, so I took them all down."

"**O**H, YOU shouldn't have done that," said James.

"I had to," cried Elsie. "But you *know* him? You mean to say he is a friend of yours! I can't believe it."

An enormous effort was made by James to extricate himself from the terrible and unforeseen depths in which he found himself plunged. "*Don't* believe it," said James, making the enormous effort. "Look here, the fact of the matter is I've rather led you astray over this business. This chap Prince isn't exactly a friend of mine. No, I can't possibly call him a friend," (which, having regard to his normal disgruntlement with his own personality, James indeed could not do).

"But he lets you come as you like into his studio," persisted Elsie, "and have tea, and all that. Why he *must* be your friend!"

"The fact of it is," said James, desperately searching for some fiction that could be presented as fact, "the fact of it is that I—I help him."

"Then are you," cried Elsie, "are you a painter?"

James, like a bolted rabbit in a net making futile bounds where no bounds were to be made, made a futile bound. "Not *that* kind of painter," said James.

"But you paint pictures?"

"Railings," said James, firmly, "railings and houses."

It was exactly characteristic of the charm of Elsie in the mind of James that this statement, though conceivably a disappointment to Elsie, appeared not in the least to diminish the pleasure that Elsie seemed to find in the company of James.

"This girl," said James to himself, ravished, "understands me. All the same," said James to himself, "if she were to die in that very chair——"

And a sigh was sighed by James.

Elsie set down the cup she had raised and gazed very beautifully at James. "You're not unhappy, are you?" said Elsie.

"Oh, no," said James, but hopelessly.

"But you sighed?"

"Oh, I just sighed," said James.

"I believe I know why you sighed," said Elsie.

James sat up to full attention. "My goodness, I hope you don't," cried James; and he hoped it, as may be conjectured, very sincerely.

"I think you sighed," said Elsie, speaking with what sounded to the ears of James as an exquisite softness, "at the sight of

all this wealth," she indicated with what was considered by James an exquisite gesture the sumptuous apartment in which they sat, "of all this comfort. You shouldn't," said Elsie; "you needn't."

"That's true," said James.

"Of course it is," said Elsie brightly. "Money doesn't necessarily mean happiness."

"I believe you," said James, which he did; and he then said. "Look here, I tell you what. Let's *pretend* that we are rich. Let's pretend that we are here because all this belongs to us."

"Oh, let's!" cried Elsie.

"Good," said James, pleased to find—as yet—no signs of wobbling on the second stage. "Do you mind," said James, testing for any as yet undeveloped wobbling, "do you mind pretending it in my way?"

"Not a bit!" cried Elsie. "Of course in your way. What is your way?"

"Well, my way," said James, "you've probably seen by now that I'm a quiet sort of chap who likes things in a quiet sort of way—my way of pretending all this belongs to us is not to sit up and gas about it and say how nice it is, but just to sit here and munch our tea and warm our toes and, without saying anything, just imagine that it is ours and that there's no excitement about it because it simply is ours."

"Sort of sit and dream it?" asked Elsie. "Absolutely," said James; and added apologetically, "It's just my way, you know."

"You know, I believe I understand your ways," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

For a quarter of an hour in silence this dream—that all this belonged to *them*—was enormously enjoyed by James. Then said James, "There's just one thing—"

He stopped. He had raised his eyes from the fire whereon blissfully they had rested, and what he saw upon the face of Elsie very much astonished him. She was lying back in her deep armchair; her eyes were closed and there was, immediately about and beneath her eyelashes—her remarkably long eyelashes—a dampness, a welling of moisture, in fact a tear.

"I say," said James, astonished, "you're not crying, are you?"

Elsie sat up quickly. "Good gracious, no!" cried Elsie.

"All the same, if I had been crying, in fact perhaps in a way I was, it would have been"—there occurred in her voice the very tiniest catch or break—"I would have been crying with happiness."

"With happiness?" questioned James.

"Oh, happiness," affirmed Elsie. "You've no idea how I'm simply loving this—this imagining."

"Are you?" said James.

A small sigh was sighed by Elsie and a new snuggle was snuggled by Elsie. "Oh, loving it!" she sighed.

Then spake James, robustly.

"I'm not," said James.

"You're not!" cried Elsie, exquisite concern of her voice most exquisitely matching the lovely concern of her face. "Oh, I am sorry. Oh, do tell me why."

"I'm going to," said James. "I'm imagining that all this belongs to us and it's the happiest feeling I've had in months, in years. But what I want also to imagine,

in order to complete the happiness, is that just as all this belongs to us so each of us belongs to the other. I want to imagine that you belong to me and that I belong to you. Do you mind if I imagine that?"

"Not a bit!" said Elsie quite simply.

"Thanks most awfully," said James, "Absolutely imaginary, of course; not in the least real."

"Oh absolutely," said Elsie.

"In fact you needn't imagine it at all if you don't like," said James.

"Oh, I quite see that," said Elsie.

"Well, that's simply splendid," said James, extending his legs to the fire and inclining his back to the cushions. "Rum idea of mine, I'm afraid."

"Not a bit," said Elsie.

"Just my way, you know," said James.

"I do believe I perfectly understand your ways," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

There passed then for James, or rather in the imagination of James, which was the quality of James by far the most highly developed, incomparably the happiest half hour that James had ever passed.

The half hour passed; the time arrived (Elsie said) for her to go. Now propounded James the experiment to which all this, though blissful, had but been the trial or induction.

JAMES having stated for his part, and Elsie having agreed for her part, that the afternoon had been the most blissful ever known, "Now," propounded James, "I want to suggest to you something like this that we have been enjoying, only more so. Very much more so," said James.

"Oh, do!" cried Elsie.

"You'll think me rum," said James, "and unquestionably I am rum, or rather, as I call it, and as undoubtedly it is, hopelessly unsatisfactory. But what I want most awfully is to be in love."

"Oh, yes," said Elsie.

"And the dickens, the extraordinary dickens of it is," said James, "that I can't get in love."

"I see," said Elsie.

"Well, the only thing I can do," continued James, "is to be in love by imagination."

"I see," said Elsie.

"Splendid!" said James, and further continued. "Now this afternoon, thanks to your most awfully decent understanding, I have been by imagination in love and absolutely heavenly it's been. But—this is the point—only passively in love. Now what I want most awfully is to be actively in love; not only, that is to say, to *be* in love, but to *make* love."

"I see," said Elsie.

"By Jove, you're simply wonderful," said James. "you really are. Well will you then," continued James, "permit me for a whole day—I thought one Sunday away by the sea somewhere for the day—to make love to you?"

Elsie turned her head away for a moment (to look at something I suppose; I am sorry only to be able to tell this story through the personality of James) and then turned it back and nodded it.

"You're marvelous," said James, "you really are. By golly, we'll do it then. Next Sunday?"

More nods.

"Yes, marvelous," said James: "the

most wonderful creature that ever was created."

Some practical discussion followed, as to the Somewhere-by Sea where the day should be spent, and as to the ability of James, on a painter's wages, to afford the excursion.

WARNING is now given that, in half a minute, the story takes a turn deeply serious.

"Now," said James, as, Sunday arrived, the train began to move, "before we begin, let's just run over this and see that we know exactly where we are." (They were in a first-class carriage which James, secretly, had reserved, but James meant more than that.) "Where we are is that we're just engaged and this is our first day alone together since our engagement, and we simply—we simply *love*. But it's absolutely understood between us that in actual fact we don't love at all, not a bit, and that the whole thing is simply pretending. It's all to seem real, perfectly wonderfully real, but really it isn't real at all. That all right?"

"Quite," said Elsie softly.

"I say," said James, noticing the softness. "You're rather quiet this morning, aren't you? Not feeling rotten or anything, are you?"

Elsie looked out of the window. "No," said Elsie, looking out.

"Good," said James, "Well, I vote we start then, shall we?"

She gave, her head averted yet, a sound that seemed to be of agreement.

"Do you mind," said James, "if I put my arm around you?"

She gave again that sound.

James put his arm about her. "I rather think," said James. "it's the kind of thing one would do, in the circumstances."

Her body within his arm was stiff and did not yield. She said, and her voice was as if her throat required to be cleared. "It's not real, is it?"

"Absolutely not," said James.

She suddenly yielded her body to James and she was completely within the embrace of James and her head was on his shoulder and her eyes were upturned to him. "That's all right then," she said.

"Now if you don't mind, I'm going to start," said James.

She opened her eyes and spoke to him. "Before you start"—her voice had always been singularly beautiful to James, but it had now a note that was entirely new and infinitely more beautiful, a note very full yet very low—"Before you start," she said, "there's one thing I'd like you to know because I think it will make your imagining all the more real to you. It's this: that if you for ever so long have wanted to be in love, to make love to someone, oh, so have I, all my life, wanted to be loved!"

"By golly," said James, "have you though?"

"Oh, most frightfully! Oh, just as you, you're a man, have wanted to make love, so I, I'm a woman, have wanted, oh wanted, to be loved!"

"By Jove," said James, "that is funny."

"I thought it would make it better for you to know that."

"It does," said James. "By Jove, now I can start."

James then started.

They didn't—as it turned out—talk love. James simply imagined that he was in love with Elsie and he knew (because she told him so) that in the imagination of Elsie he was loved by Elsie, and all he had to do, and all he did do, was to keep on imagining it and luxuriating in it.

The cliff turned seawards at the point



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where James concluded his steps, and James, seeing what he saw, and for a rather dreadful moment gazing upon it, then retraced his steps and went past Elsie and very hurriedly along until, which was a distance very brief, he could again no further go. Here also James saw what at the other extremity of his paces he had seen.

Alarm sprang from her couch within the citadel of James, and ran with frightening feet upon the flesh of James, and flew her pallid signal in the cheek of James, and on the drums of all his pulses drummed a roll.

His thought was "Elsie!"

He went back to her. She was not sitting as he had left her; she was lying upon the shingle, one arm outstretched, her face turned down upon it. There was an extraordinary desolation in her pose.

He had intended to say "I say, we're cut off—I believe we're cut off!"

THOSE were the words he had shaped for her; but immediately upon his realization of her peril there was a swift and terrible thought of her that swept away those words. This was the thought; it was in dreadful possibility she was to die!

In hours drawn away upon time's chain beyond recall he had imagined, as his test, his feelings were death to take her; and his feelings had nothing responded to the test. Not imagination but death's self now set her death before him; and there was a strange and an enormous poignancy that flooded him and swept away from him the words he would have spoken; and the words he said, returned to her where she lay and standing over her, were her name, poignantly cried:

"Elsie! Elsie!"

He went on his knees and he touched her; and he had a sense as of enormous power in his body; and of his power a compulsion, as it were an instinct whose authority until it should be fulfilled was a torment, to draw her within the power that was his and there encompass her against the dissolution that was advancing upon her.

There was a sovereignty in his arms; and as his arms commanded her and turned her face to his, they must have communicated to her the sovereignty that was theirs. She said, "Oh, is this real?"

He drew her to his breast. "Real, real, my own, my darling!"

Soon—but a long time lived between—they were upon the final margin of the shore, their backs against the cliff. He had examined every prospect of escape, of bringing rescue, and there was no avail.

He said to her, "When the time comes I will take you in my arms, and as long as I can I will hold you as high as I can."

She said, "When the time comes, dear, just hold me face to face."

The ripple of a wave ran thinly to them, and spread about his feet. At its advance he caught her up, and with a little laugh said, "Not to let your darling feet get wet!"

Soon, "Are you afraid?" he said.

She had her arms about his neck. "Not afraid. Do you remember what I told you in the train that all my life I've

wanted to be loved before I die? Tell me again I am."

He told her.

She said, "Afraid? Oh, happy!"

"There, I am holding you," he said, "your lovely and beloved face to mine."

She sighed. "Oh, say again it's real!"

"Real into what awaits us; real beyond."

She murmured, "Happy!"

A very amazing thing was suddenly observed by James. There appeared to him to be quite close to him, where still the shingle only at intervals was covered by advancing ripples, a young man and a young woman. James stared. Hallucination? Spirits? Not spirits. The young man was smoking. *Smoking!*

"What the devil," said James, amazed, "are you doing here?"

"Does the place," demanded the young man truculently, "belong to you?"

The truculence yet further astounded James. "Are you," demanded James, "cut off too?"

"Cut off!" said the young man. "Cut off what?"

James set down Elsie. "Aren't we cut off by the tide? Do you mean to say," said James, stupefied, "that we aren't cut off by the tide?"

The young man who in the vision of his appearance had his arm about his young woman companion, and in the vision of his truculence had dropped it, now replaced his arm and with his companion began to turn away. "You jolly soon will be," said the young man indifferently, "if you propose to stay here much longer."

CHILLY and sarcastic on the part of the young man, stupefied on the part of James, a brief dialogue ensued. Where the cliff sloped gradual and wooded there was, said the young man, an easy pathway down its face; smugglers had made and used it. Where the cliff became sheer and of rock the smugglers had tunneled down to emerge on the shingle in a narrow opening ("Smugglers' hole," said the young man) that stood behind a towering pillar of rock just at the cliff's turn. "Smugglers' Finger," said the young man, beginning to squeeze himself, as his companion had already squeezed herself, behind it.

"But I didn't think it was any good squeezing behind that!" said James.

"You wouldn't," said the young man, squeezing, "unless you knew"; and squeezed finally, and disappeared.

"Well!" said James.

He often wondered, afterwards, why, by reaction, they did not go off into helpless laughter. Much differently, it was with no more said they left the place; in silence took the upward path, and reached the level brow. There was a steep step for the final place. James took it first and turned and stretched his hands to Elsie. "I shan't feel," he said, "it never really happened until we're side by side up here."

He helped her up; and as their hands joined and as he took her weight, "It's all right," he said, "Forget it; it wasn't real"; and he drew her to his level; and he continued the motion of his arms and brought her to his heart; and she caught her breath; and she said "Oh, is this real?" and she was enfolded to his heart and he said "Real, real, forever!"

You can end a story where you like and I should like to end this one there; but I must just add how, in the train going back, James told Elsie that, when they were married (which was to be at once) she would have to spend a lot of her time in Mr. Prince's studio.

Elsie was thrilled. Would Mr. Prince really let her? It was extraordinary to her that he should. "Still," said Elsie, "at the best it can't be often. I shall have to keep on in the shop."

"You won't," said James. "Prince wouldn't allow it."

"Whatever," said Elsie, "has it got to do with Mr. Prince?"

"Everything," said James. "He's going to get married."

"But whatever——?" cried Elsie. "But is he really? Oh, who is he going to marry?"

"You," said James.

Elsie stared. Elsie read the most strange look that was in James's eyes. Elsie caught her breath.

"Oh, my darling!" cried Elsie.

"Ah," said James: and James within his arms again enfolded her.

Strangling the Jews

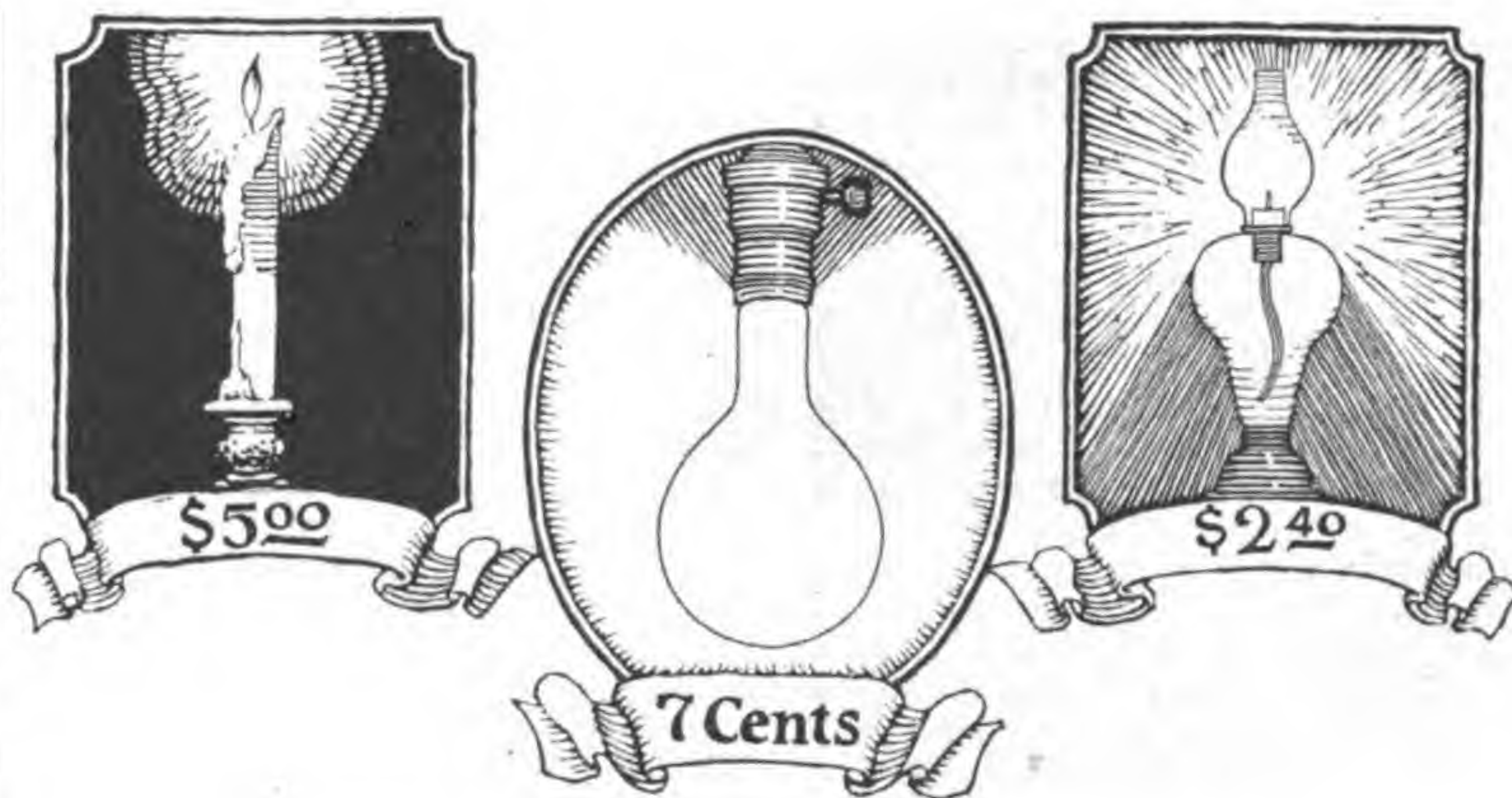
[Continued from page 55]

In Vienna, as well, they are fighting a losing battle. With the recent gradual but decided turn of the government from very liberal and democratic ideas to the growing personal near-dictatorship of Seipel, the position of the Jewish students is steadily slipping into the quicksands of despair. Austro-German Nationalists, thrilled by the Bavarian Fascism of Hitler, turn their hate toward the Jewish student. And they strike with the tacit understanding that certain powerful elements in the government itself are behind them.

However, one's sympathies are by no means centered in any single group when poor Vienna is considered. Cut off from her economic hinterland, top heavy with the useless machinery of a great Empire, impoverished and broken, Vienna found her University literally overrun with Jewish refugees. In the different colleges in the University were 5,200 Jewish students—out of a total of some 20,000 students. Of these 5,200 only eight percent were Austrian citizens. The rest were refugees: thirty-two percent from old Austrian districts now under Polish domination: nineteen percent from Rumania: eighteen percent from Hungary: seven percent from Ukrenia: five percent from Russia: and the remaining twelve percent of the 5,200 from Cheko-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia.

Most of these came from provinces that formerly belonged to the old Empire, but they came crowding into the prostrate and beaten little Austria—and against them the angry and disillusioned Austro-German Nationalist youths, full of resentment and hate, started on their mad campaign of Jew-baiting. November of last year saw it at its height.

A silly quarrel at a meeting of the Gentile and Jewish distribution Committee brought on a crisis. Student riots ensued, and at once a great cry for a numerous



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HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

119 West 40th Street

New York

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clausus was raised. This, the University Senate announced, would be unconstitutional but they hinted that there were other ways of limiting the Jewish attendance.

It was the handwriting on the wall, and the Jewish student leaders have read it. Today they feel that their fight is a losing one. They see the hate against them slipping into political action. They feel the hot breath of mob hate rising up. On January 25th they viewed a great mob of 50,000 in Vienna venting its spleen in anti-Semitic speeches and cries: the following week they saw a great conference of high school professors and students pass resolutions demanding a numerus clausus against all Jewish non-Austrian students—which, due to the breaking up of the old Austrian Empire, means the greater proportion of their number. On February 4th, they witnessed a mob of Pan-German students break up a lecture by a Jewish Professor from Berlin, and injure a score of men and women in the audience. Today they see a Pan-German party growing before their eyes—a party pledged to a down-with-the-Jew policy. And they survey this same Jew-mania spreading throughout all Eastern Europe.

Even usually sane and democratic Cheko-Slovakia has not escaped this wave of Jew-hating. Here the trouble started almost simultaneously with the burst of bitterness in Poland and Vienna. At the German University in Prague—as distinct from the Chek University—a Jewish professor was elected Rector. A great hue and cry was raised immediately by the Pan-German students.

The inevitable strikes and riots followed, with demands for a ten percent limitation

of Jewish students, and a prohibition on the future appointing of any Jews as professors. A bill embodying this was introduced into the Parliament but Chek deputies defeated it. For the present a sort of armed truce holds forth in Prague, just as in the other Eastern European Universities.

It is hardly even an armed truce in Rumania. Here probably the bitterest anti-Semitic hate has been indulged in and here as a temporary settlement the Senate of the Universities decided on February 10th to close down all the high schools and colleges for one year.

RUMANIA with her new acquisition of old Hungarian and Russian territories inherited students from these districts. Likewise she has acquired her share of refugee students and likewise felt the sudden spurt of new Jewish rights and privileges. And also she has been swept by the tide of anti-Semitic hate that has been rising over all Eastern Europe.

Strangely enough the first dramatic evidences of this hate was found in the medical schools. In December 1922, at the medical college at Clausenberg, Rumania, the Rumanian Christian students suddenly struck, boycotted and picketed the school on the demand that the Jewish medical students dissect only Jewish corpses.

With church Jews a Jewish corpse has always had a religious significance and the Christian medical students had picked on this sensitive point to embitter the Jewish students.

In a bad riot on the mad night of December 8th, Jewish students were caught,

stripped and beaten and one student killed. The authorities promptly took charge, stopped the fighting and ordered the students back to school.

In the months since then throughout all the colleges in Rumania the anti-Jew feeling has spread and caught fire. A numerus clausus restricting Jews to ten percent has been demanded; Jewish medical students are only to dissect Jewish corpses; strict restrictions are to be enforced against granting citizenship to Jews; and a complete prohibition against the settling of immigrant Jews in Rumania is to be observed—these and other demands were made.

For days during the latter part of January and the first of February of this year wild rioting was indulged in at the University of Bucharest and on January 31st seven Jewish students were wounded. Finally as a desperate measure the high schools and colleges were ordered closed down for one year and from the hands of the Faculty the whole matter has passed to the Rumanian Parliament and the Cabinet.

Their laws and orders may check the violence but they cannot stop the hate. That lies in the hearts of men—a hate that is as cruel as it is stupid and as unnecessary as it is unwise.

If it does not end all Europe ends. After all, this strangling of the Jewish students is but a dramatic expression of it—of the hate and fear and intolerance of a war-blinded Continent.

"The Life of a Jew at West Point," written by the Jew himself, will appear in Hearst's International for July, ready, June 20th.

☞ Dana Gatlin's Story of a Woman's Devotion—Continued from page 79

for the mail. At this hour Blanche was usually alone in the office, coming in so Harvey could go home for the noonday meal she had left prepared.

Yes; Harvey was gone. And luckily the place was empty of loiterers. Blanche, sorting letters back there, had those dark circles under her eyes as if she hadn't slept. She didn't look up.

"Hello, Blanche."

She glanced up briefly. "Good morning." But she seemed indisposed to talk. She veiled her eyes again—those soft, black-velvet eyes under their heavy lids.

AS STEVE turned to leave he all but ran into Al Winkler.

Al looked surly, determined. He ignored Steve. He strode straight to the delivery window.

Steve glanced back. Blanche had come, this time, to the window. Her eyes met Steve's—they seemed anxious, furtive. Well, no excuse for loitering. But, lingering outside to light a cigarette, through a side window he caught the quick undertone of their voices—they seemed to be arguing. He caught one sentence of Al's distinctly:

"Well, if you won't, I know who will! Just watch!"

Then Blanche's voice, low-toned just reaching his straining ears. She seemed to be pleading, supplicating.

Born for Trouble

Aunt Emily, of course, had heard the latest developments in the Heffelbower triangle. She had been downtown in the afternoon, she told Steve when he reached home that evening; and she had gone into the post-office but had no chance to speak with Blanche alone. One rather queer thing happened. Miriam chanced to drive by, and Blanche, glimpsing the smart little roadster in the street, suddenly darted out of the back room and to the door, calling to Miriam. But Miriam didn't stop; only waved her hand and drove on faster.

"Sort of funny," commented Aunt Emily. "Miriam's gone out of her way to stand up for Blanche. And Blanche seemed to want to talk to her—wonder why she didn't stop."

Steve shook his head.

"Wonder what Blanche could have wanted to say."

Steve shook his head again.

"Think I'll 'phone Miriam," he said. But Mrs. West informed him that Miriam had gone to bed with a headache—had said she wasn't hungry and didn't want to be disturbed all evening. Steve felt oddly relieved and disappointed at once. If only he could see Miriam and really talk to her—talk with her from the bottoms

of their hearts. And it came to him with a sudden distinctness that they didn't have any such deep meeting ground—never had had.

He was restless. He, too, wasn't hungry; had difficulty with his supper. Later he wandered about, wondering what to do with himself. He went out on the porch. The night was unnaturally still and dark, hardly a breath of air, and the feel of thunder coming after the heat.

Aunt Emily came following him.

"Think I'll get the car out and go for a spin," he said.

"Do you think you'd better? It feels like rain. You might get caught in it. And with your cough!"

He only laughed.

OUT IN his car he drove first past the Wests'; Miriam's windows were dark—she was probably asleep. He drove on; then he found himself passing the Heffelbower cottage, scarcely knowing whether he had taken this direction deliberately or not. A light showed in the front room; was Blanche sitting in there—alone? First he slowed, then shot ahead furiously. He didn't decrease his speed until an interurban car, halted at a crossing to take on a passenger, forced him to caution. But one passenger was boarding the car—a woman. He got only a brief glimpse of her—she was dressed in something plain



MAKING EAST AURORA THE AMERICAN LEYSIN

A Brief Chronicle of the Hanavan Sun Cure Sanatorium

BY JAMES WALLEN

WAR is the great history maker. It makes biography as well. So it happened that some time before our country entered the lists against the common enemy, my neighbor Doctor John J. Hanavan joined the French army in a professional capacity.

¶ Working with celebrated French surgeons, Doctor Hanavan observed them exposing wounds to light, discarding dressings in favor of nature's way of healing. Time found Doctor Hanavan in Doctor Kocher's Clinic at Berne. The learned Kocher casually dropped the remark that Rollier at Leysin was doing "the most advanced work of the day in medical science." All impatience to see with his own eyes, Doctor Hanavan journeyed to Leysin for a few days' sojourn. He lingered for months studying the definite and amazing results of heliotherapy with about 1500 patients. These patients, treated by controlled exposure to the sun, were mostly cases of bone, joint, gland and peritoneal tuberculosis.

¶ Doctor Hanavan's illuminating companionship with Doctor Rollier was akin to the experience of the young artist who looked daily over the shoulder of Corot as he painted. The American physician saw pre-visualized the winning back to the fold of usefulness, those attacked by the so-called surgical forms of tuberculosis.

¶ Doctor Hanavan is not alone in his convictions. Negri, an Italian authority, affirms that "surgical tuberculosis can be cured in all its forms, at every stage and at all ages with heliotherapy." Professor Negri delivered this opinion after six years of personal experience with the sun cure.

¶ Doctor Hanavan's observation, investigation and experience has proved that atonic manifestations of the human body including the anemias, chronic arthritic conditions, neuritis, endocrine disturbances, the various chronic skin diseases and infantile paralysis may be successfully treated with heliotherapy.

¶ Rollier has poetically said, "Of all the flowers, the human flower needs the sun the most." When the human flower is in the bud, the sun is a benediction and a blessing. Children of impaired development respond miraculously to the sun cure. Two conservative continental physicians, Hess and Guttman, make this report on infantile rickets, "Sunlight brought about not only a clinical cure of the characteristic illness, but also

an increase in the inorganic phosphates of the blood."

¶ Since Doctor Hanavan has established an American sun cure at East Aurora, I have seen children get as "brown as berries" under his care. Looking like little chocolate soldiers, they grew more alert, happier and sturdier as the pigmentation deepened. A race that has covered its hide with heavy clothing for centuries must proceed cautiously with direct application of sun rays. So the amount of sun exposure is prescribed by the

Doctor as exactly as medicine is given and carefully administered by the nurses.

¶ Doctor Hanavan has emphasized in his completely plenished institution at East Aurora the truth of the statement made by Doctor Kisch that "Heliotherapy cures not only the disease focus, but benefits at the same time, the entire body." This applies both to adults and children.

¶ Doctor Hanavan has built his East Aurora Sanatorium in an enchanted tract of garden and brookside woodland. The equipment has been pronounced by noted authorities on surgical tuberculosis, as not only absolutely scientific but well appointed to minister to the comfort and convenience of the patients.

¶ In the realization that most of the diseases to be treated are partly nutritional,

the Doctor has provided ample gardens and orchards, a poultry farm and dairy. He has tapped a spring which he found gushing away its wealth of pure water.

¶ Switzerland being the international sounding box, patients at Leysin are in touch with the world. So at East Aurora, the radio in the Sanatorium brings all America into the neighborhood. Doctor Hanavan believes that patients should not consider themselves apart but of the workaday world. He makes but one negative provision. He can not accept phthisis or contagious diseases.

¶ East Aurora is seventeen miles out of Buffalo. In considering the diseases that Doctor Hanavan treats, he believes that it is wise to effect the cure in approximately the same climate in which the patients must live. Therefore East Aurora is entirely logical for this purpose. One half of the population of the United States lives within five hundred miles of East Aurora and fully seventy per cent of the people of the United States and eighty per cent of the citizens of Canada reside within twelve hours' ride of East Aurora.

¶ Doctor Hanavan may be addressed personally at the Hanavan Sun Cure Sanatorium, East Aurora, New York.



JOHN J. HANAVAN, M. D.
President and Medical Director

and dark and wore a small dark hat; he couldn't discern her features, but something in the set of her shoulders, and her head—it was Blanche Stormer!

The trolley car swung on along its track through the darkness. The main highway to Macon City followed practically the same course, and Steve, almost without conscious volition, found himself steering his car along that highroad, keeping parallel to that trolley which, with its lights, looked like some fiery-eyed dragon sweeping through the night. He slowed as it stopped again, to take on another passenger at the next block; this man, who was seating himself in the rear vestibule, resembled Harvey Heffelbower in build—but was his imagination playing him tricks?

WATCHING, keeping pace with the fiery-eyed dragon, he all but ran into another automobile which, a few miles out of town, swerved into the highway from a side road—Al Winkler's devil contraption, unmistakably! And in that car, as it recklessly rounded the curve just ahead of him, he could dimly discern two figures—the hat on one betokened a woman.

He could have sworn it was Blanche Stormer who had boarded the interurban, yet he must have been mistaken. Blanche was with Al again—stealing out of town with him over that dark, unfrequented road—had she lost her last senses?

He forgot, now, the trolley; concentrated only on the red tail-light of that fleet machine ahead.

He managed to keep the gleaming red eye in sight until, finally, it swung again into a side road—the brief bit of road which led only to Lake-in-the-Woods.

The lights all gave a subdued rather than brilliant effect, so the patrons might feel gaiety and yet freedom in the air. Not much of a crowd—the threatening weather, likely. Steve, driving slowly, peered this way and that, seeking the devil's contraption—the couple he knew not how to face when found.

Then he saw them, entering the inn, the porch light full on them: Al Winkler and—good God!

The woman with Al Winkler, her hand tucked willingly, intimately through his arm, her face smiling up at him, was Miriam!

Strangely, there was little rage in what he felt—the hot, consuming anger of outraged love. In a ferment of consternation and revulsion, he wanted only to get away. And he drove back down the driveway as if some demon were behind him.

But as he turned into the highroad a struggle began inside him: Should he go back? As a sort of legitimate protector, at least, shouldn't he go back and demand that she leave?

As he struggled between duty and a sickening reluctance, all of a sudden the threatening storm broke. It came with a fury of suddenness—one blinding flash which illumined the whole world and then one terrific, ear-splitting crash of sound. And as if that one deafening note had opened the heavens, the rain came down in solid, blinding sheets.

Steve, in his open car, was drenched in a second. But he must go back.

He hadn't been gone, surely, more than twenty minutes. The outer grounds were

now in pitchy, flooding blackness—those merry-makers all dispersed. Not a soul in sight, but from inside the lighted inn came sounds of increased hilarity.

The driveway approached the building from one side—he saw a window shade suddenly raised and the window flung up, saw a woman's figure in the lighted space—Blanche Stormer!

And he heard Blanche Stormer's voice, speaking to someone within, hurried and desperate sounding:

"You can get out this way—but hurry! For God's sake hurry!"

Then another woman appeared and came crawling through the window—Miriam!

He ran forward. Just beneath the window he found her, clutched her arm.

"Who are you?" Her tone sounded petrified with fright.

"It's Steve."

"Steve!" Her fear seemed greater, he could feel her tremble. Then: "How did you get here?"

"I followed Al Winkler's car."

He heard her hard drawn gasp; then, hard and defiant through her fear: "I suppose you want an explanation?"

"None you don't care to give," he said.

Suddenly she began to whimper.

"We can't stand here talking—we must get away. There's going to be an awful row! Blanche Stormer followed us, too—she's in there. And Harvey followed Blanche. He's outside the door—threatening to break it down. Blanche pushed me out the window—Harvey doesn't know I'm here—nobody knows. We must get away before the row breaks."

With a bitter sense of frustration and despising himself somehow, feeling himself of no real worth, not to anybody, Steve bundled the whimpering girl into his car and headed home through the storm.

He gave her his coat, but didn't speak. She sat huddled in her corner. Once she said, that defiant note again in her voice:

"I guess you're through with me—but you needn't think I care! Not for that! I'm not really in love with you—never have been."

She seemed to catch herself up. She sat brooding. And presently she said, almost timorously:

"About tonight—Blanche and Al won't ever tell—and you're the only one besides—"

"You can depend on me to hold my tongue," he said shortly. "Now everything's settled."

But everything wasn't settled. First came the business of getting Miriam into her house, undetected. This wasn't so difficult, because the place was slumbrously dark; the parents, thinking their daughter asleep had apparently retired early. But when Steve got to his own home he found news more dire and complicating than his worst forebodings. What, now, would be the outcome?

Al Winkler had shot and killed Blanche Stormer's husband.

Aunt Emily was sitting up for him, with a white, drawn face.

"Where have you been—you're soaking wet!" Then, before he could speak:

"The most terrible thing's happened! Al Winkler's shot Harvey Heffelbower!"

Steve just stared at her.

"I was waiting for you—uneasy. I went to the door, and I heard some men

in the street. They were excited—somebody'd been 'phoning. I heard them say Harvey had followed Blanche to that Lake-in-the-Woods place—he found her with Al—in one of those little dining-rooms. And there was a fight or something—Al and Harvey had pistols. Harvey's dead!"

Steve still stared.

"It's murder, Steve! They'll probably try Al for murder."

"Yes."

"And Blanche—will they try her, too, do you think?"

"Yes—they'll probably try her, too."

"Oh, that poor girl! The whole thing's terrible—but I can't help thinking about her. Harvey's dead, and Al will be tried—but she'll get the worst of it."

Aunt Emily, disturbed to the heart and overwrought, went on talking.

After a sleepless, endless night, Steve went to his office feeling sick in body as well as in spirit; heavy and full of lassitude—he must have taken cold last night. Downtown he heard no talk but of the shooting; Al Winkler was already under arrest without bond, and Blanche was under surveillance.

About noon he made up his mind he must see her, once at least and alone. As a lawyer he gained his request easily enough from the county attorney.

It was just before she was taken from her home to the jail.

At sight of him her eyes widened with frightened questioning; and he said at once, trying to make his voice sound quiet and ordinary:

"I've come to tell you, Blanche, that I know why you were in that place with Al Winkler last night. You knew Miriam was there with him—you went to try to save her from her folly."

"Oh!" Her tone was startled, despairing. Then she drew herself up a little. "What makes you say such a thing?"

"Miriam told me."

"Oh!" she said again.

They were silent a minute that might have been an hour, without a word. At last she said in a half-choked voice: "Oh, why did she tell you? I wanted you to be happy—I'd have done anything—"

HER VOICE broke; then went on:

"I meant never to go out with Al again—I'd told him so. He was angry. He threatened me with Miriam—told me he'd make this date. That upset me, oh, terribly! I'd been upset quite a while. Miriam's been—a little foolish over Al. I could see it when she'd talk about him, when she'd run into him—here. But just a little foolish, Steve. You mustn't hold it against her. I knew she'd get over it. And I didn't want you to know. I'd have done anything. But now—"

Her voice broke again, and her shoulders bowed as if in despair for the tragic futility of human endeavor.

Then, suddenly, he felt her hand on his, her fingers clinging imploringly to his own.

"You must forgive her, Steve. You'll be happy yet—you love her so much."

He shook his head and answered dully:

"No, I don't love her, and she doesn't love me; we've had all that out."

"Oh," she gasped, "you're going to turn against her?"

"No, I'm not going to involve her in

this—this affair, if that's what you mean. But we'll never be married; our engagement is at an end. We both wish it so."

She gave a little sound—of futility or dismay. And then once more: "I prayed so for your happiness—your happiness and Miriam's."

He couldn't forbear saying, then: "Don't you ever think of yourself at all. Blanche? What Miriam has to suffer, or I, is as nothing compared with what you must go through."

"Oh—me! It doesn't make much difference what happens to me." She didn't say it bitterly, only hopelessly.

There was a little pause; Steve could think of nothing to say, but took her hand, pressing it a little. She didn't withdraw her hand. She seemed to find some comfort, sense of companionship, in that presence.

STEVE got away very quickly after that. With those dark eyes turned on him, so sorrowful and confiding and so full of their strange witchery, he scarcely knew what he might do or say.

He went to see Miriam that same day; what passed between them no one ever knew, and not even her parents, for a considerable time, suspected that that interview might hold anything specially significant.

Then he went home—not to leave again, as it turned out, for several weeks. The cold his drenching had given him developed swiftly into pneumonia, an acute attack, and then, this crisis passed, turned into a slow and dangerous fever. There was an anxious time for Aunt Emily, specialists were summoned from Macon City—big men, who said alarming things; and by the time Steve, a wasted skeleton of himself, was pronounced convalescent, the Heffebower-Winkler trial was over.

As he lay fuming over his own uselessness, Aunt Emily had told him the main events. Al pleaded self-defense. Blanche corroborated this—and there was Harvey's gun, too, for corroboration. But there wasn't a man or woman in the county who didn't believe that Al, and Blanche who had been named as co-defendant, were guilty.

Yet from the first, Aunt Emily—praying for a miscarriage of justice!—had read hopeful signs. Public sentiment acts strangely sometimes, swung by perverse laws of its own. Al Winkler was locally a popular man, and belonged to one of the established old families besides—that pioneer stock which makes for aristocracy in the outland districts. While Harvey Heffebower was a newcomer, a rootless alien, and never personally much liked.

When, on that dreary October afternoon, she brought to her nephew, propped up in an easy-chair, the news of the verdict—not guilty—she said:

"Well, she's free; but disgraced, cast off by her own kin—where will she turn?" Where, indeed?

"As for Al," Aunt Emily went on, "he's going to leave town, I hear—he'll live it down in time. But Blanche—born for trouble—"

Steve closed his eyes. By just closing his eyes he seemed to see her. . . .

Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Aunt Emily, how soon would it be possible to see Blanche? Could you bring



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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Hearst's International Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. P. Davidson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's International Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Hapgood, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Carl Hovey, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, R. P. Davidson, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Star Holding Corporation, Wilmington, Del. Sole Stockholder. (W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., Sole Stockholder). 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1923. [SEAL] Paul Kaiser, Jr., Notary Public, Bronx County Clerk's No. 130, New York County Clerk's No. 2A, Reg. 4210, King's Co. Clerk's No. 105, Reg. 4105. (My commission expires March 30, 1924.)

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her here—tonight? I'd go to her—but this infernal weakness—"

Aunt Emily looked at him; there seemed an odd, arrested intentness in her gaze.

"What do you want to see her for, Steve?"

"I'll tell you that," he said, "after I see Blanche. I want to see *her*—I want to see her quickly!"

"All right. I guess she's home by now. Maybe she can come for supper. Yes, that's a good idea—I'll ask her for supper."

"Aunt Emily, you're a brick," he said. "Bless your heart!"

"Bless your own," she replied.

And that was all either of them said.

AUNT EMILY brought Blanche at supertime. She brought her to Steve's room and then, at his look, left them alone.

Blanche stood hesitant, just inside the threshold. But her head was up—his brave girl!

"Will you come here?" he asked. "If I could come to you—"

She moved forward swiftly, reached for his hand.

"Oh, I'm so sorry you've been so ill—" she began.

"Wait a minute—that can wait!" holding to her hand. "There's something I want to tell you—to ask you. I should have told you weeks ago—I'll never forgive myself for not speaking *then*—that last time I saw you."

"What do you want to tell me?" His mounting excitement frightened her.

"I want to ask you to marry me."

Her face went white, she began to tremble. She didn't speak—didn't seem able to speak. He pressed that quivering hand firmly.

"I'm an old wreck at present," he went

on, trying for a light, reassuring tone. "The doctors have the cheek to say I must go to Colorado for a while. And I want you to go with me, Blanche. To keep me from getting lonesome, to take care of me and pamper me. We'll go out there and—"

She interrupted him, forcing the words out with a sort of desperateness.

"Oh, Steve—that's noble and generous of you—but think! You can't *marry* a woman—give her your name—a woman under a cloud—just out of pity—"

Then his voice, interrupting, sobered.

"I want to marry you because I love you—more than any woman in the world. Because I respect you—more deeply than any woman in the world. I don't deserve you, Blanche, but—look at me!—say you'll be my wife."

She didn't look at him; the long lashes resting on her cheek were wet.

"Miriam—" she faltered.

"Miriam went East weeks ago. I don't think we need worry about Miriam."

Still she didn't look at him, didn't lift those long lashes.

"Blanche!"—his voice suddenly sharp and insistent—"is it Al Winkler? Do you love Al Winkler?"

Then at last she lifted her head, unveiled her eyes. Her eyes—the glory of her eyes! Washed with starlight and dew! And that little outcast waif in them had at last found a home.

"No, I don't love Al Winkler," she said. "I've never loved anybody but you."

"Blanche!"

"Ever since years and years ago—but I knew it couldn't be. Knew it was wrong. Even now—I daren't hope—"

But he reached up and drew down her head, very soberly, but silencing her in the way lovers best know.

Charles Merz Describes Turkish Unrest—From page 39

Is There a New Mohammed?

and General Gouraud resigns command of a French army because he does not consider twenty thousand troops enough to hold the place. Turkey has won a war against Greece. Mesopotamia has cost the British the tidy sum of a million dollars weekly, maintaining an army large enough to keep the peace. India is sullen. Persia was too strenuous entirely—and a British army has been brought back home from there, after a hundred million dollars had been lavished on it, in the two short years from 1918 to 1920.

That wide belt of African-Asiatic territory known as Islam—the homeland of two hundred and fifty million Mohammedans—has become one long panorama of war and threatened revolution plots, massacres, and Sultans abdicating overnight.

In this chaos, what would be the rôle of any *new Mohammed*?

I HAVE TRAVELED in six Moslem countries these last two years, with intermittent warfare going on, meantime, in four of them. And one of the conclusions I have reached is this: That with one picture of a foreign people presented to us, day after

day—and only one—it is an easy matter to slip into a frame of mind that leads us to expect no other. We create symbols; let them stand in place of facts.

Usually we lump the Moslems as a family of trouble-makers, busily engaged in preparing a large, unknown, and dangerous situation for an epoch-making bang.

Mohammedans are not simply high-explosive bombs, waiting to explode. They are ordinary men and women like ourselves; discontented, to be sure; but sharing our own humdrum human interests. Their political leaders devote themselves industriously to the problem of bringing off explosions. But the average Moslem is an ordinary fellow, worrying, like ourselves, about the cost of living; wondering what to do on Sunday afternoons.

The right approach to the Moslem East is through a recognition of the fact that its civilization is quite as human as our own. Life is neither all romance, nor all preparation for a great revolt.

What is this Mohammedan religion into which a new Prophet in the desert might fuse fresh spirit and enthusiasm?

At first sight, it sometimes seems to

put its whole emphasis on sheer pageantry.

I have stood in a hot street in some city of India, and watched devout Mohammedans celebrating such a festival as Shab-i-barat. To all True Believers, Shab-i-barat is the night each year when human deeds are entered in the books of Heaven. And the celebration that accompanies this event bears little resemblance to our religious ceremonies. It is more like an old-time Fourth of July, with an Oriental flavor. In every alleyway of every city there are Moslems shooting Roman candles. The black sky is striped with flame. Streets smell of powder. Rockets sail above the rooftops. Drums beat, and the nautch-girls dance around the bonfires.

FROM first to last, Mohammedanism fits its Eastern background faithfully. It has, for instance, the directness and simplicity, the mixture of chivalry and common sense, which are characteristic of the desert nomads who first preached it.

Mohammed made no bones about his confidence in war. He regarded the sword as a highly useful instrument to bring in converts. His bible bristles with exhortations to make use of it. "War is enjoined you against the infidels." (Book II.) "Say unto them (the unbelievers), Die in your wrath." (Book III.) "If they (the infidels) turn back from the faith, take them, and kill them wherever ye find them." (Book IV.) Mohammed preached the sword religiously.

The Moslem world has not forgotten that. The old slogan "Believe or Perish!" still has its partisans today. A little more than a year ago the Moslems of Malabar, in India, revolted. Ostensibly they aimed to overthrow the British government. Actually, once their crusade got under way, that age-old doctrine of Conversion by the Sword became the dominating passion. Political motives vanished. Religious fanaticism took their place. The Moslems turned upon those of their own fellow-countrymen who did not worship Allah, and cut them down.

Fanaticism was smoldering just below the surface, there in Malabar. It is smoldering in other quarters of the Moslem world today.

Can any new Mohammed fan it into open flame?

The answer depends in part on Islam's unity—and the ease with which a flame, once started, could sweep across it with the wind.

Unquestionably there are factors which link the Moslem world together. The simplicity and directness of Mohammed's teaching is one such factor. Another is the Caliphate.

Islam has had a long line of celebrated Caliphs. Haroun-al-Raschid, in whose court were told the immortal stories of the Arabian Nights, was one of Islam's Caliphs. So was Omar, who rode astride a camel into the holy city of Jerusalem, with a conquering army behind him and a bag of barley on his shoulder.

For twelve hundred years the spiritual leader of the Moslem Church, the Caliph, has served Islam as a magnet, drawing its component parts together, around one focal point. Often the Caliph himself has been a weak man. But the prestige of his office helped him through. Mohammed

IV was broken, tired, ill. I talked with him one day last summer. His courtiers had built a fence around him. His knowledge was a child's. But in far-off villages along the Ganges and over the Himalayas in the Vale of Kashmir, I have heard this weak man called the Great Protector.

Again, like the Caliphate in its unifying power, and probably even more effective, there is that Moslem institution called the Hajj. This is the pilgrimage to Mecca—the holy city of the Prophet, the city from which all infidels are barred.

The pilgrimage is a binding force in Islam. Not only does it bring together ninety thousand pilgrims every year, and send them home with a new sense of unity with other Moslem people; but for those who go and those who stay at home, alike, it sets a concrete standard of perfection—makes it possible for the humblest layman to rise to glory—brings the outer fringes of a far-flung faith into easy contact with the center.

Great religious fraternities like the Sennussiyya, drawing their membership from half a dozen different nationalities, likewise tend to break down the barriers between Islam's frontiers. But among the major factors that make for unity, only one other deserves to be ranked along with the pilgrimage to Mecca, the Caliphate and the essential simplicity of Mohammed's teaching. And this factor our own Western World has contributed: a common resentment against us, throughout the Moslem East.

The fact is, that the Western invasion of the Moslem East has been both robbery and benefaction. Robbery—in its confiscation of natural resources and political independence; benefaction—in its introduction of prison reform, sanitation and at least the groundwork of modern education.

Which side of the scales is heavier, which way the balance swings, is an important question. But it need not concern us here. Good, bad, or indifferent, the Western invasion is a fact. And in a day when every prophet in the universe of politics is championing self-determination, it is not strange that the Moslem East should show its resentment and its anger.

SHAUKAT ALI, leader of the Moslem nationalists in India, points his finger at our Western world. "We call your age the Dark Age." And that is altogether natural.

It is at this point that a good many Western observers arise and proclaim the deluge. All these factors make for unity in Islam. The European in the Moslem East surveys them, and, if he has a nervous disposition, shudders. Prophets of disaster picture a unified and militant Mohammedanism thundering at our Western gates. They have arguments to justify that fear. But what they sometimes overlook is the existence of contrary forces busily at work in Islam—forces pulling it apart, even as these others force it into closer union.

Disruptive forces tug at Islam's unity from all sides. One schism which divides the Moslem world is the quarrel of the Sunnites and the Shiites. Mohammed had not been dead thirty years when it started. It was the old dispute, familiar

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in the history of all religions, over the method of choosing a new chieftain now that the chief himself was dead. Two rival factions quarreled. And their dispute has gone reverberating down the ages. Today the Shiites are on top in Persia; the Sunnites in most other places—though there is often enough of a Shiite minority to create dissension.

AGAIN, the Moslem world has its quarrels of rival clans as well as rival schools of theologians. There is a family in Arabia known as Hussein. It claims descent from Mohammed himself. Its home is Mecca. It boasts considerable prestige. And it has frequently asserted that the line of Caliphs ruling in Constantinople is a family of mere parvenus, with a family tree all branches and no roots. Mecca more than once has threatened to wrest the Caliphate away from Constantinople. But the Husseins, meantime, have had something nearer home to occupy their energies. And that is the sworn enmity of a certain desert neighbor, Ibn Saud. One move by the Husseins in the direction of the Caliphate, and Saud would strike.

But more serious than any of these rivalries, and far more fundamental as a factor of disunion, is the wide difference in language, race and culture that divides the Moslem world.

Stand at some crossroads in the East (Port Said will do), and watch the followers of the Prophet as they march past. Docile peasants from the valley of the Nile; untamed Bedouins crossing from Arabia into Africa; young Oxford undergraduates from India, en route to Bombay for the summer holidays; Moroccan shepherds on their way to Mecca; Persian gentlemen of fortune coming to sun themselves along the Riviera.

Islam is a score of different races, ranging from sturdy Tartars on the steppes of Turkestan to little brown men in the Malay jungles. It speaks a hundred languages and dialects; often two Indian Moslems, living within a hundred miles of one another, can no more understand each other's speech than a Swiss can understand a Japanese. And differences in culture are wider still; varying from well-advanced communities in India with a fair share of university graduates among them, to hill tribes in the Abyssinian mountains.

In culture, race and language, Islam is a patchwork. It lacks unity. And it lacks unity, again, in politics. Not for many years has a Caliph ruled unchallenged even in his own domain. Despite a thousand years of Turkish domination, and despite their reverence for the Caliph as spiritual leader of their faith, the tribesmen of Mesopotamia, Syria and Arabia have revolted every time the Turk was beaten in a European war. Even the Turks themselves rebelled against their Caliph. In 1908 a Young Turk revolution toppled the mighty Abdul Hamid from his throne.

The last great European war sped along this swift decline in power. When it began, the Caliph exercised one of his most sacred prerogatives, and proclaimed a Holy War. Four-fifths of Islam paid no attention to him. Then came the peace—and with it, the hacking off of so much territory that nothing was left to the Caliph save Asia Minor and the city of Constan-

tinople. The rebel leader Mustapha Kemal soon took the former off his hands; the latter fell to an inter-Allied High Commission.

Islam has no unity in politics; no unity in language, race or culture; whatever unity it has is the product of two quite different factors; first its own religious institutions, like the pilgrimage to Mecca, the religious prestige of the Caliphate and the simplicity of Mohammed's teaching—all factors fairly constant in their influence; and second—a highly variable factor—resentment against the aims and tactics of the West.

Over and over, in the history of the East, all this has been tested by experience. Britain, for instance, trying to rule Mesopotamia with machine-guns, faced a unified nation openly rebellious; Britain, shifting her policy to conciliation, soon faced a country no longer unified, but divided by its old familiar controversies between rival creeds and dynasties and cliques.

And here, rather than in any romantic notions about deep-laid plots and secret oaths, is the right approach to that one problem of *unrest* in Islam which alarms us most of all: the possibility of a riot of fanaticism that would turn to violence and make the East run red with blood.

IT IS FLYING in the face of all our favorite traditions about the Moslem world to make this assertion; but the actual fact is, that when Islam runs amuck and turns to violence, what starts it going is not so much religious zeal as patriotism. To be sure, once the thing is under way, patriotism may turn to religious fanaticism. That happened in Malabar, as we observed; and it may happen many times again. But the original impetus was political, even here.

Far from leaping at the unbeliever's throat whenever the chance offers, Islam has frequently revealed great tolerance. As long ago as the twelfth century St. Francis of Assisi preached Christianity in Syria and Egypt unmolested, even though the Fifth Crusade was in full swing. And for many generations the Jews of Palestine lived in perfect security, in the very middle of the Moslem world, while Russia, Hungary and a dozen other Christian nations slew them in successive pogroms. It is only now, when new political ambitions are being brought to Palestine, that trouble threatens.

It is almost always politics that starts the quarrel. Malabar, Egypt, Syria and Morocco—in most cases when passions have broken loose, and the Moslem world turned recklessly to violence, the outbreak has been preceded by a long campaign for independence. Sometimes the Moslems themselves are in the rôle of seeking national freedom; sometimes in the rôle of denying it, as in their dealings with Armenia. In either case, at the root of the trouble is a political dispute. That the Armenian problem is not essentially religious is shown by the fact that it began to be a problem only when the Armenians began to clamor for their independence.

There is no great difference, to be sure, between political fanaticism and religious fanaticism—from the victim's point of view. It matters little to an Armenian

whether he has his throat cut in the name of Allah or the name of Turkey. But the distinction is a real one, when it comes to forecasting where and how more trouble will arise in Islam—and where and how to meet it ere it comes.

A thousand years ago, Mohammed preached the sword. Islam has not forgotten. *With* the sword the Prophet's faith was spread across the desert; *to* the sword his followers still turn in moments of sheer desperation.

That those moments are usually the result of political bungling means at least this much: that the problem of an honorable and peaceful reconciliation between the East and West is not primarily a problem in religious metaphysics, but a plain problem in politics that can be solved by statesmanship, if statesmanship is honestly applied.

All this throws light upon the tasks that await a new Mohammed.

He may indeed come as a Bedouin from Arabia—this Mohammed. But if he does, he must prove himself a Bedouin superlatively skilled in statesmanship.

For the happiness of Islam is a statesman's problem. The question of self-rule, for instance, is not one to be answered by a soldier. You will have to imagine, first, the East capable of building mammoth factories for machine-guns, and then the West, all powerful at present, being willing to see those factories built for its own destruction, before you can conceive East fighting it out with West, in open warfare.

Gandhi, the Hindu leader in India, has hit upon an alternative to open warfare. He calls it *non-coöperation*. We have yet to see how effectively it works. But certainly some substitute for machine-guns must be found. No Bedouin whose equipment is a mastery of cavalry tactics in the desert will ever win self-rule for Islam, or prepare its people for a healthy use of victory once it is theirs.

Nor is this all. Even more fundamental than the ascendancy of Western politics is the rapidly developing ascendancy of Western culture. Europe is pushing into the Moslem East with its modern factory system. And as usually happens when the soil is fresh, the factory system is coming in with rough edge uppermost. It shamefully exploits its workmen; inhuman hours—fifteen, sixteen, eighteen hours a day; inhuman factories—more like dungeons; inhuman machinery—equipped with few of the safety devices which the West demands for its own labor.

ISLAM has endless problems for the statesman. It needs a new Magna Charta for its women. It stands in crying need of better schools. Moslem patriots declare that the European powers have done little to promote education in the Eastern lands they rule. And that is true. But Moslem patriots have done little for themselves.

There are Moslems who are looking toward Arabia for a new Mohammed; and others who look farther east or west. My own impulse is to look as many places, simultaneously, as possible. For Islam is more likely to *lead itself* than be led by any single chieftain. Not one Mohammed, but many thousand: the whole company of the Prophet's faithful, pledged to a new crusade, hewing a path to Islam's long-awaited renaissance.



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Edwin Balmer's Novel of a Man in Love—From page 15

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HIS HEAD jerked up stiffer and Lan saw the sinews of his neck stand out with his strain upon himself; his eyes went wet and he winked to clear them.

"Alice is over at Willard for supper with Myra," Lan said; he had to say something.

Dave relaxed. "Yes; I know," he acknowledged and Lan turned away and started to wash. Dave began taking off the old suit which he was wearing and which he had put on when he came to his room less than an hour ago.

That careful habit of sparing his better suit, though no longer necessary to Dave Herrick, had been bred in him too deeply to cast it off merely because recently, if he wanted, he might buy himself with his own earned money as many suits of clothes as anybody in college.

Clothes meant to him what they can mean only to one who has known, too bitterly, what it is to be without a decent suit of one's own. Dave knew; he was the oldest of six children of the Methodist minister of Itanaca, Illinois, and not until he came to Northwestern, when he was eighteen, had he worn a suit which was new and bought for himself.

Of course he had earned money for clothes for himself many times before that year; as long as he could remember he had earned. His father, in the year when Dave first became cognizant of family finances, had a salary of eight hundred dollars. This year David Herrick, besides carrying full class work as a senior in the university, had earned twenty-nine hundred dollars, reckoned from January to January, and was liable for income tax on that amount with deductions legally allowed as head of a family with three children under eighteen.

The family was his father's; but Dave, having added seventeen hundred dollars to his father's twelve, actually furnished their chief support. He earned the money selling motorcars to the customers listed on the cards in that box on his desk.

He had what somebody in a philosophy course called "a feeling of fundamental necessity" in his efforts which supplied him with a force lacking to Lan Blake, who had an allowance from home and wanted to work only for extra money. Now in his twenty-second year Dave Herrick, tall but rather light for his height, was a developed man, very strong and enduring and of the constitution

described as hard, physically, which had been formed by much hard, muscular work and by the almost complete absence of self-indulgences.

He had clear, good features, nearly regular, with slight, tense lines of strain about his mouth; he had the habit of being under strain and it showed sometimes in his eyes, which were grayish blue and direct and, usually, positive. For that positiveness some people, men mostly, did not like his eyes; they did not understand that it came from his being obliged, when a little boy, to assert and stubbornly stand by the practical against the fanatically spiritual, not only for the sake of himself but of his brothers and sisters and of his mother and father themselves.

But almost everyone liked his eyes when he smiled for his smile banished those lines of strain.

Two people—and Lan was one of them—knew him in moods which neither were positively practical nor relaxed; they were sudden, unsummoned times of violent self-reproach and penitence. For what, Lan could not guess at first; then he began to realize the cumulative effect of the unceasing drumming into a thoughtful boy, throughout his childhood and adolescence, of the doctrines of the essential sinfulness of all flesh and the need of self-negation and the stifling of natural appetites.

Dave once helped Lan to understand by telling how, when he was a baby, he had been so sick that he was given up by the doctor and his parents prayed to God to spare their first born, promising God, for his life, that he should serve God as a missionary of his word.

Dave referred to that now, as he and Lan were dressing. "The trouble, down at the bottom, is their pledge for me to God. They say I've got to redeem it."

LAN, HAVING no helpful answer to make, attempted none and left Dave to his struggle with himself for having taken that ten thousand dollars from Mr. Fuller.

He was a merchant, not a church member, who was the rich man of Itanaca; he never had any use for the preacher but much for the preacher's son; and his ten thousand dollars, now taken, was voluntary loan to start David Herrick as partner in the Chicago agency of the new Hamilton car which would be put on the market in June, after Dave's graduation. Dave already had enough advance orders to insure his success, he believed; his plan, and Alice Sothron's, was to be married late in June.

There was never a chance of Lan saying anything wrong when reminding Dave of Alice so he mentioned her again: "I suppose you're going to see Alice pretty soon."

"Hmhm," said Dave, who was shaving. "I'm driving home with her after supper."

"I can't see Myra this eve; so tell Alice there's a girl that maybe Tau Gamma wants to look over who came to Fansler's tonight. Saw her on the train," Lan

explained. "A regular ripper, Dave; red hair and great looks."

"What's her name?" Dave asked, with the mildest of interest.

"Don't know; just saw her and heard her ask for Fansler's."

"All right," said Dave and catalogued the information he was loyally to pass to Tau Gamma. "A great looker, red hair, at Mrs. Fansler's. That all?"

"You'd not say so if you saw her," Lan rejoined. "Till you do, let it go at that."

They descended together when the gong beat the dinner bell. Fourteen members of the chapter lived at the fraternity house and this evening most of them were about the big table where the talk ran as usual when the frat was gathering again after the recess between semesters.

EVERYBODY at the table knew that Dave was engaged to Alice Sothron and Lan to Myra Taine; everybody knew both girls and liked them and nobody now joshed either of the brothers about their engagements. Delta Alpha accepted the fact of them as a basis for a sort of alliance with Tau Gamma; for when a fraternity is rushing a man for membership, a sorority often may lend invaluable influence; and so, of course, may a fraternity come to the assistance of a sorority.

It was understood throughout the college that Tau Gamma and Delta Alpha worked together; and so, when Delta Alpha mentioned the new girl, whom three of the brothers had seen, they argued whether Tau Gamma would be able to pledge her; nobody doubted her entire desirability.

"Dave, you tell Alice," enjoined Bill Fraser, "to have Tau Gamma get awful busy and be sure to call on us for help whether they need it or not."

"They sure can count on you, Bill!" said the boy who had asked the source of the big thrill.

"Freshman," said Bill, "we have a few girls at this institution of high or lower learning, as your tender eyes may possibly have observed and your keen little ears may, on occasion, have heard; they are beyond any doubt the finest girls in any college in this or any other country; far be it from me to nurture a knock at any one of them. However, I may say, with sufficient assurance, that something of an event occurred today. Someone in this college, not to say several, will never be the same after tomorrow."

"Men, you mean?" the freshman led him on. "Or girls?"

"Both, freshman," assured Bill sententiously. "Both."

So Dave heard a good deal more of the red-haired girl; but, as his duty in regard to her was already in his mind, he paid no especial attention. To the usual query at the table: "How was everybody at home, Dave?" he gave the usual answer: "Fine, thanks." But that fight with his father kept bothering him; and his taking and putting up that ten thousand dollars, irrevocably, kept cutting across other thoughts.

He went to his room, as soon as dinner was finished and checked over his figures on his desk. They reassured him and he whistled confidently when he put on his overcoat to go out.

He could go, now, to Alice; and this new overcoat of his—one he had bought in

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December and by far the best coat he had ever owned—brought to him one of his dearest incidents with Alice. It was only a plainly tailored, well-fitted gray ulster but it had been made for him in Evanston and therefore cost more than was necessary for a ready-made coat which might have been as warm; so Dave still had his qualms of selfishness when he picked it up till he remembered how Alice had looked when she first saw him wearing it and how she had cried a little in her shy, gentle way.

"Because I'm so glad, Davey!" she explained. "You just must get good things for yourself and not give everything away! My Davey!" she said again and suddenly kissed his hand which clumsily was holding hers. He liked her *Davey*; no one else called him Davey and no one else even knew that she did.

What a right and natural next step for Alice and him to marry, he thought as he buttoned up his collar and went out into the snow. The storm which in the afternoon had started with a few, fine snowflakes in the east wind, had increased to a heavy blow full of flying snow. Dave liked the feel of it, liked the obstacle of the drift underfoot and liked the fury of the pelting swirl circling the street lamps and the sting of the wind and flakes on his face.

He halted before Willard with its windows glowing yellow on the snow. There was Myra Taine's room where Alice must be. Alice's car was parked nearby him at the curb; it was a coupé of beautiful coachwork and leather upholstery and with an expensive chassis; and the fact that he dealt in motorcars did not prevent him from feeling frequently an accentuation of the difference in worldly position between Alice and himself which her possession of this coupé evidenced.

FOR ALICE always had been one of the rich girls in the university; her home was one of the big, luxurious mansions near the north end of Sheridan Road in Chicago and, as worldly social privileges went, Alice had more of them than any other girl Dave Herrick knew; yet when he first came to college, three and a half years ago, and was struggling to support himself, and when he possessed only his one decent suit of clothes, Alice had become his friend and, with her fine, dear disregard for what others thought, she had invited him to dances with her and insisted that he accompany her.

The door of Willard opened and Dave turned about, as he saw two girls coming out. He recognized one, Nell Gould, a Tau Gamma, who likely enough had recently seen Alice; so he advanced toward them, confirming his impression that the girl with Nell was a stranger; and as he came closer, he appreciated that she was a decidedly unusual person.

She was a larger girl than Nell, who was about Alice's size; she was taller and more vigorously built, and, though she had on a fur coat, he was aware that she had a fine, graceful figure, of rather full proportions; and she was supplied with a vitality which expressed itself in no particular but which caused him to see Nell as colorless and somber beside her. She had personality, this stranger; it spoke in the timbre of her low, pleasing voice which now reached

him as she replied to some inaudible remark of Nell's. Then he was near enough to see her face as Nell and she came under a light.

She had red hair, he saw; and her eyes were beautiful; she was beautiful.

"Hello, David," Nell was saying. "Miss Netley, this is Mr. Herrick; Dave, Miss Netley, who's just come here."

David pulled off his cap. "Oh, don't do that, please!" Miss Netley protested, offering her hand.

HE PULLED his cap on again; and jerked off his heavy glove and took her hand. She had on a light, smooth kid glove and he felt a firm, strong agreeable clasp replying to his. Hers was an individual grasp; no one had ever clasped his hand in quite that way. He thought, as he gazed at her, "I'd know you anywhere again, if I just heard your voice. If we'd met in the dark, I'd know you next time from your hand."

Aloud, he spoke an ordinary commonplace.

She did not. "I've met Miss Sothron; I've just been with her, Mr. Herrick. She's lovely," Miss Netley said, drawing her hand from his.

"Yes," agreed Dave. "Of course I think so."

"Alice'll be out in a couple of minutes, Dave," said Nell Gould. "She stayed to speak with Myra."

"Thanks," said Dave.

Miss Netley nodded to him and he gazed at her under the good light. "You're at Mrs. Fansler's," he said, making it a statement rather than a question.

"Yes."

She did not ask how he knew; he thought she would; most girls, surprised with information about themselves, wanted to talk about it; instead, she added: "It's two doors beyond the Delta Alpha house; that's how it's known, it appears. I was helpless to find it until I learned that. Good night, Mr. Herrick."

But Dave turned to walk with her; he might as well, since he would be walking up and down anyway; and he wanted to know more about this unusual girl who had so suddenly appeared from nowhere.

"You're entering college, of course, Miss Netley."

"Oh, yes; but I've been to college before; three years, altogether."

"Where was that?"

"Minnesota, first; then Stanford."

Dave was watching her face; for they were approaching another street light and he wanted to see Miss Netley clearly again. She looked beautiful in the half shadow; the glint of the faraway light played on smooth surfaces of her face which gave her features character when Nell's individuality was entirely lost; and as they came close to the street lamp, the pretty details and the coloring of Miss Netley became visible once more.

He was going on beside her when the step at the curb reminded him that he had passed the corner beyond Willard.

"I'm glad you're trying us now," he said, stopping.

She halted also. "Why, what did you mean by that, Mr. Herrick?" she asked him seriously.

"Why," he replied, surprised. "I don't

know; I just said it. I'm glad you're here, I mean."

"That's not what you said."

"No," he admitted. "Good night, Miss Netley. I'll see you tomorrow, I hope."

"I hope so, Mr. Herrick." She turned quickly and with Nell went on, leaving him under the light.

As he stood there, watching after her, again he appreciated the extraordinary aliveness and vitality of her which made her seem altogether another sort of person from Nell. He had hurt her, he realized, by that sudden remark about "trying us now." In the reason for her change from Minnesota to Stanford and now to Northwestern, there was something which made her sensitive to his remark; he told himself that he should have guessed that there might be and as he watched her disappear down the street, he wondered what her reason was.

"SHE'S certainly unusual," he said aloud to himself. Then he turned to Willard and, thinking of Alice found himself more stirred and more impatient for her to come out to him.

A difficult and embarrassing bit of business, in connection with Fidelia Netley, was what detained Alice with Myra up there in Myra's room in Willard, which Nell Gould and Fidelia had just left. And the girls were unable to get to that business quickly; for after Fidelia closed the door on her departure, Alice and Myra gazed at each other in silence for several moments. Both girls, for the instant, were holding breath; then Myra parted her lips with an audible gasp and laughed.

"Tell me the exact truth, Alice; how does she make you feel?"

"She's one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen," Alice said in her quiet, considering and utterly honest way.

"Of course she is; but that's not how she makes you feel," Myra rejoined. "A peacock's perfectly stunning."

"She's not like a peacock," Alice put in, too quickly. "There's lots to that girl, I know."

"No, you don't; you just try to feel it because she's a Tau Gamma and practically wished on to us whether we like it or not and you're congenitally cursed with the determination to make the best of anything; then you try twice as hard because you know you don't like her. You can't help it, Alice."

"What?"

"Not liking her. Now take me, for instance," Myra went on. "I can't have anything actually personal against her; but I hate her, Alice!"

"No!" denied Alice, more emphatically for Myra's hot vehemence.

"I hate her; hate her," Myra repeated, amazing herself with her own feeling. "I reckon it's generic fear—the sort of fear they talk about in biology. You fear an enemy if it's the sort that has hurt or can hurt your kind whether it can really do anything to you or not. At moments I was almost amused to death, she was so frank and absolutely after just one thing. I never heard anybody quite so open as when she said to me, 'My dear, which are the men you know?' I thought I would positively expire. But the men won't!"

"Expire about her, you mean?" asked Alice.

"No, dearest; in droves they'll expire. They'll breathe their last at her word. They won't see anything amusing, I mean."

"She needn't be an enemy," Alice asserted after a moment's silence.

"She? She can't help it."

"Then, we shouldn't hold it against her. I don't like her," Alice confessed. "But that's mostly because I do feel afraid of her; and that's silly, I suppose."

"Silly?" said Myra the plain, staring at her dearest friend. "For you, it's raving lunacy!"

Alice flushed hotly and then brought Myra and herself to business. "We're just thinking about our personal feelings, My, and not about her. She's a Tau Gamma; she's here now; she's our 'sister'! We've got to ask her to join us."

"Not right away," Myra reminded. "We can't, even if we all wanted to. We've got to write Minnesota and Stanford, first. Why didn't she go back to them, when she decided to return to college? It looks queer to me, I tell you, Alice."

"Of course we'll write the Minnesota chapter, and Stanford," Alice said.

"But we'll not find out anything against her, even if there is something," Myra finished. "I know that. If Nell had trouble here and went to Stanford, would we tell? Of course not. So we're stuck, as I see it; we're going to have her and we might as well pretend to like it. All right, Allie; I'll be good. I'll give in." And Myra went over and kissed Alice.

Alice held her clasped for a moment and then got up. "I'd better be starting along now."

"You'd better stay here; it's a fright of a night."

"David's driving me home," Alice reminded; and Myra made no more objection but helped Alice on with her coat.

David, waiting in the snow and feeling increased impatience to possess Alice, was becoming stirred to an emotional renewal of his rebellion against his father and the ideas to which he had been reared. His revolt no longer turned on his taking Mr. Fuller's ten thousand dollars but dwelt upon his father's denial of David's right to marry Alice how and when Alice and he pleased.

He longed to have Alice in his arms and for the contact of his lips on hers and for the warmth of hers on his; he longed for physical possession of her; and he was not ashamed of it; nor, he resolved, would he let himself again be ashamed of it nor would he fear natural desire because his father would call it sin.

DAVE squared about to Willard impatiently. "Alice—why doesn't she come?" Then he saw her in the lighted doorway.

She was the taller of the two who now appeared there; for the other was Myra. Alice made a figure very familiar to him but not quite as he expected. She was less, in some way; he thought, "She's tired." He moved toward the door and she parted from Myra and came out; and as she saw him, she called to him in her eager, gentle way and she hurried to him. He quickened his step to her, feeling his heart leaping and pounding. She was not less to him now.

"Oh, Davey!" she cried to him; and he caught her hands which she gave to him together. He held them tight between

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his own; that was safe enough there just out of the light; he wanted to kiss her; but that was not safe there. "Alice!" he said. "Oh, this is good!"

"You've missed me, Davey?"

"Never anything like it with me before."

"Nor with me," she confessed.

"Let's get in the car." And he led her to it, releasing one of her hands and holding the other. Then he had to relinquish that. She got into the car and he took the driving seat and switched on the dashboard light to see the dials and starter; but as soon as he had the engine going, he let it run idle to warm and he switched off the light.

She had merely waited, sitting quiet and close beside him. He had off his gloves and, feeling for her wrists, he found she had unbuttoned her gloves, and he stripped them off and drew her slender, soft hands together again and brought them up to his lips, as he bent, and kissed them and then held her fingers against his cheek.

"Glad to have me back?" he inquired of her.

"Oh, Davey!" she whispered, gasping; and he felt her trembling and liked it. He liked her exclaiming, as she did in a moment, "You're not cold at all but you've been waiting out there for me!"

"That's why I couldn't get cold."

"No; you're so strong. And you got it, Davey! You got it!"

She meant that it—that ten thousand dollars of Mr. Fuller's—about which she had known ever since there was the first chance of getting it and about which he had telephoned her at Willard when he came out from town.

"Yes," he said. "I got it. And it's put up with Snelgrove's money. It's a deal, Alice!"

He had been about to take her in his arms. How lovely she was, how slender and gentle and what feeling for him she put in her soft, almost shy touches. He was feeling the loveliness of her hand on his cheek and he had been about to clasp her closer, but something about that ten thousand, which she had mentioned, downed his impulse.

THEY HAD made rules for themselves, Alice and David, long ago when they became engaged—rules to keep their love fine and pure, free from the cheapening and debasement of many kisses and caresses. They might kiss on meeting, when alone; kiss before parting, of course; and at some other times; they might keep their hands in each other's but other clasps must be feared.

So, in spite of that five-minute-ago defiance of fear of physical possession, Dave satisfied himself now with switching on the light again to see her face—the clear, dear line of her forehead and nose, the soft dark brown of her hair and the blueness of her eyes always so open to his. She had lovely eyes and so loyal looking—unswervingly loyal to him, indeed, ever since that day, long ago, when they rested on his in a way he would never forget and she said: "We're going to be good friends forever, aren't we, you and I?"

That made one of their marker days about which they liked often to speak and which often came to him when he suddenly looked down at her and found her gazing at him, as she was now, certain of herself being his and wondering, in just this way, how wholly he was hers.

"Hello," he said to her, and smiled.

"Hello," she said; and he threw in the gear and sent the car forward.

"Plenty of snow," he remarked as the wheels slipped. "We'll not be home in a hurry."

"I'm not in a hurry now, Davey."

"Nor I. But you were before?"

"When I knew you would be down here and after I hadn't seen you for two days! Of course! And you'd come early. I thought; you were here before you said you'd be, weren't you?"

"Yes; for then I thought you'd come out early."

OH, DAVEY, I would have but tonight — She stopped. She had forgotten Fidelia Netley in her meeting with Davey. Now that she remembered the new girl, she thought how senseless had been her pang of fear of Fidelia Netley and how senseless, also, was any fear of losing David to another. It arose—she always said to herself—from the fact that at the start she had David so much to herself; for at first hardly another girl in college had thought about the serious, self-conscious boy, so pitifully strange to amusements and luxuries, who had come to Evanston to attend classes while working.

Not only had they left him to himself but some of them had been rather entertained by Alice's "taking him up."

Suppose he could come to care for one of them? "I haven't got to suppose that," Alice said to herself; and aloud she told him: "You see, a new Tau Gamma arrived tonight. She was initiated at our Minnesota chapter; we just heard about her and Myra had her in her room meeting some of our girls."

"I saw her," said Dave and the image of that unusual, vital girl, as she first had appeared, rose in his mind.

"You did? Where?"

"In front of Willard. She came out with Nell Gould and Nell introduced me. I suppose she's the one; a great looking girl; red hair. She's staying at Fansler's. But Nell didn't tell me she was a Tau Gamma."

"Nell wouldn't," Alice said. "We haven't asked her to join our chapter yet. She told you she was staying at Mrs. Fansler's?"

"No; I knew that," Dave replied. "I walked with her to the corner, Alice."

"Where did Nell go?" Alice asked, fluttering at a stab of that fear, that senseless fear which had been growing in these days when every girl now looked at Dave and wanted to know him.

"Oh, she was along," Dave responded and remembered how Nell had seemed lost in the half-light when he could still see Miss Netley's face.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Dave's struggle to stifle the call of his father and his conscience and at the same time the steady alignment for and against Fidelia speed the action and stir the emotions in the next instalment of Edwin Balmer's serial, "Because of Fidelia." See Hearst's International for July, ready June 20th.

I Can Send Out Thought Waves

☞ *Burbank Writes of Human Mind—From page 18*

he was going to die. As we rode along, he used to wail that his end was near and that nothing could save him. I told him he was talking nonsense and that so far as I was concerned, I intended to live and see California.

"Well, we both reached California, but we had not been here long before we both fell ill and were in bed under the same roof. In a little while, my companion died. I was desperately ill, and the doctor expected that I too would die. After my companion died, I heard men talking in the next room about going to the nearest town and buying a coffin for him. One of the men spoke up and said that they would probably save a trip to town if they would buy two coffins as I would surely be dead in a day or two.

"Do you know," continued my ninety-three-year-old neighbor, "I never had anything in my life make me so mad as that. To have old friends sit out in the adjoining room and talk about buying a coffin for me before I was dead certainly provoked me. I made up my mind then and there that if they bought an extra coffin somebody beside myself would occupy it. I picked up from that minute and in a few days was well. That was about seventy years ago."

Thoughts are things. That man was saved by the power of thought. What he heard stirred something in his brain that made his body well. Nor are the wonders of the brain confined to man. The brain of a horse or a dog is more wonderful than any radio instrument. I have a little dog that I could almost use to pick my friends.

ANIMALS have a faculty of sensing or becoming aware of certain things that we do not possess, though I believe we shall acquire it. One night I was camping in Redwood Cañon in California when the horses suddenly began to snort in the most terrible manner that I had ever heard. We went to them and had quite a time quieting them.

Afterwards we found that a big black bear was prowling around. It had made no noise. We should have heard it if it had. But the horses, possessing a sense that we do not, knew there was a bear around. I am inclined to the opinion that the time will come when we shall be able to feel the presence of automobiles coming up behind us and feel them before they hit us. We developed the senses we have because we needed them. As we need other senses we shall develop them.

I believe that the natives of India have for centuries been able to convey information by means of telepathy. All of the evidence points to this conclusion. They have surpassed the rest of the human race only in their ability to establish necessary harmony between the vibrations of transmitters and receivers. This is what has enabled them to direct telepathic messages

to particular persons. The establishment of a state of resonance is necessary to communication, as every radio fan knows.

In radio, a receiving set is deaf and dumb until the circuit is made resonant. So it is outside of radio. But the natives of India have long known how to *tune in* with each other, and we are developing the same faculty. A few receive messages and know it, while the great majority receive messages and don't know it.

WHEN I received the message from Massachusetts containing information and a question it came with the suddenness of light. I was walking along a street in Santa Rosa, California, and had neither the person nor the subject matter in mind. I simply suddenly became aware that the information and the question had been pressed upon my consciousness. I replied by holding that person in mind, together with a mental picture of his surroundings, and for an instant held intently in my mind the answer I wished to give.

In my youth I possessed, for a time, a faculty that I have never been able to explain. Between the ages of seven and eleven there were probably 100 mornings in which I had a clear vision of everything that was destined to take place during the day. They were very tiresome days because they contained no surprises—everything, when it came, was stale. Most of us do not realize what a dull world this would be if each day were not more or less of a mystery.

Pope was right when he said that "The proper study of mankind is man," though he might have added that the most important part of man is his brain. Edison is wise when he says that the only use he has for his body is to carry his brain around. Each of us possesses in his brain the most powerful instrument that has ever come to the knowledge of mankind. We have not used it intelligently. We have hardly used it at all. It has seemed, instead, to use us. We put each other in misery with our destructive broadcasting and kill ourselves with our suicidal fears. But it will not always be so.

We shall learn to control our thoughts as we do our feet. We do not walk into marshes and we shall not always walk off mental precipices. Nor will those who live without fear and hatred be merely the fortunate beneficiaries of good habits accidentally acquired in childhood. We shall go consciously about it to think only things that are helpful to all humanity. We shall broadcast only the good and, if I be not in error, a public opinion will eventually be formed that will place heavy social penalties upon anyone who may persist in putting into the ether destructive vibrations. Such a one will be regarded in much the same light as we now regard those who poison wells.

The unexpected marvels of sunnights and the desirability of having great quantities of it will be revealed in Luther Burbank's article, "The Desert Shall Bloom." See Hearst's International for July, ready June 20th.



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C *An Old Boat and Young Love Win—From page 95*

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"Prob'ly some unfortunate American," grunts Mel, "condemned to make his living in this God-forsaken region."

There wasn't much maneuvering before the start. Bobbie could have run in and out of Chebucto harbor on the darkest night but he didn't know every little back current from every little cove, nor every little flaw of wind from every shoulder of land, so he guided himself by what the other fellow did, satisfied to be somewhere close up when the race started. He was three lengths behind and a little to windward when the gun cracked.

THE FIRST seven miles of the course ran along the high, rocky land to the westward of Chebucto harbor, with deep water jam up to the rocks. The wind being off the land and his vessel to windward he had to sail her close to the rocks to hold his berth. He sailed her close enough to one rocky point to give us all the shivers on the destroyer, but his way of doing it told us that already he was full master of his vessel.

They did not either of them have to put their scuppers under in that first seven miles in the lee of the highland, but beyond the headland was seven miles of going to a whistling buoy out to sea; and out there the wind was freshening, and as it freshened it looked to us on the destroyer as if Bobbie was picking up. We waited a while, not wanting to break into cheers and then have to smother them. We didn't have to smother them. The wind began coming off the high Chebucto head in strong squalls. Bobbie began to put his topplanking under—one plank, two planks, three planks went under. And then to her rail she went leaping before the squalls. And with every leap our fellows on the destroyer began to yell:

"That a girl!"

"Show 'em, girlie!"

"Will you look at that lady step!"

From the minute the Maid found open water and wind, she began to walk up. To windward and abreast of the other one she went. They looked like one vessel for a time, sail blocking sail, as we saw them from the destroyer. And then we saw the Maid's balloon moving out forward of the other one's balloon. And then we see the jib, then her fore topsail, her jumbo—one sail after the other slid out past the other one. Once out in front she fairly smoked along. In and out of the white water she kept her rail jumping. She was carrying all sail then, and could have carried more if she had it to carry.

She rounded the whistling buoy a quarter mile in front, and then it was; wing her out, foreboom to port, mainboom to starboard, scandalize the jib, and let her run it to the easterly turn ten miles away. It was open water all the way and a lumpy sea. Bobbie's masthead had trouble finding the mark, a small black can buoy in the lumpy seas, and she probably sailed half a mile out of her way before she found it. However, she covered the ten miles in three quarters of an hour, and as going dead

before it was supposed to be her poorest point of sailing, and she able to carry twice her canvas if she'd had it to carry, that was doing pretty well.

She breasted up to the can buoy, and then it was: Down with staysail! Ease over your foreboom, and in with your foresheet! Everybody to the main sheet! In with the mainsheet!! In with that mainsheet!! Drive her on that mainsheet!!!

Bobbie gave her a good shoot inshore. Then it was: Shift the topsail tack! hard-a-lee and let her come! It was up with staysail then, put tackle to balloon and staysail sheets, and see what she'll do for her first windward leg off-shore. Bobbie, sailing a nice race, was then half a mile ahead.

The wind was holding, and off-shore the sea was making. Head first they went into it, the spray flying high from both bows when in they dove. And here the Maid began to show her real quality. "A horse to wind'ard in rough water," Bobbie had said of her. And so she showed herself. Down into it she dived and up from it she lifted, Bobbie to the wheel, and we all on the destroyer shouting: "Drive her, Bobbie, drive her"; as if he could hear us above the wind and sea.

In and out, straight down into it and up again they both went. But our one with that sweet forward sheer of hers was easing herself down and in and up and out with never a check to her. The other one—she'd plunge down into them, fetch up and Bam! Down into them and Bam! shaking and shivering and coming almost to a stop with every Bam! None of that for Bobbie's vessel. No check to her. Going ahead, always going ahead, she was.

It was a twelve-mile beat against that muzzling westerly to an automatic buoy off Chebucto Head. The day had been dark and gray, and the rolling seas of the open water a dirty black to look at through most of that twelve-mile beat, but the clouds were drifting, breaking, and the sky bursting through; as Bobbie made his last tack before turning the buoy for home.

BOBBIIE turned the buoy. He had only to ease her sheets now and let her go, and she went. She took the fresh breeze over her port quarter, and back along the high Chebucto shore through the clean blue water she sailed. She had the race good as won, and moved like a girl that's saying: "I've done all my hard lessons and now I'm going to play." She just romped along, moving so easy that we have to have something to compare by to understand how fast she was going. Two tugboats tried to stay with her. The Maid left them so fast that it was scandalous.

Fast? And handsome? When she laid that long, easy gold striped run of hers down along the water's edge, with her shining black top planking, her shining red underbody, and shapely bellying sails, between the blue water and the blue sky, I tell you she was a proper picture to look at! And not to spoil the picture, 40,000 people

were looking down at her from Chebucto Head. Beauty? And pride? She knew she was sailing. The cheers from the steamers, the pet names we called from the destroyer told her that. With every fresh cheer and every new name we called her she'd toss her head and hop along a little faster. With every length she sailed she increased her lead.

She crossed the finish line to a gale of cheers and shouts and steam whistles. Our friend at the coal hoist was still on the job. When she was up to the slip with her sails tied up and the crew gone below for supper he was still blowing his whistle.

Bobbie had sailed and won a great race; and best of all Nan was right there to see it. Of course I had to gloat a little: "Maybe I didn't pick the right vessel?" I yelled at Mel. "And maybe that boy can't sail?"

"**H**UH!" GRUNTS Mel, "the best two out of three ain't it? Got to win another race yet, ain't he?"

Next day Bobbie went out and won the second race.

"How the Gloucester Committee, of which Captain Charles Farley was chairman and myself an humble member, took the old Indian Maid, wind-blown and sea-weary from her three months on the Grand Banks, and prepared her for the International Race, and how Captain Robert Gill sailed her so superbly to victory—that story, gentlemen, must long remain an epic in Gloucester's history."

So Mr. Norton read it out at the Victory Dinner for Bobbie Gill and his crew when they were home again, and to let you know what kind of a crowd it was—after forty minutes of that serious kind of stuff on top of three hours of speeches before him, that crowd was still cheering.

All the whales and little fishes in public life were there, most of them making speeches; and of course there had to be a speech from Bobbie. But first, a party with a most able voice begins to chant:

The Indian Maid she sailed one day,
Captain Bobbie Gill!
She sailed to bring a cup away,
Captain Bobbie Gill!
O Bobbie, Capt'n Bobbie, Capt'n
Bobbie Gill!

There were I've forgot how many stanzas and about seven hundred Bobbie Gills, with all hands, especially the salt fishermen, coming down strong on every Bobbie Gill. When they all heaved together and hit the floor, like a gang aboard the vessel heaving on the main halyards and hitting their seaboots to the deck with every heave—when they did it so, the chorus growling like a surf inshore—it sounded all right.

Bobbie stood up to talk. Mel is sitting to one side of me and Nan the other. From all over the hall was coming: "Drive her, Bobbie, drive her! You showed 'em, now tell 'em!"

Bobbie waited. He looked worried but game. When they'd quieted down, and he'd cleared his throat three or four times, he begins: "Mr. Toastmaster, Mr. Governor, Mr. Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen." He cleared his throat another few times. "A great crew, a great vessel, Captain Charlie to put her in trim and all Gloucester behind us—how could we lose?" and sits down. And all the roaring in the hall couldn't get him up again.

"Credit to his crew, credit to his vessel, credit to everybody having a hand in it except himself—a model of a speech, I call it, Mel," I says.

"He's cert'nly more level-headed than his father ever was. I thought he'd slop over myself," says Mel.

"He's not the slopping over kind. Nan could've told you that long ago," I says.

"Nan?"

"Sure! She's had her eye on Bobbie since her school days."

"She never let on to me!" says Mel.

"And have you ship her away where she'd never see him? Fine!"

"Captain Charlie, Captain Charlie!" Nan was pulling my coat-sleeve, her face like a red distress light, to which I paid no attention. I knew her father. He'd have died to get to wind'ard of Bobbie's father, but he'd die again before he'd hurt Nan.

When the dinner breaks up I go over and rescue Bobbie from about a thousand people who're all trying to shake his hand at the same time.

"You come home with me tonight," I says, and I hurry him on in the wake of Mel and Nan. At the door of their home I overhaul them, and knowing that no Gloucester man could go through that racing down Chebucto way and that dinner that night and still be stern toward Bobbie, I say:

"Mel, we've been friends all our lives and friends we're going to stay, but is it a fair judgment to be holding a grudge in for the son of a man that you had a quarrel with years before he was born, you both being young and hot-headed skippers at the time? Is it? You know it isn't. Come now, Mel, shake hands with Bobbie Gill."

Mel looked at me, he looked at the sky. It was a clear November night, not too cold, and the sky full of shooting stars. By and by he shoves out his hand to Bobbie; "Bobbie, you're a credit to Gloucester! Will you come in?"

"You darling Captain Charlie!" says Nan, giving me a kiss and a hug.

We all go inside where Mel brings out a bottle which he'd brought back from Chebucto and pours out two good hookers. Bobbie and Nan are in the parlor, and we two in the dining-room. "Mel," I says, taking a sniff of mine, "you got to admit that they have good liquor in Chebucto."

"Maybe, but they don't make it. They only peddle it. That's the red rum of the Miquelon Islands."

"Wherever it came from, Mel, here's to Nan and Bobbie."

"Drive her," says Mel.

IN HIS monograph of the race, Mr. Norton wrote: "Such events, when properly managed, must surely conduce to a higher quality of seamanship, to a higher standard of patriotism. Also, when properly managed, they are surely most conducive, even more than the speeches of diplomats, to the amity of international relations."

If he'd asked me I'd have told him that, properly managed, such events are also most conducive to the happiness of young people with all warm love in their hearts and life's troubles all before them; and if any old codger of my age can furnish any better excuse for his living on in this world, I wish he'd tell me what it is.

What would you do in his place?

The steeplejack lights his pipe and goes on painting

Imagine, if you can, a steeplejack 487 feet above the street level. Hanging on by his teeth he is applying a more or less rough-and-ready coat of paint to a flag-pole.

Right in the midst of a busy morning's painting an adventurous bee buzzes into the picture. In fact, there are two bees, both buzzing viciously.

What should the steeplejack do?

There being in the profession no local rules for buzzing bees, your average steeplejack probably would get the all-clear signal from below and slide promptly down to safety.

But not Our Hero. He takes out his pipe, lights it, and goes on painting.

"It soothes the nerves," he says frankly about pipe smoking.

We have no way of knowing what kind of tobacco the steeplejack pours into his pipe on these bee-buzzing occasions, but we have a feeling that it is Edgeworth.

For Edgeworth does much to give the smoker a sense of calm, peaceful security.

Of course we wouldn't care to go on

record as claiming that smoking a can of Edgeworth is as good as a two-weeks rest cure in the mountains; but we would like to register strongly the opinion that smoking any pipe makes life seem more worth living and that smoking a pipe filled with Edgeworth helps a lot.

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H. G. Wells's *Novel of Utopia*—From page 84

Men Like Gods

a wilderness interspersed with weedy scratchings for food and with hovels and slums and slag heaps, Earth, too, would grow fair as this great land was fair. The sons of Earth also, purified from disease, sweet-minded and strong and beautiful, would go proudly about their conquered planet and lift their daring to their stars.

"Given the will," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Given only the will."

The time for the service to which he was dedicated was drawing near. He must descend, and be taken to the place where the experiment was to be made.

HE TOOK one last look at the glen and then went back to the broad prospect of the great valley, with its lakes and tanks and terraces, its groves and pavilions, its busy buildings and high viaducts, its wide slopes of sunlit cultivation, its universal gracious amenity. "Farewell Utopia," he said, and was astonished to discover how deeply his emotions were stirred.

"Dear Land of Hope and Loveliness, farewell!"

He stood quite still in a mood of sorrowful deprivation too deep for tears.

It seemed to him that the spirit of Utopia bent down over him like some goddess, friendly, adorable—and inaccessible.

His very mind stood still.

"Never," he whispered at last, "for me. . . . Except to serve. . . . No. . . ."

Presently he began to descend the steps that wound down from the viewpoint. For a time he noted little of the things immediately about him. Then the scent of roses invaded his attention, and he found himself walking down a slanting pergola covered with great white roses and very active with little green birds. He stopped short and stood looking up at the leaves, light-saturated, against the sky.

They took Mr. Barnstaple back by airplane to the point upon the glassy road where he had first come into Utopia. Lychnis came with him and Crystal, who was curious to see what would be done.

A group of twenty or thirty people, including Sungold, awaited him. The ruined laboratory of Arden and Greenlake had been replaced by fresh buildings, and there were additional erections on the farther side of the road; but Mr. Barnstaple could recognize quite clearly the place where Mr. Catskill had faced the leopard and where Mr. Burleigh had accosted him. His old car, the Yellow Peril, looking to him now the clumsiest piece of ironmongery conceivable, stood in the road. He went and examined it. It seemed to be in perfect order; it had been carefully oiled and the petrol tank was full.

Sungold explained very simply all that Mr. Barnstaple had to do. Across the road, close by the restored laboratory, stretched a line as thin as gossamer. "Steer your car to that and break it," he said. "That is all you have to do.

Then take this red flower and put it down exactly where your wheel tracks show you have entered your own world."

Mr. Barnstaple got into his car, started his engine, let it throb for a minute and then put in the clutch. The yellow car began to move toward the line of gossamer. He made a gesture with one hand which Lychnis answered. Sungold and others of the Utopians also made friendly movements. But Crystal was watching too intently for any gesture.

"Good-by, Crystal!" cried Mr. Barnstaple, and the boy responded with a start.

Mr. Barnstaple accelerated, set his teeth and, in spite of his will to keep them open, shut his eyes as he touched the gossamer line. Came that sense again of unendurable tension and that sound like the snapping of a bowstring. He had an irresistible impulse to stop—go back. He took his foot from the accelerator, and the car seemed to fall a foot or so and stopped so heavily and suddenly that he was jerked forward against the steering wheel. The oppression lifted. He opened his eyes and looked about him.

The car was standing in a field from which the hay had recently been carried. It was tilted on one side because of a roll in the ground. A hedge in which there was an open black gate, separated this hay field from the high road. Close at hand was a board advertisement of some Maidenhead hotel. On the far side of the road were level fields against a background of low wooded hills. Away to the left was a little inn. He turned his head and saw Windsor Castle in the remote distance rising above poplar-studded meadows. It was not, as his Utopians had promised him, the exact spot of his departure from our Earth, but it was certainly less than a hundred yards away.

He sat still for some moments, mentally rehearsing what he had to do. Then he started the Yellow Peril again and drove it close up to the black gate.

HE GOT out and stood with the red flower in his hand. He had to go back to the exact spot at which he had reentered this universe and put that flower down there. It would be quite easy to determine that point by the track the car had made in the stubble. But he felt an extraordinary reluctance to obey these instructions. He wanted to keep this flower. It was the last thing, the only thing, he had now from that golden world. That and the sweet savor on his hands.

His grief and emotion were very great. He was bitterly sorrowful now at having left Utopia.

It was evident the great drought was still going on, for the field and the hedges were more parched and brown than he had ever seen an English field before. Along the road lay a thin cloud of dust that passing cars continually renewed. This old world seemed to him to be full of unlovely sights and sounds and odors already half-forgotten. The lovely world



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from which he had been driven had shrunk now to a spot of shining scarlet.

Something happened very quickly. It was as if a hand appeared for a moment and took the flower. In a moment it had gone. A little eddy of dust swirled and drifted and sank. . . .

At last, this dry gust of sorrow came to an end and he could get in again, start up the engine and steer into the main road. He left the black gate open behind him.

He turned eastward haphazard. He went along very slowly for as yet he had formed no idea of whither he was going. He began to think that probably in this old world of ours he was being sought for as a person who had mysteriously disappeared. Someone might discover him and he would become the focus of a thousand impossible questions. That would be very tiresome and disagreeable. He had not thought of this in Utopia. In Utopia it had seemed quite possible that he could come back into Earth unobserved. Now on Earth that confidence seemed foolish. He saw ahead of him the board of a modest tea-room. It occurred that he might alight there, see a newspaper, ask a discreet question or so and find out what had been happening to the world and whether he had indeed been missed. This he did.

He found a table already laid for tea under the window. In the center of the room a larger table bore an aspidochelone in a big green pot and a selection of papers, chiefly out-of-date illustrated papers. But there was also a copy of the morning's Daily Express.

He seized upon this eagerly, fearful that he would find it full of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Burleigh, Lord Barralonga, Mr. Rupert Catskill, Mr. Hunker, Father Amerton and Lady Stella, not to mention the lesser lights. Gradually as he turned it over his fears vanished. There was not a word about any of them!

"But surely," he protested to himself, now clinging to his idea, "their friends must have missed them!"

He read through the whole paper.

OF ONE only did he find mention and that was the last he would have expected to find—Mr. Freddy Mush.

For a long time Mr. Barnstaple meditated over the Daily Express in the tea-room at Colnebrook. His thoughts went far so that presently the newspaper slipped to the ground unheeded. He roused himself with a sigh and called for his bill. Paying, he became aware of a pocketbook still full of pound notes. "This will be the cheapest holiday I have ever had," he thought. "I've spent no money at all." He inquired for the post office, because he had a telegram to send.

Two hours later he stopped outside the gate of his little villa at Sydenham. He set it open—the customary bit of stick with which he did this was in its usual place—and steered the Yellow Peril with the dexterity of use and went past the curved flower-bed to the door of his shed. Mrs. Barnstaple appeared in the porch.

"Alfred! You're back?"

"Yes, I'm back. You got my telegram?"

"Ten minutes ago. Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh! just drifting about and dreaming. I've had a wonderful time."

"You ought to have written."

"I didn't bother. The doctor said I wasn't to bother. Is there any tea going? Where are the boys?"

"The boys are out. Let me make you some fresh tea." She did so and came and sat down in the cane chair in front of him and the tea-table. "You're looking wonderfully well," she said. "I've never seen your skin so clear and brown."

Mr. Barnstaple had picked up the Times. An odd advertisement in the Agony column had caught his eye. It ran: "Cecil. Your absence exciting remark. Would like to know what you wish us to tell people. Write fully Scotch address. Di. ill with worry. All instructions will be followed."

"I BEG your pardon, my dear?" he said putting the paper aside.

"I was saying that Frankie doesn't seem to be settling down to business. He doesn't like it. I wish you could have a good talk to him. He's fretting because he doesn't know enough. He says he wants to be a science student at the Polytechnic and go on learning things."

"Well, he can. Sensible boy! I didn't think he had it in him. I meant to have a talk to him. But this meets me half way. Certainly he shall study science."

"But the boy has to earn a living."

"That will come. If he wants to study science he shall." Mr. Barnstaple spoke in a tone that was altogether new to Mrs. Barnstaple, a tone of immediate, quiet, and assured determination.

He picked up the Times again and ran his eye over its columns.

"This world is really very childish," he said. "Very. I had forgotten. Imaginary Bolshevik plots. Sinn Fein proclamations. The Prince. Poland. Obvious lies about the Chinese. Obvious lies about Egypt. People pulling Wickham Steed's leg. Pious article about Trinity Sunday. Dreary Sport. The Hitchin murder. . . . H'm!—rather a nasty one. . . . The Pomfort Rembrandt. . . . Letter from indignant peer about Death Duties. . . . Boating, Tennis, Schoolboy cricket. Collapse of Harrow! As though such things were of the slightest importance! . . . How silly it all is! It's like coming back to the quarrels of servants and the chatter of children."

He found Mrs. Barnstaple regarding him intently. "I haven't seen a paper from the day I started until this morning," he explained.

He put down the paper and stood up. For some minutes Mrs. Barnstaple had been doubting whether she was not the victim of an absurd hallucination. Now she realized that she was in the presence of the most amazing fact she had ever observed.

"Yes," she said. "It is so. Don't move! Keep like that. I know it sounds ridiculous, William, but you have certainly grown. It's not simply that your stoop has gone. You have grown oh!—two or three inches."

Mr. Barnstaple stared at her and then held out his arm. He was certainly showing an unusual length of wrist. He tried to judge whether his trousers had also the same grown-out-of look.

Mrs. Barnstaple came up to him almost

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respectfully. She stood beside him and put her shoulder against his arm. "Your shoulder used to be exactly level with mine," she said. "See where we are now!"

She looked up into his eyes. As though she was glad to have him back with her!

But Mr. Barnstaple remained lost in thought. "It must be the extreme fresh-

ness of the air. I have been in some wonderful air. . . . Wonderful! . . . But at my age! To have grown! And I feel as though I'd grown, inside and out, mind and body. . . ."

Mrs. Barnstaple presently began to put the tea-things together for removal.

"You seem to have avoided the big towns."

"I did."

"And kept to the country roads and lanes."

"Practically. . . . It was all new country to me. . . . Beautiful. . . . Wonderful. . . ."

His wife still watched him.

"You must take me there some day," said Mrs. Barnstaple. "I can see that it has done you a world of good."

THE END

Henry Kitchell Webster's Story of a Hybrid Motor Car—From page 45

an old one to disguise it with, "for a joke."

His confidence that the man understood was a little shaken Sunday afternoon when George turned up at the shop with the blunderbuss, hitting spasmodically on perhaps three of its six cylinders, spouting water and steam from its riddled radiator, and squealing like a pig from a dry bearing somewhere.

He'd had fully as frightful a time as he'd foreseen getting the poor old thing to its last berth (he'd have had it towed except that this would have involved the admission of at least one more person to his secret) and he was impatient of the remonstrances of the little Frenchman (Alsatian, perhaps. His name was Schmidt.)

"WE AREN'T going to try to make this car run. It's never going out of this shop except as junk. That's all I bought it for. We're going to use all we can of it to cover up the other car—the new car—that I'll bring in tomorrow. So that no one will know it's new. For a joke—understand."

"We put this body on the other car. And the wheels. And the hood—if we can make it fit. And the rest of this, we bury; see? Oh, well, it doesn't matter. You will when I bring the new car in. Tomorrow evening. That's important. You're to have the shop open tomorrow evening. It may be eight or nine o'clock. After dark, anyhow. You be here so I can run right in."

He was later than he had said. This was because he had told Diana he was going to have to work late at his office that night and to reduce his lying to a minimum he had worked late—had hung around his office, anyhow, till almost nine o'clock.

Then he went to the downtown garage for the Emperor and slunk away with him, not by the boulevards but by mean back streets wherein he lost his way, so that it was well after ten when he pulled up in the alley and honked feverishly for the door to be opened to him.

The little proprietor came blinking out, took one look at the mud-stained car, and in a torrent of French, German, and English told George to take his cars and get to hell out of there. He was an honest man and would have nothing whatever to do with a dirty business like his.

It took George ten minutes to make out what he was driving at, and an hour to hammer it in to the little man that George, despite appearances, was the lawful owner of the Emperor and that his designs upon it were merely mad and not nefarious.

It wasn't as easy a job as it looked when they got down to the revolting details. The Emperor's beautiful body was bolted on with a vicious thoroughness that threatened to defy even Schmidt's strength and

Inside and Out

skill—or so he pretended. George never could be sure that he wasn't magnifying difficulties in the hope of dissuading him from his frantic determination. And he wouldn't permit a scratch or a dent on anything.

They'd get on better, George expected, when the sacred gleaming flanks were finally hoisted into the loft and wrapped in sheets. But it proved just as bad when they'd got the Emperor stripped to his chassis and began putting the other body on. It didn't fit, of course, and at the Procrustean methods George proposed, the little man all but wept.

"But we don't want it to look well," George would say, a dozen times a night. "We want it to look like the very devil. Can't you understand it's for a joke?" But the French, it seemed, have no sense of humor.

He had thought all along that when the body, the wheels and the radiator were in place the job would be done, but when they got to this stage, about ten o'clock Thursday night (he was to drive Diana to the Lake on Saturday) he fell back for a look at the general effect—and groaned aloud.

THE STEERING post and wheel, the pedals and levers, and worst of all, the instrument board of polished walnut with its shining dials, gave the whole thing away—would inevitably give it away, he perceived, to anyone not totally blind.

He could see, too, that the fussiness of these last details would be infinite. He didn't go near his office all day Friday. He spent the morning ransacking the junk yard again, taxied to the shop with his spoils about noon and they worked without cessation till eleven o'clock that night.

They fitted and bound the splintered floor boards of the old car to replace the new ones. They put in, with endless pains, the old pedals and levers. They worked for hours over the steering post. George's sketchy methods didn't apply here, either, for after all, these were the things he was going to run the car with, and he was thankful, for once, for the little Frenchman's meticulousness.

The instrument board he dealt with himself, with a certain gusto of pure vandalism that he found refreshing. There was no hope of really disguising it, of course, except to the uninformed eye. Anyone who had ever sat in the front seat of an Emperor would recognize it at once. However, Diana, so far as he knew, never had, and she was the only person it was necessary to fool. Alec, if George knew

him, wouldn't be found dead in such a car; certainly would never consent to ride in it.

So he took out the clock altogether, cracked the glass in one or two of the dials, smeared them all lightly with grease, and contrived to give a mangey look to the surface of the wood by dabbling varnish remover on it. Schmidt really wept at this.

It was getting on toward midnight when George got home that night.

Night after night when George would come home late from the machine shop, bruised and lacerated by misplaced hammer strokes and the ragged edges of sheet iron, and creaking with lumbago, she was simply a ministering angel to him, bandaging him up, rubbing him with witch-hazel and, of course, though she didn't know it, poor dear, searing his guilty soul with coals of fire. But even this wasn't all.

He knew Diana pretty well and he was uneasily aware that she was thinking. That is a disconcerting discovery for any husband to make, let alone one who is leading a double life as George was. No good asking her what she was thinking about. Besides George didn't feel a bit sure he wanted to know.

As he walked home Friday night—it was near midnight as I have said—he rehearsed a different sort of speech. He was going to be buoyant, jovial.

It came over him though as he stood blinking at the lighted windows of his own house, that he had to go on being a much meaner sort of liar in the future than he had been in the past. The only foreseeable end to his lying would be when Diana should find him out. His hand faltered on the latch.

Once more it was Alec who saved the day. Alec was there!—to point out to him that he had worked late tonight and to ask whether he meant to drive his recent purchase to the Lake tomorrow afternoon. George was his own man again.

"YOU BET I do," he cheerfully informed his brother-in-law. "We ran the old boat tonight. It's nothing to look at, but that motor purrs like a kitten, at sixty miles an hour."

Diana laughed. "Well, then, you're in for it," she said to Alec.

George suppressed a slight start.

"What's Alec in for? Oh, I see, you mean he's in for paying for his own case of Scotch."

"I don't know whether he's in for that or not," said Diana dubiously, "but he is in for a wild ride tomorrow, with us."

"I don't think he is much of a sport," she went on after a moment of total silence. "I found he was planning to drive down

in his own car. I told him, of course, you meant he was to go down with us. Otherwise how would he really know we hadn't had to lift the hood? It's all right, though, now. He's agreed to come."

"Great!" George heard himself saying in a still small voice. "That will suit me down to the ground. Bring your hooch along and we'll christen it at the Lake."

WHEN George trundled the Emperor out of the machine shop into the alley, Saturday afternoon, and dismounted to take his first look at the thing by daylight, he completed Schmidt's conviction that he had been dealing with a maniac by bursting into a wild laugh. There was a hilarious implausibility about the hybrid that would have made the fortune of a comedian in the Follies.

He found Diana in the hall putting on her outdoor wraps and giving her last domestic instructions to the maid.

"Here already!" she cried. She looked rather lit up somehow. There was a little more color than usual in her face. "I meant to be waiting at the gate to see you drive up. Does it really run with the clutch in?"

George stammered that it did. He wanted to confess, since Alec seemed to be for the moment in abeyance (late as usual most likely), but something brisk about her manner fenced him off.

"Run up and bring down our bags, will you, dearest? I've packed for both of us. I'll go out and get in."

"Aren't you going to wait for Alec?"

"Oh, I told him we'd pick him up at the hotel. I didn't see any use of his taxiing way out here with a heavy suitcase full of Scotch. The chauffeur might hear it gurgle. He's going to be waiting in the lobby and pop right in when we drive up."

George dragged a pair of leaden feet upstairs to retrieve the bags and when he got to their room he sat down limply for a minute on his bed, waiting to hear Diana come storming back into the house. The waiting was unendurable, though, so he clumped down again, a suitcase in each hand. He opened the front door and looked out. There sat Diana in that indecent monstrosity as matter-of-fact as if it had been their little sedan.

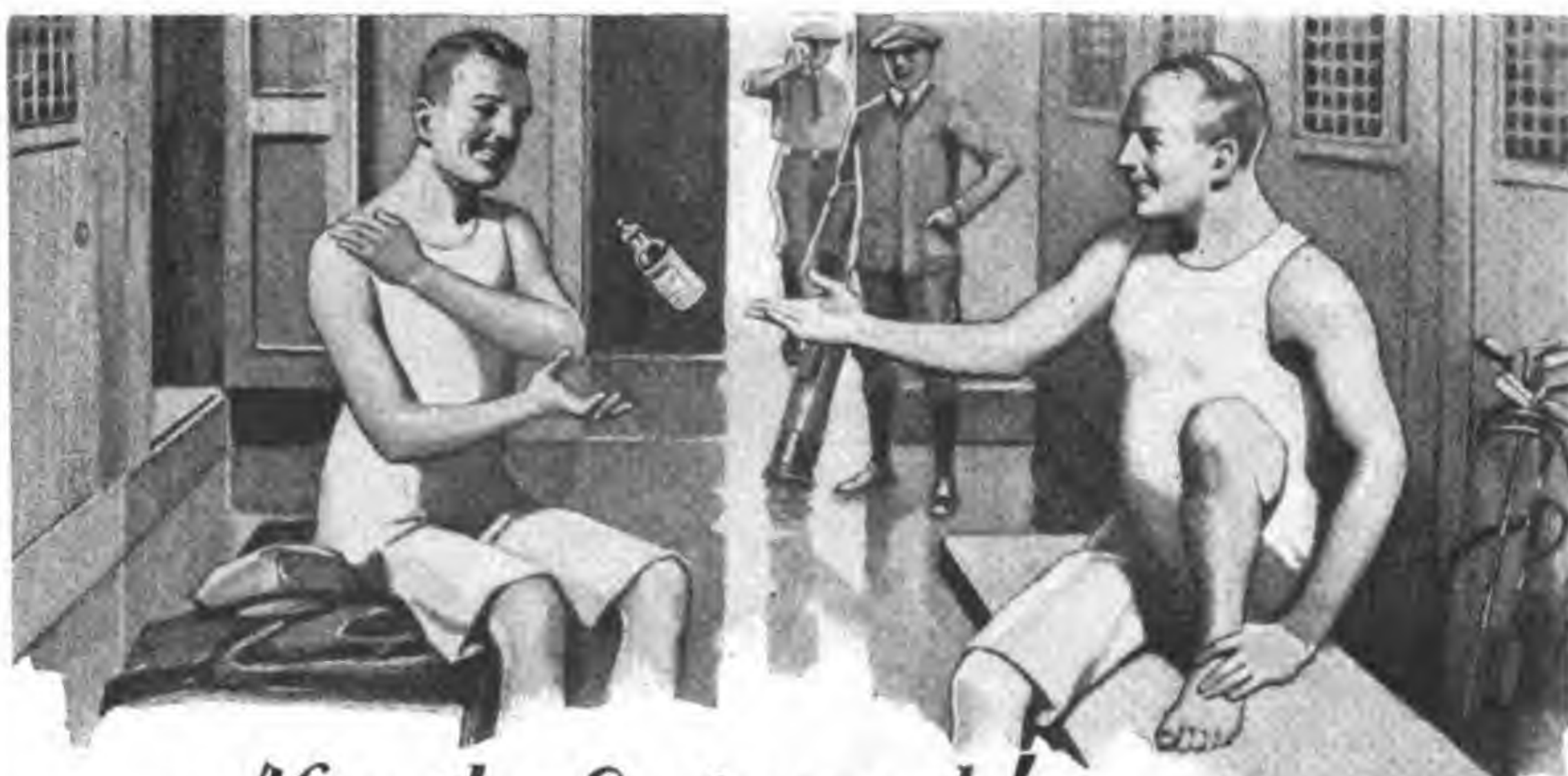
She said, as he breathlessly stowed the bags in the tonneau, "It's the same old car all right. You haven't improved its looks much since you bought it."

"Didn't have time," George answered hoarsely. "Inside though, we did a pretty thorough job."

"I wouldn't ask for anything better," she said, "if we could just get the body-rattles out enough to hear how quiet the motor is. Do you suppose we could afford to buy a new body, altogether? Then we'd have a new car—practically."

George's heart stopped dead at that, but it was plain to see she hadn't meant anything by it. She was lost in her abstraction again, so he didn't try to answer. At the end of a mile she gave him the clue to her thoughts.

She'd been reading the paper this morning it seemed and had found an item which George hadn't noticed. The state police, just over the line, were going to try to break up the organized rum running that was going on and meant to search all



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suspicious vehicles. Was it likely, did George think, that Alec would get into trouble with his Scotch?

Alec was so conscious of the incriminating contents of his suitcase, and so preoccupied with his attempt to look like a vestryman and the president of a bank, and in such a hurry to get away before any passing prohibition officer should hear the betraying gurglings that sounded so loud in his own ears, that he had no leisure for a critical inspection of George's car.

Diana had reached around and opened the rusty door to the tonneau as they pulled up to the curb. The creak of the door seemed to be what caught his attention, for in spite of his haste he hesitated, and a look of utter disgust came into his face. "Hop in!" she commanded, electrically. Alec hopped.

GEORGE let in his clutch with a jerk that would have stalled any motor but an Emperor's, snatched himself around the tail of a five-ton truck, and got his place on the crown of the road. It was more the exhilaration of his own nerves than conscious malice that made him start off like that, but he fully understood Alec's muffled exclamation of dismay.

Most brilliant drivers—and George's brother-in-law was a very brilliant driver—are deeply perturbed by the brilliant driving of anybody else. Besides the tonneau seat in this car was high and the back and sides were low (they designed them that way once), giving the unlucky occupant a sense of insecurity like that of a peanut balanced on top of a derby hat.

"You all right back there?" George called over his shoulder.

"I'm still here, if that's what you mean," Alec answered. "But if you're going to drive like that I guess I'd better be strapped in."

"You know," observed Diana, "we really don't want to be arrested."

This, George reflected, was truer even than Diana imagined, so he slacked down a bit and drove demurely enough until they had got out of town, but when they got out on the Telegraph Road he opened her up. His tires were new and hard—he had eighty pounds in all around—and the thing rattled like a runaway milk wagon, each of the four mud-guards clanking with a note of its own.

"How fast are you driving this damned contraption?" Alec wanted to know.

"Sixty-two by the speedometer," calmly announced Diana.

"You can't go by that," said George. "It's on the blink I tell you."

"You're doing seventy," protested Alec.

Nothing more was said for another ten minutes. Then George took a railroad crossing that was a little rougher than it looked and Alec gave a yell.

"The whole damned body's coming off!" he shouted.

Well, it had lifted perceptibly off the frame. George had felt it himself. He stole an apprehensive glance at Diana but she hadn't turned a hair.

"There's a certain amount of give and take about an old car like this," he said soothingly. "It doesn't mean anything. However, if it will make you any happier I'll slow down a bit." And he did, to fifty-five or so. Really he liked it better

that way himself, now that he had wrung that yell out of Alec. But wasn't Diana a wonder?

It was only a question of time, of course, before, at this easier pace, Alec would come out of his coma and begin to think about the performance of the car he was riding in. When he began to think he'd ask questions. Presently he'd peer over between George's shoulder and Diana's for a look at the controls.

In the hope of giving Alec something else to think about he swung off the concrete into a gravel road which led across to a town called Damascus. It was one of the recognized ways of going to the Lake, several miles shorter than the all-concrete route, and for a country road out in this part of the world it was pretty good. Alec often took it himself, but today he made it plain to George that it was not his choice. An opportune thank-you-ma'am and another unmistakable shift of the car body lent point to his protests.

"Look here!" he shouted, "If this is the sort of thing you like I wish you'd let me drive."

"Don't be silly, Alec," Diana admonished him severely. "You're a much wilder driver than George. And he doesn't howl when you bounce him around a little. It's always like that in the back seat."

The only outlet for George's emotion when she said this was a caressing pressure of his foot upon the accelerator pedal. They were going up rather a steep little hill at the time, and as Fate had arranged the matter, a stocky young man on a four-cylinder motorcycle was simultaneously coming up the other side. They met at the crest or thereabouts, avoided a collision by perhaps three-quarters of an inch, and passed with a sound like a tear in a breadth of silk.

"THAT was a cop," said Diana, dreamily.

"You shoved him clear off the road," said Alec. "He's likely to have taken a bad spill."

"Drive it out, George!" Diana commanded. "If he has fallen off that gives us a chance to get away. And we *can't* be arrested. Don't you see? It's Alec he's after."

"Me!" cried Alec.

"He's not a speed cop. He'd be on the other road if he was. That's why you always come this way yourself. He's one of those prohibition officers I was telling you about, looking for rum-runners."

But she hadn't told Alec about them, and it seemed he, too, had missed the item in the morning paper. She explained in detail, though most of what she said was torn away and dispersed over the countryside by the wind, for George, having instinctively obeyed his wife in the crisis, was driving like mad. "You don't want us all to go to prison do you, Alec?" she concluded vehemently.

It is perfectly possible that he did, just then, for the road got suddenly rougher as they drew near town. George figured that the back part of the tonneau was lifting off the frame fully a couple of inches at every bump.

Then, right in front of them, just as they were about to cross the interurban tracks, the gates went down. A train was coming, right enough, but it was slowing down for a stop on the near side of the

crossing. George honked and cursed at the gateman without avail.

Suddenly Diana reached back and opened the tonneau door. "Run, Alec!" she commanded, excitedly. "Grab your suitcase and run! You can make it. There's no use in your getting caught just because we're going to. And that car goes to the Lake."

"Oh, all right," said Alec. He slunk down into the road, grabbed the guilty suitcase, sprinted for the train and swung aboard like a practiced commuter just as the motor cop, in a cloud of dust, came round the bend in the road.

The gates went up but George didn't bother to start his car. The world had turned gray again with Diana's sigh of relief over her brother's escape. Once her precious Alec was safe she didn't care one damn what happened to her husband.

When the cop, very dusty and very grim and with unmistakable fire in his eye pulled up and dismounted alongside, she leaned across George and confronted the minion with simple childlike concern.

"Were we going too fast?" she asked. "You see my brother simply had to catch that train, and he only barely made it. You didn't tell us to stop, did you?"

The cop was, for a moment, speechless, but with an eloquent gesture he invited them to look at him. "If I hadn't gone clear over the ditch into a ploughed field," he said, in answer to her exclamation of distress, "you'd be wanted for manslaughter as well as speeding."

"I guess I was going too fast," George admitted, "but we had to catch that train, just as my wife says. I'll pay my fine, of course, and I'll be glad to make it right with you, too. Shall we go along to the judge, or can I settle the whole business with you, now?"

"You'll go to the judge, all right." It was plain that the cop didn't like George. He looked him over with cold hostility and then fell back a pace to let his gaze trickle over the car. "That's as funny a looking job as I've seen," he remarked. "Let's have a look inside."

"Oh, please don't lift the hood!" cried Diana. "We'll lose a bet if you do."

BUT already the deed was done. "That's what he told you, is it?" the cop asked, ironically. And then to George, "I don't happen to know who you stole this Emperor from, but I guess I can find out by telephoning to town. You can wait in the calaboose till then."

He went back to his motorcycle, prepared to mount, and ostentatiously loosened an automatic in his holster.

"You drive on ahead," he concluded, "and drive slow. If you try to go more than ten miles an hour I'll shoot up your tires. The third turn to the left and pull up in front of the jail."

"I've got a bill of sale for this car in my pocket," George protested. But the cop wasn't interested.

"Show that to the judge," he said.

Really, it didn't matter, because it dawned coldly upon George as he cautiously started his car that he hadn't the bill of sale in his pocket. He'd left it in another suit. But he didn't care much. Diana had found him out, or she would as soon as she had a few minutes to think things over. He wished she would say

something, even if it was only to heap bitter reproaches on his head. But she didn't say a word, not until they had pulled up in front of the jail and then it was only a tentative, "Wait a minute," while she rummaged for something in her wrist-bag. At last she produced it.

"Here's your bill of sale for the Emperor, George," she said. "I found it when I was sending that other suit to the presser."

EVEN with this exculpatory document it took them more than two hours to get themselves identified, fined, admonished, and turned loose, and to have reestablished, temporarily, the connection between the body of their car and the frame. By that time it was falling dusk.

"As we're late for dinner," remarked Diana, "you'll have to pay for Alec's Scotch, anyhow. So we don't have to drive to the Lake tonight unless you like."

"I don't care where we go," said George. "I'll go anywhere if you'll tell me why you didn't put arsenic in my coffee, when you found that bill of sale."

"All right then," she said. "Let's go home. We can go down to the Lake tomorrow; by train or in the sedan."

"Why not in this?" George asked. But he was quite content that a laugh should be her only reply, since she had stolen his right hand from the wheel, to hold.

"I think," she said, lazily, after a while, "that you're the silliest person I know."

He didn't mind that either, while that caressing tone was in her voice. It didn't leave it while she told him the whole story—her story. How the lounge lizard called up the very next day after he had bought the blunderbuss, to express the polite hope that the Emperor, George had bought, was doing well and giving satisfaction.

How furious she had been at first, and then how exasperated, and then how simply amused and a little sorry for him.

George thought of something. "And did Alec know, too, all the while?" he asked.

Her answer, made with cool decision, was to put his hand back on the wheel and leave it there.

"I beg your pardon," said George, "I know he didn't. But I don't see why you didn't tell him."

"Why do you suppose," she demanded hotly, "that I made up that silly story about the rum-runners, except to give him something else to think about? Oh, I know I practiced it on you to see how it sounded. Why do you suppose I made him run for the train? And why do you suppose I'm going back home now instead of to the Lake where he could go out in the garage and lift up the hood himself?"

George attempted no answer to any of these questions, but she didn't seem to expect any. She leaned against his shoulder and went on speaking drowsily. "I'm going to tell Alec that I've persuaded you to buy a brand-new body for this bargain of yours. An Emperor body if we can get one to fit."

They jogged on for another half mile in silence. Then she sat a little straighter and slid her arm around his neck. "You silly!" she said.

"Wait a minute!" George commanded her. "I'm not going to risk a smash now."

So he pulled out and stopped at the side of the road.



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E. Phillips Oppenheim Deals with a Maniac—From page 71

The House on Salisbury Plain

matters. I think you'll find the police in this country are quite able to run their own affairs."

Daniel picked up his hat.

"Very well," he said, "you're making a great mistake, and you're throwing away the chance of earning a handsome reward."

The Inspector's smile was maddening.

"I'll risk that, sir," he declared.

THERE was a fair sprinkling of diners that night in the pleasant little coffee-room of the hotel. The headwaiter, who was in a gossiping frame of mind, paid a good deal of attention to Daniel.

"We get an interesting crowd here sometimes, sir," he confided. "The gentleman in the corner, with spectacles, is an Oxford professor with his wife."

"And the gentleman in the other corner?" Daniel inquired.

"Professor Philip H. Thomson, sir," the man replied. "He is from Harvard University."

Daniel sipped his coffee, lit a cigarette, glanced through the evening paper, exchanged a few remarks with Ann, and, with a whispered excuse to her, made his way toward where the Harvard professor was seated. The latter was a tall, spare man with jet-black hair, and he wore rimless spectacles.

"How do you do, Professor Thomson?" Daniel said.

"How are you, Mr. Locke?" was the quiet but cordial reply. "My name, as I imagine you know, is Windergate."

Daniel dropped into a chair by his side.

"You're not interfering with the local police, I hope?" he remarked.

Mr. Windergate smiled.

"They're going to arrest some soldiers," he confided.

"A very natural error. You understand, Mr. Windergate, that my interest in this is personal, not official—personal because the man who murdered these two fellows, pretty nearly had me."

"The Australian surgeon?" Windergate asked like a flash.

Daniel nodded.

"He is living alone with his wife in a lonely house close to the scene of the murders. Have you authority enough to take him?"

"I should say so!" Windergate replied. "Now tell me all about it?"

Mr. Windergate was introduced to Ann and carried the little company off to his sitting-room, where he drank in every word of Daniel's story with prompt credulity.

"We'll have him tonight," the pseudo-professor declared. "We'll have him in Salisbury Gaol while these pumpkins keep their eyes on the soldiers."

It was about a quarter-past nine when they dropped down the hill at the foot of which Homans Hall reared its inhospitable front toward the road. The two men walked up to the front door and rang the bell. In a few moments they saw the flickering light of a lamp being carried down the hall. The door was opened.

The woman with the strange eyes stood there, peering out.

"Can we see your husband?" Daniel asked.

If she recognized him, she made no sign.

"Certainly," she replied. "Won't you come in? Have you lost your way?"

"Not exactly."

She led them across the hall to the study, and pushed open the door.

"My husband is here," she announced.

Londe looked up and rose to his feet.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, with perfect composure. "An old friend, I believe?"

He motioned toward chairs, but they both remained standing. Londe still showed not the slightest signs of uneasiness.

"I believe I am right?" he went on pleasantly. "It is Mr. Daniel Locke, is it not? We were on the point of trying a little experiment together once when your—er—nerve failed you."

"You were on the point of murdering me, Sir Joseph Londe," Daniel rejoined.

"I wish you would not use that absurd word," Londe declared irritably. "There was no question of murder at all. I have been for years trying to find a very small portion of a human brain, to take the place of a damaged portion of my own."

"Sir Joseph Londe," Windergate interposed, "we do not wish to hear anything more, if you please. You will have to come with me to Salisbury—you and your wife."

Londe turned to his wife.

"You hear what these gentlemen say, my dear?" he asked querulously.

The woman folded up her knitting and rose to her feet.

"This gentleman," she said, looking at Daniel, her eyes reproachful and her tone one of tender regret, "has never been very kind to us. However, we will go."

They moved toward the door. Windergate preceded them, Daniel brought up the rear. They climbed the broad staircase. Sir Joseph threw open the door of a large bedroom.

"MY WIFE and I are unfortunately without servants at the present moment," he explained. "You will see that this apartment is shared by both of us. It will be necessary to ask you gentlemen to withdraw while we make ready for the journey."

Windergate hesitated. The silence in the house seemed to indicate the truth of Londe's statement as to the absence of servants.

"We will await you in the hall," Windergate decided.

"Is it an open car?" the woman asked.

"I am afraid that it is."

"I shall be three or four minutes longer, then," she remarked, with a little grimace. "I must really put on some warm things."

The two men descended to the hall and seated themselves upon a bench which commanded both the back stairs and the front ones.

In a quarter of an hour's time, the man

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and the woman descended the stairs. They were wrapped from head to foot in motoring coats. The woman wore a voluminous veil and the man a closely fitting cap with ear-flaps and celluloid spectacles. Windergate rose to his feet.

"You will excuse me, sir," he begged, "but I must search you for arms before we start."

Londe held up his hands with a little gesture of impatience. Windergate felt him all over. Then he nodded.

"Quite all right," he said. "This way."

They started for Salisbury in gloomy silence. In front was Daniel's car, with the woman by his side and Ann in the dickey. Behind came Windergate and Londe, who had lit a cigar and was leaning back with folded arms, unperturbed and undismayed. The moon had risen now, and the road was clearly visible, except where the shadows from the trees threw black gulfs across the road. They drove on through several villages, until before them they saw in the distance little pin-pricks of light and the vague outline of a city. Suddenly Ann leaned forward and touched Daniel on the arm.

"Will you stop a minute, please?" she begged.

They were on a straight piece of road, with open country on either side of them. Daniel thrust out his hand, slowed down and brought his car to a standstill. The other car followed suit.

"What's wrong?" Daniel demanded a little impatiently.

"The woman by your side," Ann declared, "is not Londe's wife."

Daniel started. The woman began to laugh. He tore off her veil. Then he sprang to the side of the other car. The man, relieved now by Windergate of his spectacles and cap, leaned back and laughed hoarsely.

"What's wrong, gov'nor?" he asked. "I thought we were to have a ride to Salisbury?"

DANIEL had lost his temper. He thrust the cold muzzle of his revolver against the man's cheek.

"If you don't tell me the truth," he threatened, "I'll blow your head off!"

The man cowered back.

"Look here," he protested, "no violence. I've done nothing wrong—nor has my wife."

"Your story, man—quick!" Daniel insisted.

"Well, my wife and I were both engaged at the asylum near Bruntingford where Sir Joseph and Lady Londe were patients some years ago," the man said. "Folks used to say there that I was rather like him, but that's neither here nor there. I heard tell of some people living at Homans Hall, who, one of the gardeners at Bruntingford insisted, had been in the asylum."

"So my wife and I, having a day off, went to see them last Thursday. The fact of the matter is, we'd got the sack, and I thought if these two really were Sir Joseph Londe and his missis, as seemed likely enough, from what the gardener told us, there might be something in it for us."

"We were hidden away in the kitchen part of the house and told to keep quiet. This morning we were both rigged out, I in some of his clothes, and Susan, my wife, in some of her ladyship's. To put a long

story short, they engaged us at ten pounds a day to lay tight in the room next to theirs and do exactly as we were told. An hour ago, we were told that we had to be taken into Salisbury and keep up the bluff of being Londe and his missis as long as we could."

THEY LEFT the man and woman there in the road, shouting and complaining. Daniel's was the faster car, and he and Ann raced up to the gate of Homans Hall some distance ahead of Windergate. There were no lights in the house, that stood there black and deserted. By the time Windergate arrived he found Daniel, his revolver in one hand and an electric torch in the other, coming across the field.

"I've searched the house!" Daniel groaned. "They've gone, right enough!"

Windergate pointed to the open doors of the cow shed.

"That's where they kept their car," he declared. "I've traced the wheels across the field."

They hurried to the gate. There were indications that the car had been driven to the left, along the deserted road which led past the house to the few scattered villages almost in the center of the Plain. They prepared at once to follow.

"We could do with the local men now," Windergate remarked.

Daniel started away first. He was scarcely half-way up the dip, however, when his right tire went off with a report like a pistol shot, and his two-seater skidded almost across the road. As he brought her to a standstill, he heard a similar sound from behind, twice repeated. He looked around in time to see the other car skid into the ditch, and Windergate himself thrown out, fortunately on to the grass. They searched the road, a moment or two later—Windergate, his clothes caked in fresh mud, and the blood streaming from a cut on his temple.

"The whole place is strewn with broken glass and nails," the latter muttered. "Next time I try to arrest a lunatic, I'll take a posse of police!"

Late on the following afternoon, Daniel and Ann drove slowly through the streets of Amesbury and drew up before the hotel. They had left Windergate at Salisbury. The Inspector with the fair mustache, who was standing upon the pavement, recognized Daniel and saluted him with a somewhat condescending smile.

"I've got them as good as fixed, sir. You'll read all about it in a day or two. They've been trying for leave. Nothing doing! I've got the net over them."

Daniel smiled—the first time for a good many hours.

"You local fellows can give us all points," he admitted. . . .

A boy ran across the road, bareheaded, from the police station.

"Chief Constable speaking from Salisbury, sir," he announced.

"When you've heard what he has to say, Inspector," Daniel remarked mildly, "you may feel inclined to come over and have a chat with me about those soldiers."

To follow the adventures of these strange characters read the next story in Mr. Oppenheim's fascinating series. It will be in *Hearst's International* for July.

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The Communist Stand Against Vodka—Continued from page 82

Russia's War on Booze

"The enforcement of this question is too scattered," said Trotsky to me in a conversation late in December. "It is no longer sufficient merely to prohibit; we must organize both repressive and educational measures. We must get together the representatives of Health and Police and Army, who are handling the question now, and form a joint program." I learned later through other sources that he had called such a committee together.

"We must consider what we are able to enforce at present with our present means. In the scattered villages, where the peasants are making it at home, it is impossible to use repressive measures on every house. But this industry develops like other industries. Very soon some man, richer and shrewder than the others, begins to make it for sale. He becomes a petty exploiter of vice, a corrupter of his village. The children and the women hate him for taking their food by debauching their men-folk.

"Men like this we can arrest and punish. They are more dangerous than ordinary home-brewing peasants and fewer in number, with public sentiment already somewhat against them. They are the weakest spot in the enemy's ranks and can be attacked with our present resources. As our strength in organization grows, we can carry our repressions further.

"But no repressions will solve the problem at the root. The basic cause is the emptiness of the peasant's life and this must be filled by higher standards of culture, by education and recreation and wholesome social life."

An echo of this sentiment I heard again and again. Every article in the papers that demanded "war on the bootleggers" demanded also the raising of the general cultural standard as the final weapon.

There seemed to be widespread interest in the question. Men in a distant regiment wrote objecting to their commander because "he gets drunk." A group of Communists in a Petrograd regiment voted to expel from the party any man found drunk.

As for state manufacture of vodka, about which rumors from time to time arise, the words of Lenin himself laid down the government's attitude. When the new economic policy was under discussion and the question was raised in the conference of the Communist party how far they were prepared to go in making concessions to the peasants, Lenin outlined the policy:

"Whatever the peasant wants in the way of material things we will give him, as long as they do not imperil the health or morals of the nation. If he asks for paint and powder and patent leather shoes, our state industries will labor to produce these things to satisfy his demand, because this is an advance in his standard of living and 'civilization' though falsely conceived by him.

"But if he asks for ikons or booze—these things we will not make for him. For that is definitely retreat; that is definitely degeneration that leads backward. Concessions of this sort we will not make; we shall rather sacrifice any temporary advantage that might be gained from such concessions."

Gertrude Atherton Writes Book of the Month—From page 99

Black Oxen

mind. But do not imagine that I care to pry further into that. I never had the least idea that you had—Oh, I don't know what to believe. Won't you ever tell me?"

"I wonder. No, I think not. No, no!"

AT ANOTHER time she told him she wanted to meet no one from Austria though she gave no reason for this attitude. When he guessed at a husband from whom she was hiding she told him, emphatically, "My husband is dead," a statement that brought relief to the enraptured young man, and it was almost immediately afterwards that he declared his love. She did not deny her interest and to his question, "Will you marry me?" she said, "It may be. I can't tell. Not yet." On the heels of this declaration, Clavering left her and ran into a strange adventure. At Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street he bumped against a small figure in a fur coat. The girl caught him by the arm, exclaiming, "Lee Clavering! What luck! Take me home."

The girl was Janet Oglethorpe, the daughter of one of Clavering's best friends. She changed her mind about going home and insisted upon stopping

at one of the all-night places. The girl was irrepressible. She belonged to the younger set and was having her fling. She and Clavering irritated and insulted each other and at last parted in no amiable frame of mind. But the incident had an aftermath that was not pleasant. The next night Clavering and Mary were dining at Sherry's and Janet with her friends was at a nearby table. When she saw the two, she came over to their table and Lee was obliged to introduce her to Mary. The girl had been drinking and her mood was bitter. She sat down, produced a cigarette and lighted it. She teases Lee and Mary until the conversation becomes unbearable.

Nor was Clavering yet through with the irrepressible Janet. Before he and Mary reached an understanding, her secret became public property. She herself told the strange story. She had simply gone into Dr. Steinbach's sanitarium and taken the cure—an electrical treatment which rejuvenated the glands and restored her youth. She was young in face and beauty but old in years and wisdom.

The confession shocked Clavering but it did not destroy his love. Under the inspiration of her final "yes" he wrote a play

that promised to prove a success. Then into the midst of his elation his friend Oglethorpe thrust himself. He had spanked Janet and locked her up but she had escaped. He was looking for her and enlisted Lee's aid. Their search was unsuccessful and wearied at last they went to Clavering's rooms for a rest. As they enter Janet flings herself upon them with a shriek of hysterical joy.

"How did you get in?" he asked. "That's not easy in this house."

"I just got in the lift and told the boy I was your sister just arrived from the South and he let me in with the pass key. He took me for sixteen and said that as you weren't one for chickens he'd chance it."

"He'll get the sack in the morning."

"I don't care what happens to him." Suddenly she burst into tears, her face working like a baby's, and flung herself into her father's arms.

"Make him marry me, daddy. Make him! I want him. I want him."

Oglethorpe put his arms about her, but his sympathies were equally divided, and he understood men far better than he did young girls. "You wouldn't want to marry a man who doesn't love you," he said soothingly. "Where's your pride?"

"Who cares a damn about pride? I want him and that's all there is to it." She whirled round again. "Do you think you're in love with that rejuvenated old dame who's granny's age if she's a day? She's hypnotized you, that's what. It isn't natural. It isn't. It isn't."

JANET'S words had cut deeply but Clavering was too much in love to be long depressed by them. Then the course of his love was disturbed by a more serious matter. One morning his eye caught the headline: *Prince Hohenhauer Arrives in New York, Goes at Once to Washington.* He had heard from Mary the story of her old love affair with the Prince. Now his jealousy caught flame. He did not propose to lose Mary to a former lover. He sought out Dinwiddie, who had a lodge in the Adirondacks, and insisted upon a bunch of them going up there. Mary of course was to be of the party. The arrangements were quickly made and Mary was coerced into going along. Once in the mountains, Clavering recovered his spirits. Mary was all that an enraptured young man could desire and their days were filled with happiness. Then came word from Hohenhauer. He was coming to the lodge to see Mary. It was arranged between Mary and Dinwiddie that she could go to Hunterville to meet the Prince and so avoid annoying Clavering. So the next day she met the Prince whom she had not seen since the year before the war. Their meeting was formal. He spoke gallantly of her restored beauty and touched on his mission in America. Then passed, almost at once, to the task of inducing her to return to Austria and return as his wife. He pictured their power and their opportunities. Mary would not listen. Then he became more insistent and more cruelly pressed his suit. He tells her in convincing language that she is really a woman of fifty-eight, that she is living in a fool's paradise and has no business to marry Clavering.

From that interview Mary Ogden did not return. Clavering had a note from her and he got the whole truth from Dinwiddie. It was impossible to remain long at the lodge after this desertion and Lee was soon back in New York where his first move was to see Mary. There

was little to be gained from her. Obviously her mind was made up. At last her attitude led Clavering to burst out:

"Are you going to marry that man?"

"That is so purely incidental that it is not worth talking about. I came away to think out my own problem. I love you and I believe I shall always love you—but I don't see any way out. I have killed once and for all that fatal talent for self-delusion that I had thought was as dead—well, as dead as my love for Moritz Hohenhauer; and nothing could be more dead than that."

He looked at her hands. Her gloves were black suède and they made those hands look smaller, but he had an idea that if he lifted one it would fall of its own rigid weight.

"What is the solution, Lee?"

He had buried his face in his hands. "There is none, I suppose. Unless you have the courage to drive down to the City Hall and marry me and—remember that you are young again."

YOU HAVE many years to live. You are a woman. Can you go through life without love?

"Far better than with it. Love is a very old story to me," she said deliberately. "It could never be to me again the significant thing it is even to the woman of middle age, much less to the young. And now—with a world falling to ruins—in the most critical period of its history—to imagine that love has any but a passing significance—Oh, no, my friend. Oh, no. Let those women who have it in their power to repeople the earth which has lost so many millions of its sons, cherish that delusion of the supreme importance of love; but not I. I have had my dream, but it is over. If we had met in Vienna it would never have claimed me at all. In New York one may be serious in the romantic manner when one is temporarily free from care, but seriousness is of another and portentous quality over there."

"Why do you ask me to wait six months and then join you in Vienna?"

"To give you time to get over it," she said. "To write another play. To settle down into your old life—and look back upon this episode as upon a dream, a wonderful dream, but difficult to recall as anything more substantial."

"So I inferred. And you have not the courage to marry me—here—today?"

"No, that is the one thing for which I have no courage whatever. In three months I should hate you and myself. I should not have even one memory in my life that I had no wish to banish—the sustaining memory of love undestroyed I may take back with me now. Courage! I could contemplate going back to certain death at the hands of an assassin, or in another revolution; to stand on the edge of the abyss, the last human being alive in Europe, and look down upon her expiring throes before I went over the brink myself. But I have not the courage to marry you."

They were riding in Mary's car at the time and now Clavering picked up the tube and told the driver to stop. He got out, closed the door and lifted his hat.

"Good-by, Madame Zattiany," he said. And as the driver was listening, he added, "A pleasant journey."



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A Silver Fox Board of Trade

A PRESENTATION OF THE
PURPOSE OF THE BUREAU
OF SILVER FOXES & FURS

By James Wallen

AGNES LAUT collects furs as many women garner gems. In the April number of *Mentor*, she pays tribute to "silver fox, the badge of wealth, soft as the sheen of black silk, glittering as hairs of pure silver, peculiarly beautiful on middle-aged folks, softening any line of face." To see Betty Compson and Allyn King swathed in their sumptuous scarfs of silver fox, is to agree that the fur mixes delightfully with youth, as well.

☪ Silver fox is the premier fur to complement beauty and distinction. It is the black pearl of furs. Its real market is no more disturbed by imitations than is the sale of the Oriental pearl. The synthetic scent is never the fragrance of violet, any more than the chemical dye is the rose madder of Persian rug coloring. Where the genuine is in demand, the silver black fox receives the call.

☪ Because he foresaw the market for genuine silver fox, expanding with great rapidity, some years ago W. D. Barron of Buffalo organized the Bureau of Silver Foxes and Furs. Mr. Barron's aim was to broadcast authentic information about silver fox propagation and to operate a trading organization for both live foxes and pelts.

☪ At the outset, Mr. Barron made an arrangement to represent W. K. Rogers of Prince Edward Island, owner of the two persistently

pure pioneer strains of domesticated silver fox, the Dalton and the Tuplin. Recently, Mr. Barron conceived and organized the American Tuplin Fur Farms at Watertown, New York, and induced Mr. Rogers to assume the presidency ☪ ☪

☪ It is Mr. Barron's belief that as the cattle from the Isles of Jersey and Guernsey and ponies from the Shetlands have populated the stables of America with their kind, so foxes from Prince Edward Island will be the forebears of domesticated foxes to be members of the animal family of every well-stocked estate ☪ ☪

☪ The silver fox is a fascinating fellow who will in time snuggle into a place of affection in the hearts of the landed gentry of America. His royal plumage pays his way.

☪ Like George Kennan, the journalist, Mr. Barron believes that a file of data, properly collated, may be a radium mine, full of precious illumination. He means to help fox farmers profit by the experience of those who have braved the frontiers of the fox industry.

☪ If you are to be securely numbered among the silver fox fans, it will be well to consult the Bureau of Silver Foxes and Furs, Peoples Bank Building, Buffalo, and 126 Liberty Street, New York City.